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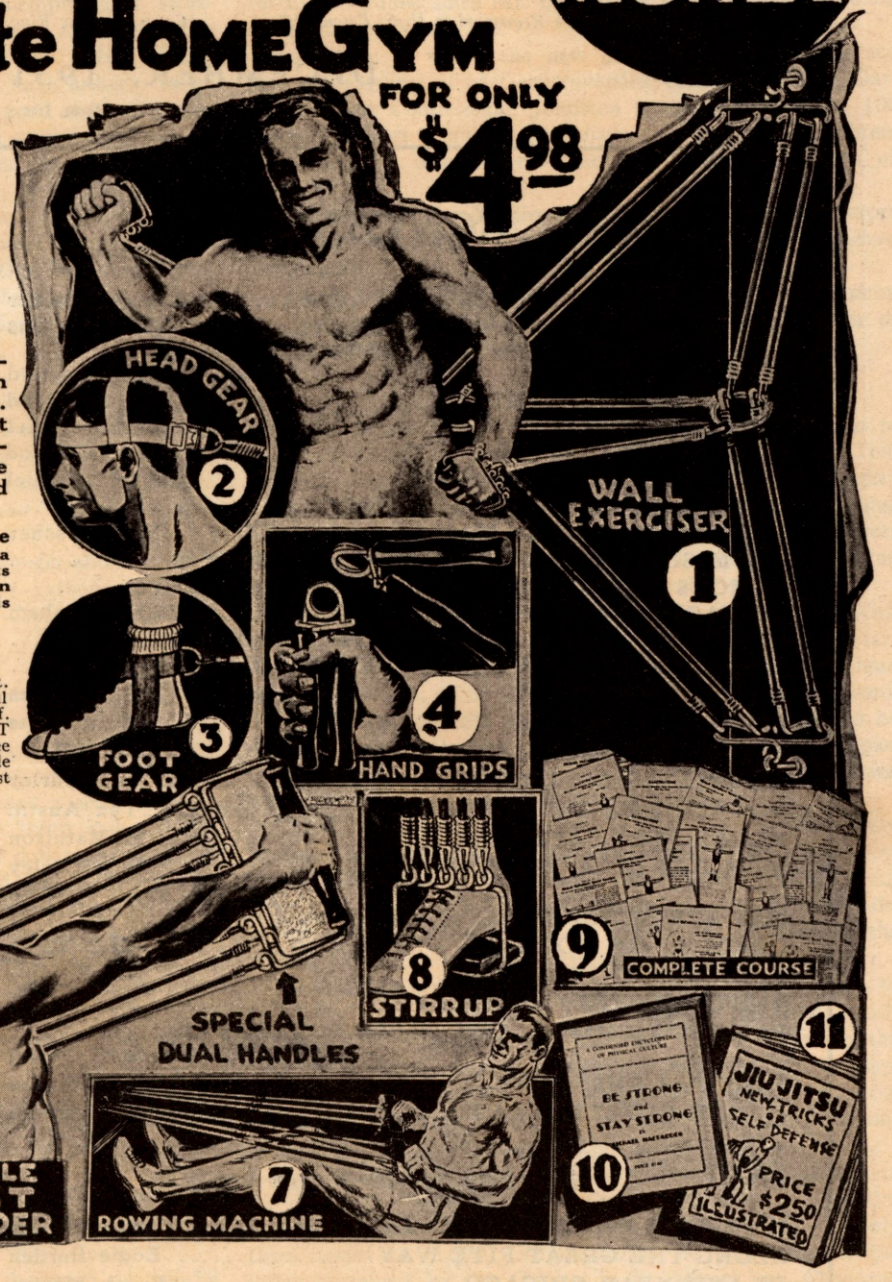

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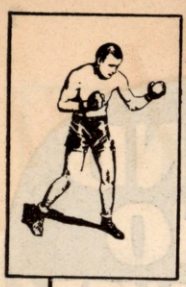

The RING

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Vol. X DECEMBER, 1931 No. 11

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

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In Our Next Issue

In the Central part of Asia there is a land where wrestling has thrived for more than 2000 years. Read what Ghafor Khan, Afghan heavyweight champion says about the mat sport in his country.

Recent decisions in New York that met with disapproval of the fight fans, recalls famous ring contests that needed no judges or referee to name a winner. Wilbur Wood, has an interesting story on some of those hectic mills.

Who will be the next middleweight champion? New Jersey has an entry, Young Terry, the Trenton Buzz Saw who looms as one of the leading contenders. His rise to fame is told by M. M. Milgatton.

Wrestling is experiencing another prosperous period. Jack Curley, world famous promoter, keeps the mat fans informed of the sports' progress.

These in addition to well-written articles by THE RING'S high-geared staff—Daniel M. Daniel, Frank Graham, Frank "Buck" O'Neil, A. D. Phillips and Nat Fleischer.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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The Ring, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Editorial Offices—11 West 42nd Street, New York City—Telephone—Long Acre 7244-45. General Offices—1926 Broadway, New York City. Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor. Daniel M. Daniel, Associate Editor. Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Wesley F. Pape, Secretary. Advertising Manager—Norman H. Meiners, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Price—25 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; also Cuba, Mexico and Panama. All other countries, including Canada, $4.00 per year.

Entered as second class matter January 9, 1930, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Regular contributors—Frank Graham, Wilbur Wood, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Hype Igoe, Charles F. Mathison, A. D. Phillips and Joe Humphreys.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

Let's Pull Together

THE Sharkey-Carnera fight is over and with it, wound up the outdoor season in this country, a season that proved none too profitable, yet, considering the business depression and the unemployment situation, was far better than had been expected. The season proved an eye-opener for promoters, who, either through lack of foresight or general incompetency, have hitherto failed to realize that regardless of conditions, a good show with fine talent, will invariably bring in the shekels at the box office.

The way to fight the difficulty that has confronted boxing promoters during the last twelve months, is to give the fan more than he ordinarily would bargain for. Give him a card that bristles with good talent and he won't fail to respond. The season that came to a close with the Sharkey-Carnera tilt, brought to light at least two promoters who know how to lead the battle against General Depression. Both hail from New York—Jimmy Johnston and Al Weil.

They didn't cry that times are bad!

They didn't shut down the gates of the arenas over which they had control because they feared that there would be an insufficient number of supporters for their shows!

They put their shoulders to the wheel, mapped out a plan of attack, signed the best available boys and went to the task with a vim. The results?

Al Weil, despite several postponements brought about through inclement weather, played before capacity gatherings at six of his seventeen shows at the Queensboro Club and ended the season with a balance of $30,000.

Not so bad for these bad times!

* * *

JOHNSTON fared even better. Dissatisfied with the conditions in Madison Square Garden that kept him and his fighters on the sidelines, he obtained a season's lease on Ebbets Field and fighting the Garden tooth and nail, he emerged not only a winner by thousands of dollars, his share of the season's outdoor attractions he offered, but came out the commander-in-chief of the Garden's promotion forces.

His was a shrewd piece of business, but he carried it out in a fashion most commendable. He cornered the market on heavyweights, gathered into the fold the leaders in the profession other than the champion, Max Schmeling, and despite one loss of close to $10,000, he wound up with a handsome balance.

He gambled for big stakes and he won. He convinced William F. Carey, president of the Garden, that given proper attractions, the fans Will Come Out and his proof was so thorough, that Mr. Carey and his Board of Directors sent for "Little Jimmy," smoked the Pipe of Peace, and signed him for three years as general manager of the House that Tex Built, second in command to the genial, affable "Bill" Carey.

And so, out of the darkness that faced the sport six months ago, has come a light—a Moses to lead boxing out of its present chaotic state, out of the depths of depression, into the realm of prosperity, and it is my firm belief, that Jimmy Johnston will turn the trick.

He carries with him into his new post, the greatest asset possible—the good will of the leading figures in Fistiana—every heavyweight of note. "As goes the heavyweight division, so goes boxing," is a general ring axiom, and with Sharkey, Walker, Carnera, Schaaf, Campolo among others, in the fold, there should be no dearth of good Garden attractions under his promotion this winter.

That is where Tom McArdle, who resigned his Garden matchmaker's post, faced an obstacle. Through no fault of his own, for he ranks ace high in his profession, he found it impossible to obtain the right kind of attractions for the world's leading sports emporium. The chief obstacle that he had to hurdle, one that proved a stone wall, was the New York State Boxing Commission, whose friendship for the Garden forces had dulled since Mr. Carey took the Schmeling-Stribling match out of New York.

And there is where the new general manager stands ace high. Regardless of past controversies, that involved the Garden and the Commission, Johnston is certain to receive 100 percent support from the commission as well as the fighters and managers, who are most anxious to see the return of prosperity.

If boxing in the Empire State prospers, it will prosper throughout the country. Its failure in New York spells failure everywhere.

That is why all hands are rooting for the success of Jimmy Johnston. The change in the Garden had to come sooner or later and better now than when too late.

* * *

AS for the future of the Garden, I predict a return to the conditions that ruled two years ago, when Tom McArdle set record after record for attendance at the Eighth Avenue arena. He was able then to garner the talent, a thing he couldn't do since last April because of conditions over which he had absolutely no control, and I think that Johnston will rebuild the sports palace into a profitable venture.

The victory over Carnera makes Jack Sharkey his ace. With Sharkey in line, Johnston has two stellar attractions to start the ball rolling. A Sharkey-Walker and a Sharkey-Loughran fight are certain, with possibly one of them going to Miami. Then Johnston can fill the Garden with contests in which he can pair Carnera-Loughran, Carnera-Campolo, Retzlaff-Hemas, Hemas-Poreda, Schaaf-Carnera and Schaaf-Poreda, among others, fights that McArdle could not obtain.

The end of the fistic depression in New York is near, if my reading of the stars is correct. The Fistic Fathers may now forget their petty squabble with the Garden directors. All interested in the welfare of boxing should shake hands, and strive towards one end—the return of the sport to the standard it enjoyed a few years ago.

Measured in terms of high finances, boxing cannot hope to enjoy the success it attained when Dempsey ruled the roost, but it can be made again a paying sport. All it requires is the full cooperation of boxing commissions, managers and fighters. Fighting on a percentage basis instead of guarantees and the reduction of the high cost of admission to meet current standards of living, are additional factors that will aid.

Tom McArdle pointed out to me a most interesting item the day that he quit his post at the Garden. Backed by official figures, he proved that in three years the Garden has had only three losses on fights. Unfortunately, as Tom showed, the losses sustained by the Garden in its Miami and Cleveland affairs, as well as the heavy losses sustained during the summer by the bike race and choir singing have been charged as Garden failures and they make the professional boxing situation at the Garden look black. At any rate McArdle left the famous arena with the best of wishes for the success of his successor.

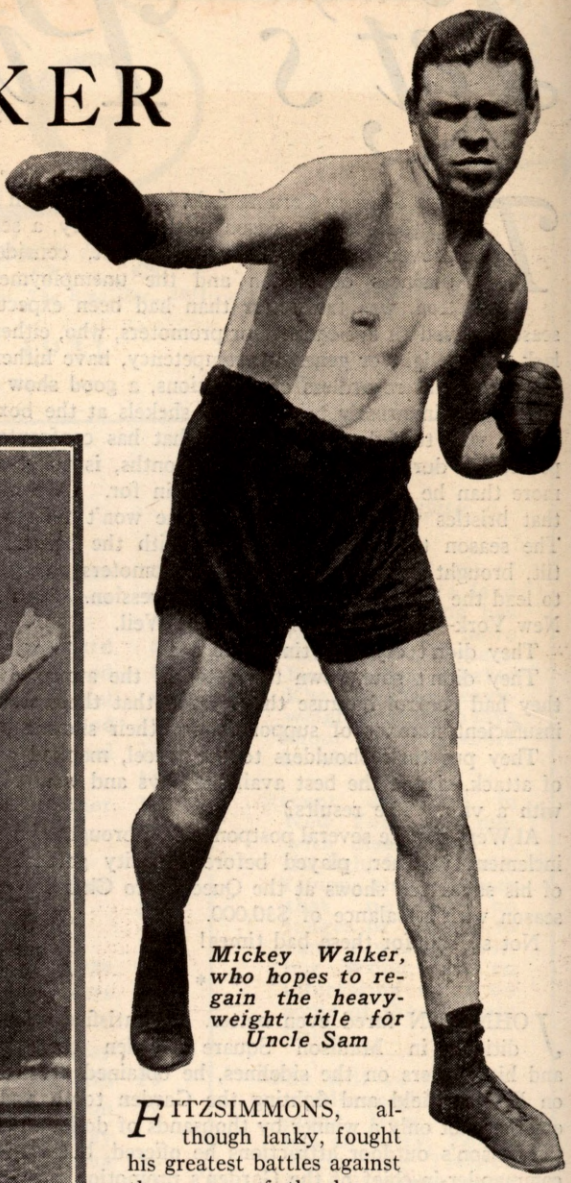
Let's all pull together. Let's start the new season right, and all interested will derive the benefits.

By Max Fleischer

The CASE *of* MICKEY WALKER

His Manager Draws a Parallel Between the Toy Bulldog and Joe Choynski, the Middleweight Who Proved a Hercules

By JACK (DOC) KEARNS



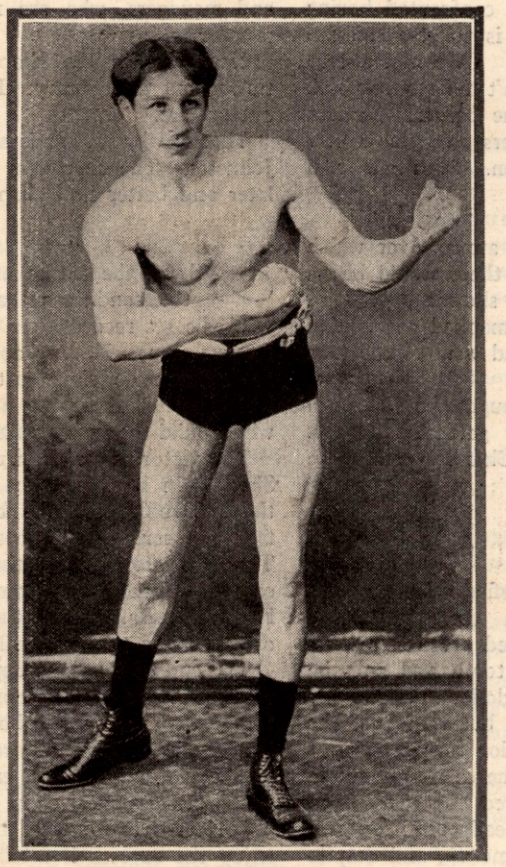
Mickey Walker, who hopes to regain the heavyweight title for Uncle Sam

OVER in Billy La Hiff's Tavern in the heart of "Little Old New York," there were gathered recently about two score scribes and fighters who were present to do honor to Tommy Loughran. The occasion was the presentation of a beautiful solid bronze trophy, "The Returned Warrior," to Tommy by Nat Fleischer, publisher of THE RING, the trophy being the second that Loughran had won for being judged the fighter who did most for boxing.

The presence of Retzlaff, Sekyra, Loughran and Carnera and the trainers of Jack Sharkey, started a discussion on how far some of the heavyweights of today are likely to go, and naturally Mickey Walker came in for the greater portion of the dispute.

"Mickey was a great middleweight," said Al Lacey, one of Sharkey's handlers, "but as a heavyweight, he won't do. He isn't heavy enough and he isn't big enough."

"I note where THE RING compares Mickey with Joe Walcott," remarked "Pa" Levy, one of Loughran's staff, "and I think that is a good comparison. Mickey doesn't come up to the standard of that great Negro, but in aggressiveness and willingness to mix it with any man, Walker follows in the footsteps of Walcott."



Joe Choynski, the greatest Jewish heavyweight of modern pugilism

And so the discussion went on. After apparently everyone had been heard from, it was my turn to say something in defense of my great fighter, the boy who I'm certain will win the world's heavyweight championship, and in defense of my argument, I gave facts to prove that men like Walcott, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Joe Choynski, Kid McCoy, Peter Maher, Charley Mitchell—all fighters below the average scale of what ordinarily is considered that of a heavyweight, came through with flying colors against pugilists of the first order. They all beat good men scaling 200 pounds or more, hence why not my Mickey?

Walker has endurance. He possesses grit. He is courageous. He can sock like the best in the field. He can take it and he can give. And above all he is absolutely fearless and he can hold his own with the best when it comes to mixing it. And don't think that boy can't box. He is one of the most aggressive fighters of the present age. The only thing he lacks, is weight and height.

FITZSIMMONS, although lanky, fought his greatest battles against the cream of the heavyweights and light-heavyweights when he scaled less than 160 pounds. Choynski scarcely ever was more than 155 pounds and yet this great Jewish fighter was one of the marvels of the ring.

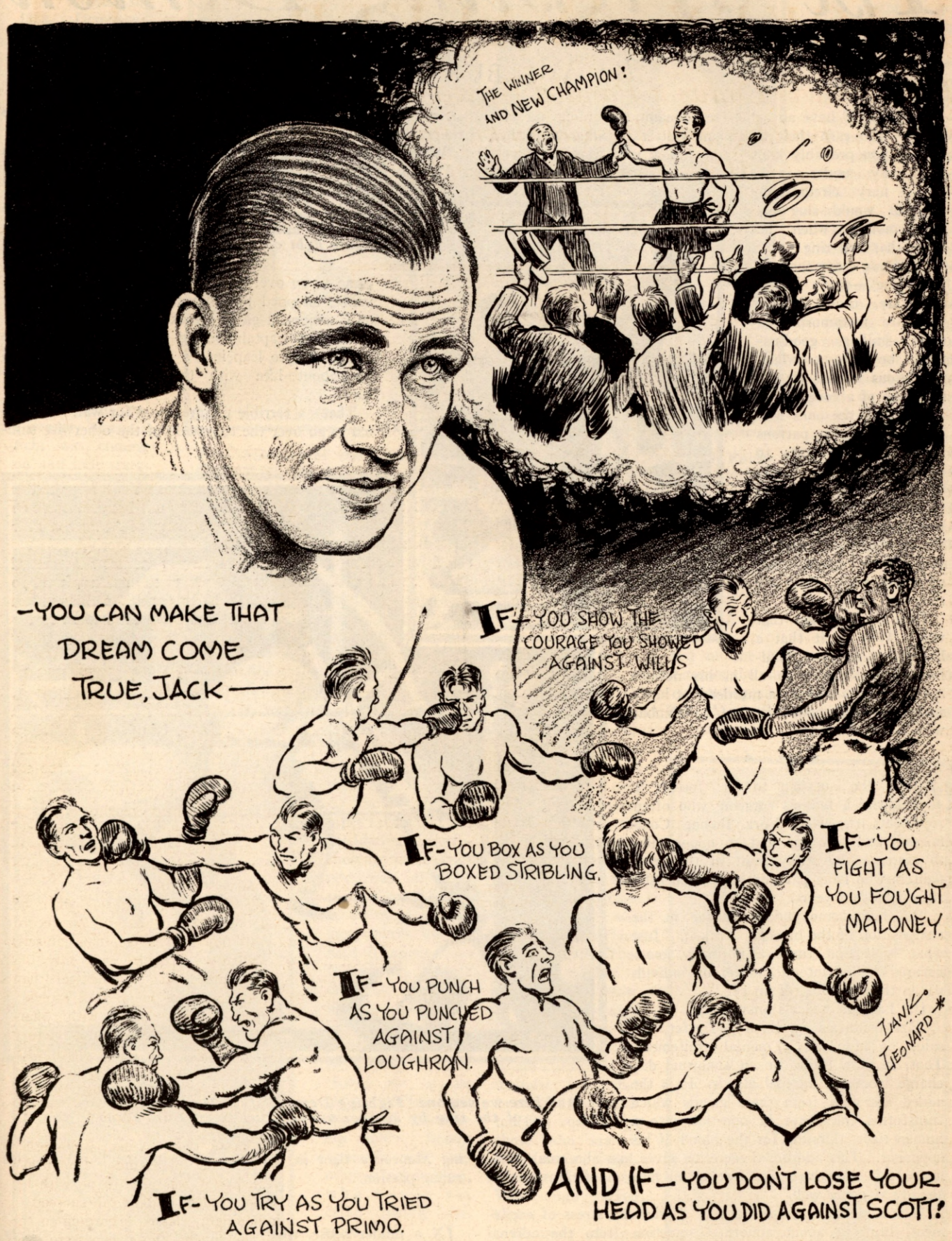
McCoy did his best fighting when he weighed only 160 pounds and his record shows contests against men 40 pounds heavier than himself. Likewise Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. Walcott, with only 145 pounds of muscle behind him, made men far heavier than himself jump through the ropes to escape his furious attack.

And Walker can do likewise. His draw with Sharkey, the American champion, which I regard as a victory and which entitled my little Bulldog to an equal share with Sharkey in the American heavyweight title, was no fluke. If Walker meets Sharkey again he'll do to Jack what Walcott and Choyniski did to many a fine fighter in their days. That's what I think about Walker's ability.

The best parallel that I can draw between Walker and another fighter, is that with Choynski. Let us examine Choynski's record and see what this Jewish star was able to do with his 155 pounds. And where Joe succeeded, Walker can succeed.

Choynski was only a middleweight, classed according to the modern scale system. When he fought, those who were over 154 pounds were classed as heavyweights. There was no light-heavyweight division. When he fought his great 20-round battle with Jim Jeffries on November 20, 1897, a bout that ended in a draw, he scaled only (*Continued on page* 41)

Jack Sharkey, the Big "IF" Man — by "Lank" Leonard



THE victory that Jack Sharkey scored against Primo Carnera has placed the Bostonian back in the fistic spotlight. The Sharkey who whipped the Venetian was the greatest Sharkey New York fans have ever seen. Should Jack retain the form he displayed at Ebbets Field, and should he obtain a return match with Schmeling, the American title holder may yet achieve his ambition—the winning of the heavyweight title back for America.

The Fighting Demon

By WILBUR WOOD

IF YOU have an extensive acquaintance among the lads who earn their bread and butter by slinging leather, you probably know some fellow who wouldn't hurt a fly under ordinary circumstances but would slug his own mother when he hears that bell ring.

"Fighting demons of the ring"—that's what they are, those fellows who are metamorphosed from smiling, good-natured boys to scowling, murderous villains by the mere tap of a gong.

They are the ones who cause the paunchy patrons in the ringside seats to rear up and yell. Those "demons" are great crowd pleasers. They don't always win but they make the fur fly as long as they last. There are no dull moments while they are throwing gloves.

How do they get that way? Why is it that a harmless fellow, kind-hearted and gentle to all in his normal moments, may become a murderer at heart when the bell sends him out to combat with a fellow man?

* * *

I PUT the question to Dr. Joseph S. Baldwin, a famous surgeon, who often represents the New York Boxing Commission and who has had an opportunity to examine and study most of the great fighters who have paraded across the fistic stage in recent years.

"Is there some sudden change in the composition of the blood?" I asked. "Just what is it that turns a normally good-natured fellow into a murderous individual in the twinkling of an eye."

Dr. Baldwin had his answer pat.

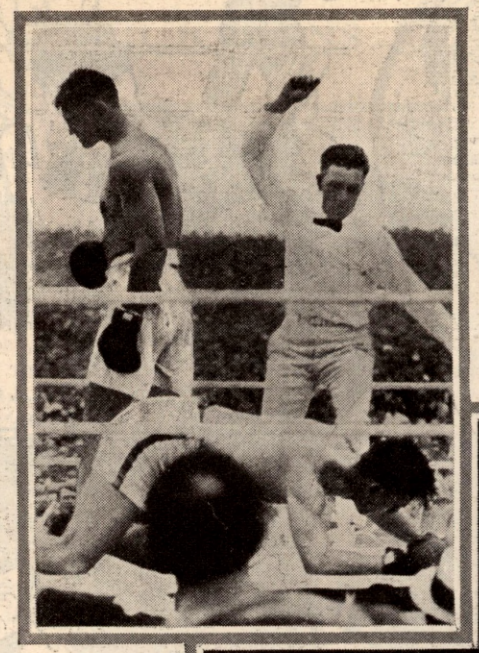
"The condition to which you refer," he said, "is induced by mental excitement. That, in turn, brings on an abnormal discharge from the adrenal glands. It is the added secretion from these glands which transforms the boxer in question into a human tiger, thirsting for the blood of his opponent. This additional secretion gives him abnormal stamina. It is something like forcing oil into an oil burner that already is going well.

"The same thing occurs in war. Under the stress of excitement, bringing about abnormal secretion from the adrenal glands, men do things of which they would not be capable under normal conditions."

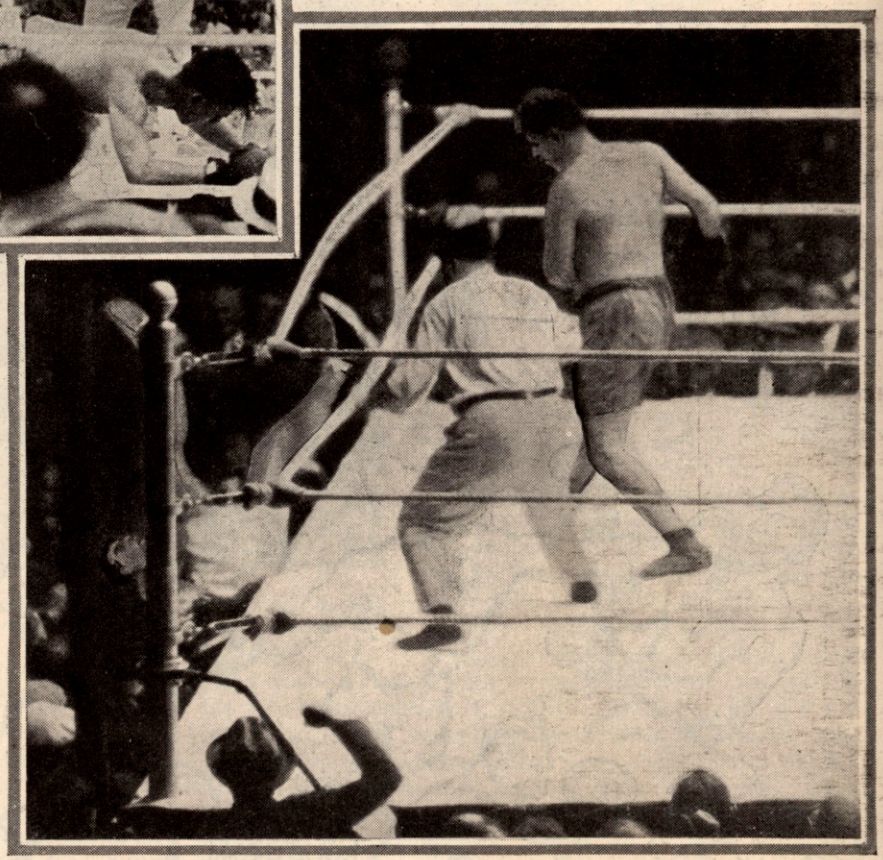
The doctor's mention of war called to the writer's mind the story of Jack Monroe, who gained some fame as a fighter when he stayed the limit of four rounds with Jim Jeffries in an exhibition. Later, Jeff knocked out the big miner in two rounds.

When the world war came, Monroe joined the Canadian forces and gained a reputation as one of the fiercest warriors in the Canadian army. The story goes that when the signal came to go over the top, Jack would lead the advance, stripped to the waist and carrying as his only weapon a glittering ax. It was his habit, according to Captain Irving O'Hay, famous soldier of fortune, to leap into a nest of the enemy and lay about him with the ax, in a Berserker fury.

That's a terrible picture, even for war. The signal to go over the top made of the otherwise smiling Monroe a tiger in human guise, with the blood lust his ruling passion.



When the "Manassa Tiger," Jack Dempsey, knocked out Carpentier in the first million-dollar-gate fight on record



And here we see one "Fighting Demon," Jack Dempsey, knocked out of the ring by another vicious ring tiger, Luis Firpo

* * *

IN a milder sense, that is what happens to those fighters who "burn up" when they hear the gong, the call to action, and go out to slug and be slugged until one or the other goes down.

I asked Dr. Baldwin who, of all the fighters with whom he had come in contact in his work, was the best example of

a fighting demon."

"I would say Jack Dempsey," replied the doctor. "Dempsey was a human dynamo when he left his corner to fight. You know Dempsey and you know that nobody, under ordinary conditions, has a kinder heart. He would not hurt anyone for the world. Yet he was a tiger in a fight. He was a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of the ring.

"He was under great mental excitement when a fight was coming on and that started the abnormal secretion from his adrenal glands, making him into another man entirely. Dempsey was always 'burning up' as he waited for the gong. I don't think he could have moistened a grain of wheat with his tongue as he waited to leave his corner.

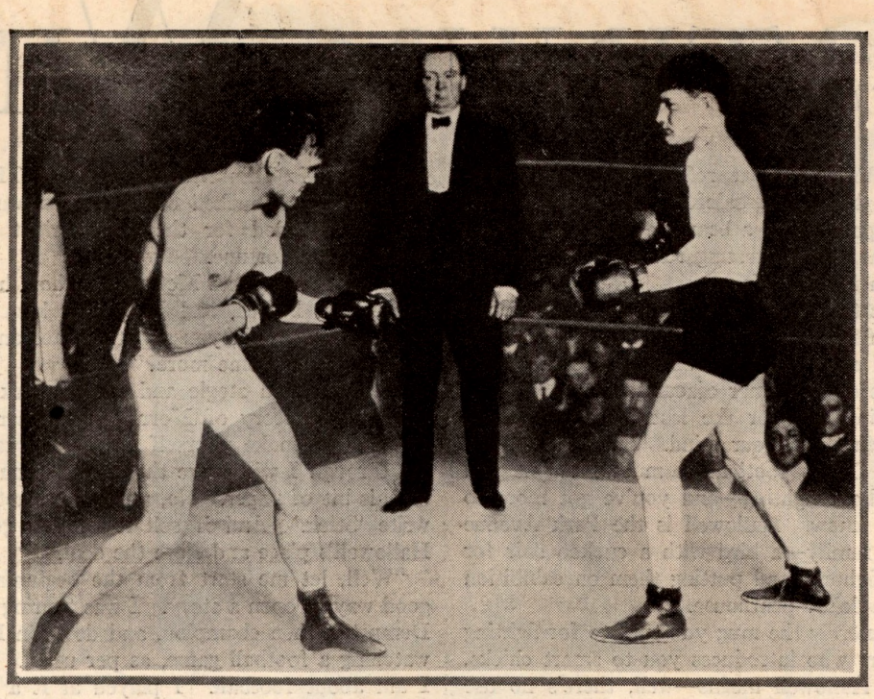
"Then there is the opposite type, the stolid, lethargic sort. Paul Berlenbach was an outstanding example. I recall that when Paul was to box Stribling for the light-heavyweight title he stripped, put on his fighting clothes and stretched himself out on a rubbing table to await the call to action. When they came for him, to lead him to the ring to fight for his title, he was sound asleep. It was just his nature to be that way, just as it was Dempsey's to be the other way.

"There is still another type, the cold, calculating sharpshooter. Gene Tunney was of that sort. Gene had an active mind, a vivid imagination, but he kept it under control. Even in that desperate moment when he was knocked down by Dempsey in Chicago, Tunney was not shaken out of his poise. He was still the cold, calculating boxer. Benny Leonard was another of that type, who never became blindly furious."

"Fighting demons" have supplied the most thrilling battles in Queensberry history. When two of them clash the customers get the thrill of a lifetime.

Who will ever forget the conflict between Dempsey and Luis Angel Firpo at the Polo Grounds that September evening in 1923. Queensberry historians agree that for concentrated fury that contest is without parallel. Dempsey, the fighting demon, met another of the same sort when he answered the call to do battle with the Wild Bull of the Pampas.

Under ordinary circumstances Firpo was a lazy big fellow, a shrewd bargainer but of anything but a quarrelsome disposition. Yet, if you ever sat close to the ring when the Wild Bull fought, you must have noticed the change that came over him. The danger signal was plainly visible in his eyes, which became blazing orbs of fire.



Two wildcats of the roped square, Terry McGovern (left), and Young Corbett as they appeared at San Francisco, March 31, 1903, when Corbett stopped Terry in the eleventh round

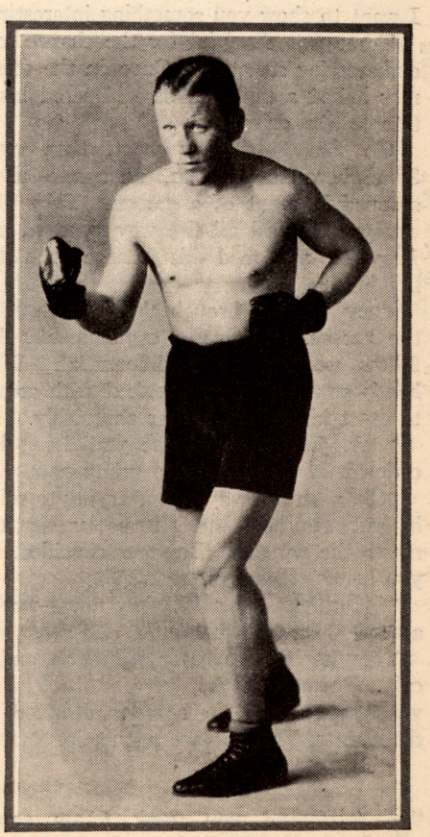
* * *

AT the opening bell of the Dempsey-Firpo fight the champion rushed across the ring, his dark face twisted into the famous Dempsey fighting scowl, and aimed a prodigious left at the Wild Bull. More through good fortune than skill the shaggy Argentinian avoided the blow and brought up his own right to the chin, with everything he had on the punch.

Dempsey dropped to one knee, saving himself from going all the way down by clutching his opponent. That wasn't a marker to what was to follow. Dempsey himself says he does not remember what happened during the remainder of that never-to-be-forgotten first round. But those who saw it will never forget how he floored the Wild Bull seven times.

Dempsey kept knocking Firpo down and the Wild Bull kept getting up. He took a terrible lac- (*Continued on page* 44)

Stanley Ketchel, who never let up until he got his man



Ace Hudkins, a human dynamo

PLATINUM WINS!

JOHNNY BRAYMER spat reflectively, yet vehemently. Then he cast a baleful eye on Joe Trane, whose development into a heavyweight prospect had turned out the one interesting feature of the indoor boxing season in New York.

"Joe, if you want me to sell my contract with you to Tony Hallowell, so he may flaunt you before his social circle and use you to get himself some publicity and to strengthen his vanity, just say the word," Braymer ejaculated.

"I have been watching you for the last month, and you don't have to tell me what's in your mind. I'm just the guy who took you off the Giants football team and taught you everything you know about fighting—and you've got more to learn than you already know. Hallowell is the Park Avenue swell, from a fine, old family—a bird with a cuckoo flair for getting mixed up with fighters, and putting them on exhibition at parties in his million-dollar penthouse.

"Johnny Braymer is merely the mug you turn to for fighting advice. Tony is the guy who introduces you to smart chicks, swell dolls. In short, Hallowell means—well, there's no use beating about the bush. He's the guy who led you to that Flantker girl. Dad has millions, she's looking for a thrill, you stop Phil Dake in the Garden, she meets you that night at Hallowell's—and presto! A platinum blonde—and she's got you daffy. Platinum wins!

"Well, Joe, you are white, over twenty-one, and maybe in your sane mind, though I could take you before an alienist and prove you as nutty as a nut sundae. But if you say sell—well, Johnny sells, and goes out to hunt for a guy to develop and beat your brains out—or what passes for your brains."

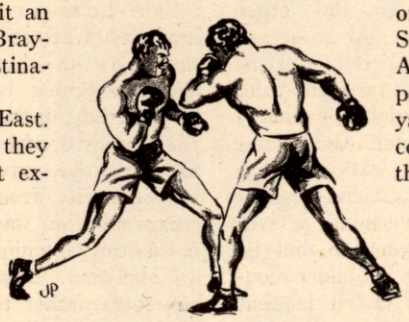
They sat in quiet for perhaps ten minutes, Braymer smoking, Trane with eyes cast down, thinking hard, fighting it out.

* * *

BRAYMER rose suddenly and said, "Joe, have you about half an hour to spare? Forget all about this for a while. I want to show you something interesting."

Trane was thankful for the chance to quit an embarassing situation. Once on the street Braymer hailed a taxi and he whispered his destination to the driver.

Up Broadway they went, then over East. Somewhere in Harlem, near the river, they stopped in front of a garage. They hadn't exchanged a word all the way uptown, and Braymer motioned his charge into the building.



They walked through the floor level of the garage, and finally came upon a big fellow working on a differential. With hands smudged, face streaked with grease, the mechanic rose to greet his callers, rather sheepishly.

"Say, Johnny, what are you doing here?" the worker exclaimed, as he extended a grimy paw.

"Oh, a bird down town is trying to sell me a car and he said he had it up here, but it turns out that the finance people beat me to the bargain," Braymer chuckled. "Just imagine finding you here? How are tricks?"

"Oh, things are a bit slow now—working about three days a week. But I'm happy."

They left the mechanic at his job, and went back to the taxi cab. Down town they speeded, back to the room in the hotel which was Johnny's home and office. Back they went to their seats, Trane's face a question mark.

* * *

"I SUPPOSE you think I am goofy," Braymer finally laughed. "Well, let me explain. That guy you saw in the garage is Tom Morrissey. Yes, THE Tom Morrissey—the man who knocked out Joe Flynn and Bombardier Smith and was headed for the heavyweight championship of the world, and a fortune.

"Then he met Pete McCarthy, whom he should have stopped with a hot breath, and McCarthy knocked him out in three heats. Now—well, you saw the place and you saw Morrissey. Want to listen some more?"

Braymer lit a stogie and settled back. "Joe, I'm going to tell you the story of Morrissey whether you want to hear it or not. So make yourself comfy and take it all in. After I am through I will leave the room. You will write me a note on this bit of paper. No, not even a note. Just say, 'Sell', or write 'Stick.' And if sell it is, you go right from here to Hallowell's place and close the deal.

"Well, let me start from the beginning, which always is a good way to open a story. I was touring the country with Jess Dempster, then champion, and down in Enid, Oklahoma, I am watching a football game, as per usual. You know how nutty I am about football. I played at it a little myself, back in the days when Eckersall was our god around Chicago.

"I am watching two husky teams from a couple of jerkwater colleges down that way, and in a few minutes I find that the right tackle of the losing side is about as sweet a player as I had seen since the days of Henry, of Washington and Jefferson, who was my idea of a lineman.

"I turn to Dick Meadows, the local promoter, and he says, 'That's Tom Hawkins, son of old man Hawkins from down in the Panhandle. Dad has lots of dough—a cattle king—and the lad is just a natural athlete. Lots of big colleges down East were after him, but he likes it here. Yes, you guessed it. And there is the reason.'

"Meadows pointed to a dark eyed beauty who sat about four rows in front of us, and I couldn't say that I blamed Tom for passing up Harvard or Yale and sticking to Abilene and the dame.

"We left town that night, but I kept track of Hawkins the rest of the season. He was All Southwest tackle—should have been All America—six feet 2 inches in his socks, 190 pounds, with speed enough to go a hundred yards in 10 3-5 seconds. And hit hard! I just couldn't forget the picture of that baby battling that line almost single handed down at Enid."

* * *

BRAYMER continued. "Early in December I hied myself down to North Texas University, where Hawkins was enrolled, and I had a little talk with him. He had had a bit of bad news from home. Cattle prices were falling, the old man had gone too deep into oil wells, and things looked shaky.

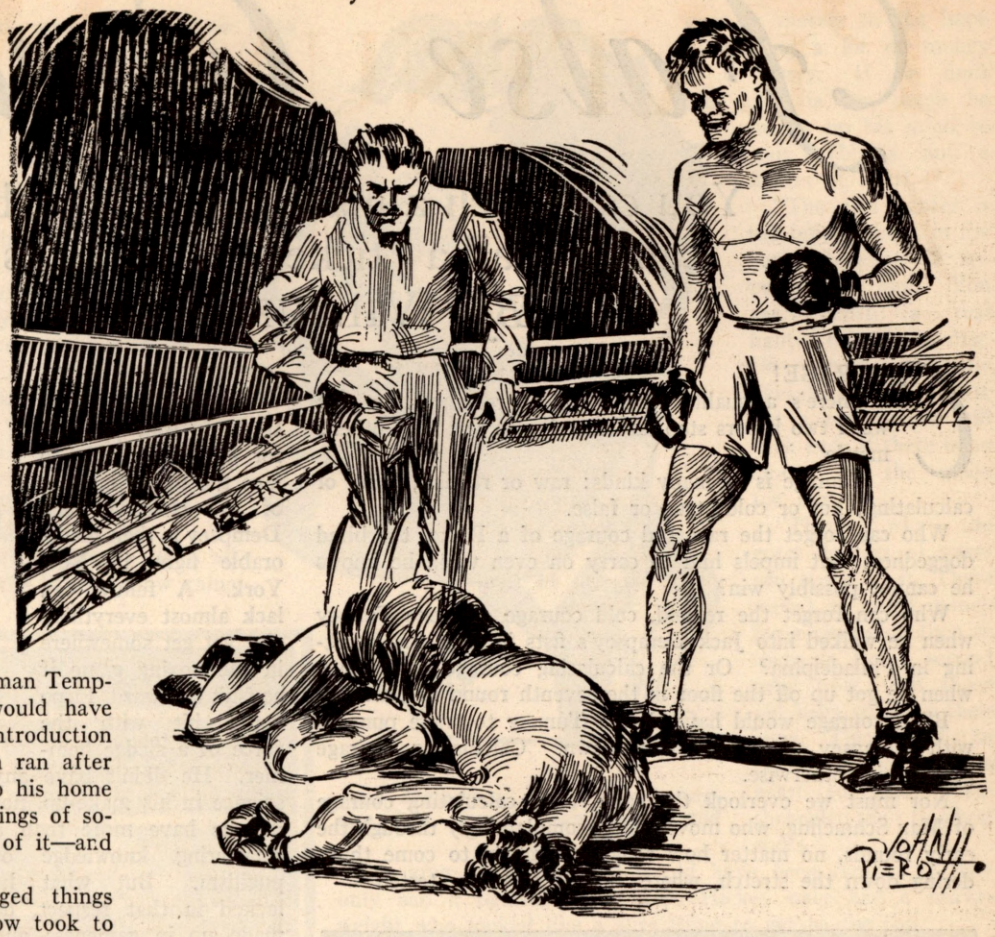
"I suppose it was a mean trick to work on the guy when he was in that low frame of mind. But I got him, labored with him for six months, and then gave the boxing world Tom Morrissey. Yes, Hawkins was Morrissey! He insisted on taking a ring name. The bird you saw in the garage is the son of Hawkins, once cattle king, now a dead bankrupt.

"Things proceeded apace, as they say in the books. Hawkins—or rather Morrissey—took to boxing like a country kid takes to playing hookey the first day the trout bite in the neighboring pool. I gave him three or four setups, then a fairly hard one with Kid Tranter—then a few more fair fights, and finally that brawl in which he stopped Flynn.

"This was in New York. He beat the Bombardier in the Garden, too, and then the fun began. Tom was a gentleman to the manner born. He could handle that King's English

A Story of the Social Racket and Its Influence on the Boxing Game

By DANIEL M. DANIEL



better than the king himself. He was a reader of books, could talk polo because he had played it down on the range with tough ponies against a lot of hard riders. He could discuss the things that society talks about, and maybe it was inevitable.

"Well, Dick Templar, of the Boston Templars, snared him. Dick was the son of a millionaire of the old line, but Dick had a brand new line himself. Old man Templar, of Beacon Street, Boston, would have shuddered at the suggestion of an introduction to John L. Sullivan. But the son ran after successful fighters—took them into his home and made them the pampered darlings of society for the publicity he got out of it—and the reflected glory.

"And then, the war had changed things quite a lot. Society buds somehow took to dancing with professional fighters, and playing around with pugs who could muster a phoney Park Avenue accent and win at least one fight a year. About that time we began to hear of battlers who could discuss Shaw and Shakespeare, and fighters who called Yale professors by their first names. It was bewildering—and still is.

"Once established as a habitue at the Templar place, Hawkins—or rather Morrissey—had to meet Lallie Fressnell, daughter of John K. Fressnell, the Wall Street nabob. There was a girl with looks and class and dough, and know how—and did my boy fall!

"In vain I tried to tell him about his girl down in Texas. Things went from bad to worse and finally, in desperation, I signed for the fight with Pete McCarthy, who had been pushing over a lot of round heels under the management of that Trotter mob.

Trotter and his gang had been hollering at me for a year but I had ignored them. They really didn't want the match, but it was the keystone of their publicity and just as long as I passed up those fakers they made it look as if I was afraid to let Tom fight their punk.

"But I felt that a fight presented the only chance to save Tom, and I grabbed at the first opportunity to get Morrissey to work. We pitched our camp 'way up in the Adirondacks, as far from Park Avenue as I could go.

"Well, we work for a week, and then this Templar guy flies into camp with a couple of his male friends, and the Fressnell gal. That put Tom off his work and feed for a couple of days. I stormed against such interruptions, but Templar had his way. After five weeks of training Morrissey was in no better shape for a fight than he had been the day we started. He was tougher physically, but softer mentally.

* * *

BRAYMER spat—furiously. These were bitter, disturbing memories. "That Trotter mob was hep to Tom and the gal. The fight was held over in that big arena in Jersey, and Tom was a 3 to 1 favorite. But there was lots of McCarthy dough.

"Right from the start this McCarthy starts working on Tom. 'Say, what does a swell like you want to dirty his lily white hands for?' McCarthy spiels, as they get close right after the gong. 'If I was to drive that nose of yours in this blonde won't want to see you, let alone have luncheon with you, Tom,' the mug keeps up, and Morrissey getting madder by the second.

"It was perhaps the worst first round in the history of heavyweight fighting. Jack Hasty, the champion, sat at the ringside and laughed himself into a stomach ache, all the while giving me the razz. I had been telling him how Tom was going to grab his title away from him.

"After the first round I warned Tom not to pay any attention to their kidding. But they kept harping on the gal. By the way, she was at the ringside, prettier than ever. In the second round things got hotter. Morrissey lost his head and forgot all about boxing. He started to mill with this graduate of the docks, and that was just what the Trotter gang wanted.

"McCarthy caught Morrissey with a right to the jaw, and my social light hit the canvas. I hollered, 'Take your nine! Take it easy!' But the gal jumps to her feet and yells for him to get up and give it to McCarthy. So, yeh, you guessed it. He got up at four, and madder than ever.

"McCarthy hooked him with a left to the schnozz and my lad was saved by the bell.

"Well, it isn't any use. He's wild. The stuff that gang is shooting at him was enough to make any man nuts—if he felt the way Morrissey did.

"In the third round Tom rushed from his corner and hung a left on the button. McCarthy took his nine and came up with a new line of conversation. It was positively indecent, filthy. I was for going into the ring and beating that gutter snipe myself.

"You perhaps know the rest. After two minutes of fighting in the third McCarthy knocked Tom out with a right to the point of the jaw."

Braymer smoked up a new cigar, all set for the smashing climax. "Morrissey had a return fight with McCarthy, and was knocked out in two rounds. (*Continued on page* 44)

False Courage

You can teach a man how to box, but you can't install a "ticker" if he lacks heart

By WILBUR WOOD

COURAGE!

There's a quality that plays a predominating part when two boxers step into the ring to test each other's mettle.

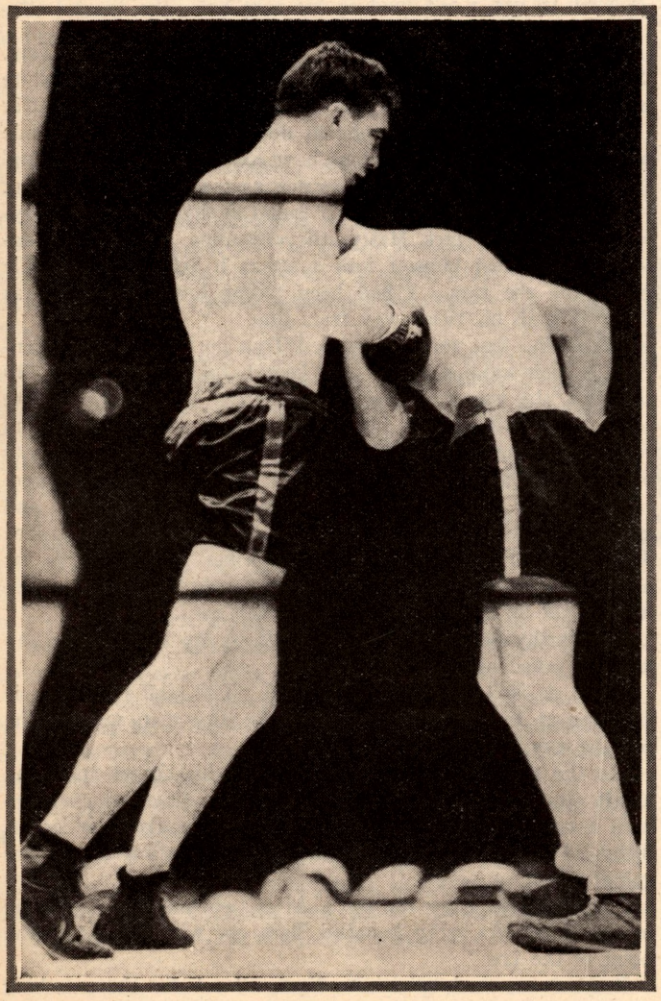
Courage is of many kinds: raw or refined; blind or calculating; hot or cold; true or false.

Who can forget the raw, red courage of a Risko, the blind doggedness that impels him to carry on even when he knows he cannot possibly win?

Who can forget the refined, cold courage of Gene Tunney when he walked into Jack Dempsey's fists in their first meeting in Philadelphia? Or the calculating courage of Tunney when he got up off the floor in the seventh round in Chicago?

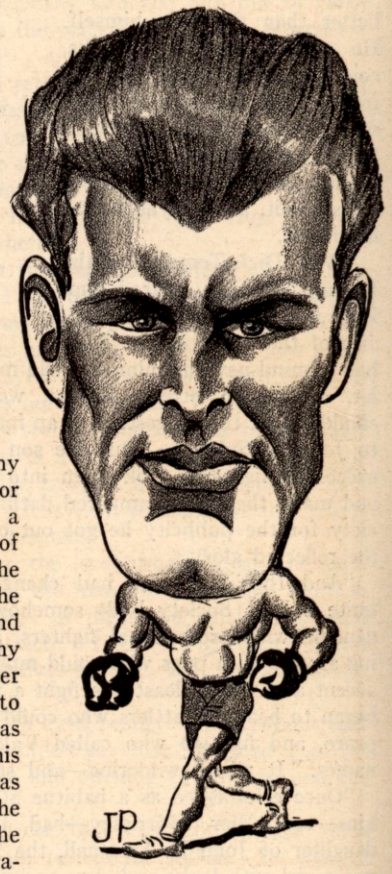
Blind courage would have driven Tunney to trade punches with Dempsey after that knockdown. Calculating courage guided him otherwise.

Nor must we overlook the calm, cool, calculating courage of Max Schmeling, who moves on uncomplainingly through the early rounds, no matter how rough the going, to come thundering down the stretch, where "heart" is truely tested!



The Stribling-Schmeling battle illustrates the calculating type of courage as possessed by the German

THEN there is the case of Luis Firpo. It took iron courage for the Argentinian to face the heavy barrage of the clouting Jack Dempsey in their memorable fight in New York. A fellow can lack almost everything else yet get somewhere in the boxing game if he isn't a coward. Firpo could hit with the force of a sledge hammer. He didn't have any science in his make-up, nor did he have more than a smattering knowledge of pugilism. But what he lacked in that respect, he made up in gameness and in courage. That is why he was enabled only after three years of ring work, to retire a "millionaire" as rich men come in his native land. Firpo was floored seven times in the first round and twice in the second, and on each occasion Dempsey stood almost over him, ready to pounce on him when he got up.



Gene Tunney, an example of cold courage. He displayed it both at Philadelphia and in Chicago against Jack Dempsey

Was Jess Willard game? You've often heard that asked and how often have you heard people call him a quitter? Yet, would you call a man that after he had taken everything that the great Manassa Mauler, Jack Dempsey, could hand him in three rounds and still come up for more? Would you call a fellow a quitter who stood up for further punishment after being floored ——— times in one round and then fought like a demon in the next only to be battered into submission again in the third?

No, that is courage. And Jess Willard, despite his defeat and loss of the world's heavyweight championship, had it.

It takes game men in this hustling world to reach the top of their class in any vocation and boxing is no exception. In fact, in pugilism, that is one of a fighter's greatest assets. Show me the man who lacks courage, and I'll point him out as a failure. He simply can't make good.

Phil Scott, among others who possessed everything a great fighter would care to have, is an example of a failure because he lacked the fighting heart. Fred McKay, Boer Rodel, Fred Fulton and Ruby Goldstein are examples of great prospects who lacked the courage to carry on when given the acid test.

* * *

WHAT, then, of false courage? What is it? How far will it serve the purposes of the genuine courage?

Harry Lenny, among whose boisterous outbursts many a

pearl of fistic wisdom is concealed, sums up the whole thing in a few words.

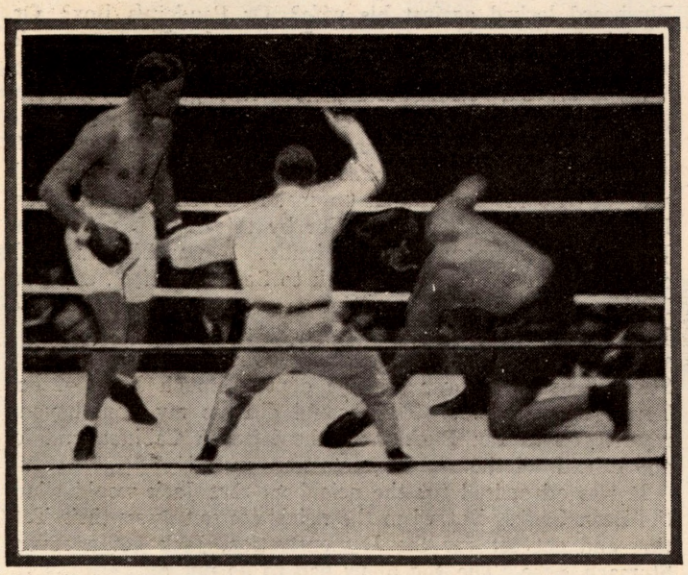
"You can teach boxing, but you can't make a fighter," says Lenny.

"I have known many a man who had everything necessary to fistic greatness except true courage," Lenny reminisced. "They had that false courage which will not stand the acid test.

"I'm thinking of Billy Payne, of Gray's Ferry, near Philadelphia. Payne was boxing around about thirty years ago. He was the best heavyweight I ever saw, barring one thing. And when I say the best I am taking in a world of territory. I've been looking at all the big fellows for many and many a year. Not one of them had anything that Billy Payne lacked, except heart.

"Talk about Jim Corbett's jab. Say, that Payne could hit you four or five times before you knew what was coming off. And fast? He moved around like a lightweight. He could wallop, too. Only one weakness he had—he lacked the heart of a fighter.

"Three rounds was Payne's limit. He gave them all the works for three rounds. If the other fellow came



Luis Firpo, who possessed a fighting heart and clouting fists. Here he is shown on the canvas, with Dempsey ready to pounce on him as soon as he regained his feet

out for the fourth Payne just withered away. For three rounds he was a tornado; after that he was through. The other guy didn't have to lick him. Just the fact that he had given the other fellow his best without stopping him was enough to make Payne fold up.

"A few years after Payne's time there was another, Jabber Carey from the Gas House, who had everything he needed to be a champion except heart. If he didn't get his man in three or four rounds he would fold up and look for a nice soft spot."

"But, listen, Harry, doesn't a fellow have to have a considerable amount of courage even to crawl through the ropes? If a fellow is faint-hearted why does he ever go in for boxing?"

"False courage drives them to it," replied Lenny. "Their friends tell them it will be a cinch for them to get to the top. They get to believe it themselves.

* * *

"THEY have ability or they acquire it. They bowl over soft ones in jig time.

"That false courage serves the purpose up to a certain point. But when the real test comes that brand isn't worth a dime.

"Nobody has to bull real fighters into going into the game. You can't keep 'em out of the ring. Many a fellow goes in merely in the hope of making a lot of money in a hurry. If he finds the going is too tough he makes up his mind to quit. He is not a fighter at heart.

Jack Dempsey, whose ring courage has never been questioned

"The real fighter is the fellow who is in the game because it appeals to him. You can't keep a real fighter out of the ring. Of course, everyone likes to get the dough, but a real fighter will stick even if there is no money in the game for him.

"That's why the great fighters of years ago stuck to it. There wasn't as much money for a champion then as there is for a second rater now. But those old boys stuck to their guns. They liked the game and they had the heart to carry them through the toughest spots."

Speaking of boxers who would have been famous if they only had a fighting heart, Dan Hickey once had a heavyweight who looked like a sure thing to get to the top.

This fellow had everything but heart. He could hit like a mule. But, Hickey says, it was a terrible task to get him into the ring the night of a fight. More than once Dan literally had to tear the clothes from this fellow's back to make him get into his fighting togs. And getting him to climb through the ropes was even worse.

Hickey finally hit upon a scheme. He would walk into the dressing room and flash a roll of bills.

"Well," he would say to his faint-hearted but hard-hitting fighter, "it's all set. He's going to dive the first time you nail him with a good punch. But he wants you to let him have it good, so it will look all right. I've got his money here (flashing the roll) and he won't get paid unless he takes a knockout. So just step out there and let him have it and he'll dive. If it doesn't look so good the first time he goes down he may get up, but all you have to do is let him have it again."

And so Hickey's fighter, falling for this song and dance that the other fellow was going to "dive," would belt him out on the "up and up" and never know the difference because when he hit them they did not have to do any faking. He knocked them cold.

* * *

THIS trick worked perfectly for some time. Hickey's fighter, buoyed up by false courage, knocked out seventeen men in a row.

But it so happened that some smart gamblers got wise to the gag Hickey was using. One night, when Hickey stepped out of the dressing room, they walked up to the fighter and told him he was going to be knocked out.

"Not me," answered the fighter. "It's the other guy who's going out."

"Get wise to yourself," said one of the gamblers. "The works are in against you tonight."

"You get wise *yourself*," rejoined the fighter. "This guy is going out or he won't get a dime. Hickey has got his money and if he don't go down and stay down he won't get paid."

"You're just a sap," replied the (*Continued on page* 43)

JACK *the* GIANT KILLER

Or, Crash Goes the Bean Stalk

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

ONCE upon a Sad Time, after Dempsey had adopted a Nervous Air and Tunney had bought himself a set of Shakespeare, there lived a young man by the name of Jack. His other name was Sharkey. He lived in Comparative Peace and Quiet with Mother Buckley in Boston. But, living in Boston, he had a Gnawing Yearning, which is characteristic of folks who live in Boston.

While Jack and his Ma were going along the Even Tenor of their Bostonian ways, a bean stalk grew up in their back yard. It was an ordinary bean stalk at first, but soon it developed into a Monstrous Thing and all the neighbors came to see and they said, "Jack and Ma, why don't you birds take this thing to the county fair?"

But even as they spoke, the bean stalk grew and grew and men for miles around wondered if it was the Real Magog, or a Phoney made out of Papier Mache. For that sort of thing had been done before, as far back as Barnum and the Cardiff Giant.

As Jack grew up he kept pestering Ma Buckley. "I want to climb that bean stalk and kill the Giant who dwells at the top," quoth Jack, wistfully—or as wistfully as Jack could quoth.

"The time is not yet ripe for that experiment," said Ma Buckley, at the same time getting all the Reports from the Sticks. And so it came about that while the Bean Stalk grew, Ma took Jack to Miami for a bath, and Jack sent Phillie Scott, a barber's son from London, for a dive and a hair cut and shave.

Great was the conversation in the nation's barber shops—the few where men congregated—and Jack and his Ma went back to Back Bay, (which, incidentally, is a corking title for a mammy song, "Back, Back, Back to Back Bay." All rights reserved.)

* * *

IN the meantime more and more of the neighbors' boys kept coming to Jack's back yard and wondering what was up at the top of the Bean Stalk. "You're afraid to climb to the top and see if a Real Giant lives there, or if it is only another Philscott." This roused Jack, but he was not a bad boy, and he did everything that Ma Buckley told him to do, even if it meant carrying the American Flag into a ring for a Pants Supporter.

Young Jack was quite importunate. So Ma looked into the fistic book and came out with a herring, or a rabbit, or what have you. And thus the years went along Peaceful Like, and Jack kept getting older and older until some of the Folks in Boston got him confused with John L. Sullivan.

All the while that Gnawing Yearning was getting the better of Jack, and he viewed the Bean Stalk with Mingled Feelings, at the same time seeing to it that they did not interfere with the Bank Account.

Jack became more and more curious about the Bean Stalk, so Ma Buckley bought him a nice New Suit, and took him to Flatbush, which is a province of Brooklyn. "We are going calling on the Walker and Kearns family, and mind your manners," warned Ma Buckley, for it was a social call on Mickey Walker which they paid, and paid and paid, in the Flatbush arbor.

The Bean Stalk was so much on Jack's mind that he forgot all he knew about Social Science and the Emotion of Combat. He tried to stroke Little Mickey's hair, but Little Mickey Mouse stroked Jack's chin, and Jack looked to the corner where Ma Buckley sat and said, "Whatinell is this? I thought this was a social call?"

* * *

IN due time Jack and Ma returned to Boston and the Bean Stalk, and Jack said, "Ma, for years I have listened to your Sage Advice. But now I am Growing Up. I must see what is at the top of the Bean Stalk."

Ma Buckley said, "Have you ever heard of the Room which Bluebeard locked against his wife? Or Pandora's Box? Or, in plain language, do you want a Bust on the Snoot, or would you like to get a nickel for a chocolate bar?"

However, our Young Hero, now fast getting young no longer, would not be denied, especially in things that had to do with the Cosmic Urge—and the Bank Account.

So, he up and asserted himself, and Ma says, "Honey, Ah sure was hopin' you'd want to make the trip," in the best Buckley South Boston lingo. For by this time Ma felt that Jack had been hopped up sufficiently. It was Ma Buckley's custom to endeavor to rouse Jack to Snarling Effort, and now Ma saw that the Time was Ripe—or even Over-Ripe.

"I think it would be best for Jack to climb the Bean Stalk and grab the Giant—if there is a Giant—before the Bean Stalk is knocked down by one of the Rough Boys of our Tough Neighborhood. That would distress my Soul beyond repair," quoth Ma Buckley to the Kitchen Cabinet, and lo, and behold, all the arrangements were made!

It was advertised for the neighbors that Jack would climb the Bean Stalk. But when the neighbors put away their Tatting and got set for the Demonstration, Jack got a severe Stomach Ache. The Big Show had to be put off.

* * *

"COME around in three weeks and fifteen days," said the Agile and Eager Jack. But when all the neighbors got ready, Jack brought out a Thumb, sore and bandaged. "It hurts like hell," said Jack, at the same time grabbing the Other Thumb, whereat the good folks laughed and said that Jack was Droll and Ma was Droller.

Finally the people began to snicker and Jack saw that he would have to climb the Bean Stalk or climb over the Fence. Also, some other Birds were hollering for the chance to make the Excursion.

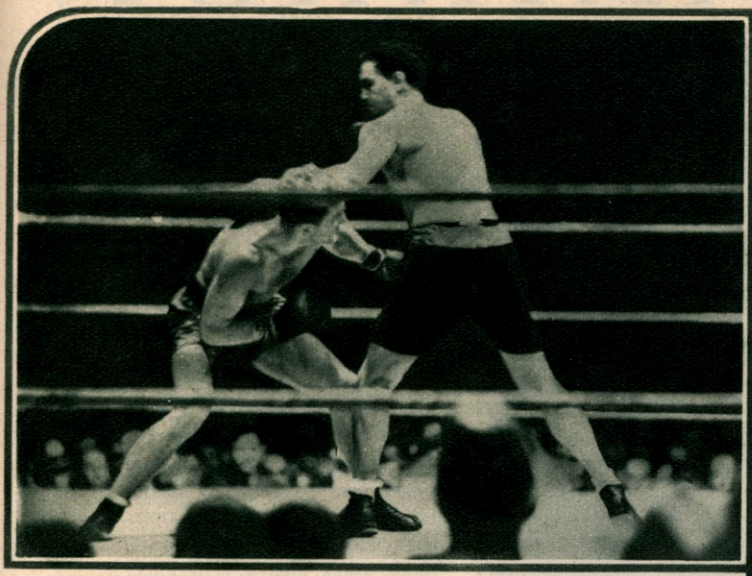
So, on a Dark Night, while all the customers hollered him Encouragement, except some folks from the Italian neighborhood who for some reason yelled "Primo, Primo," Jack started to climb the Bean Stalk.

In the third round Jack reached the top, and he wigwagged to Ma, "This bum is soft. I'm sorry we didn't climb this weeks ago."

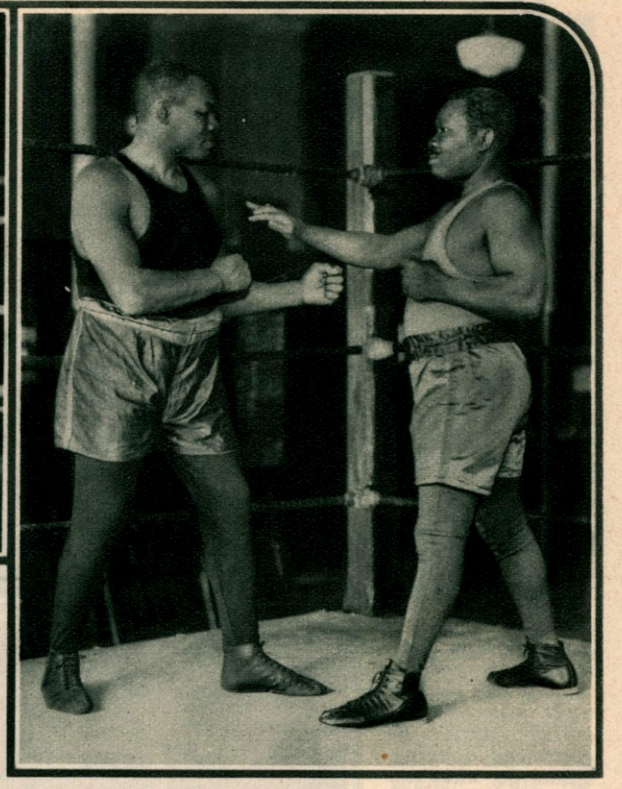
The Giant came in and began to sneeze," Fee, fie, fo, fum, I smell the smell of a Gorgonzola." This aroused our Young Hero and in the fourth round Jack jumped out of the cupboard and let the Giant have it, with Both Hands.

"Fee, fie, fo, fum, I smell the smell of the smelling salts," slobbered the Giant, for it was none other than our Old Friend, Carnera, whom he had met (*Continued on page* 42)

The NEWS *of the* MONTH

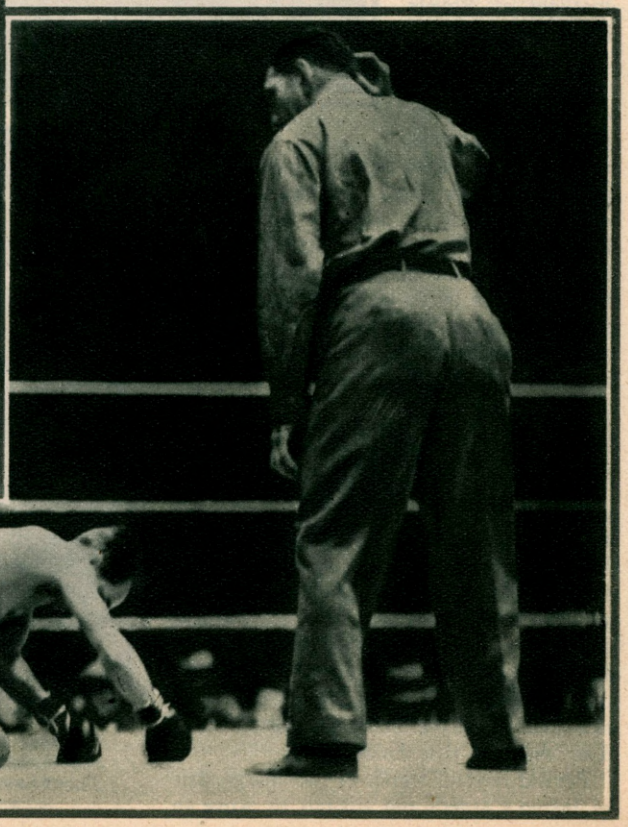


Tommy Loughran faced a tough problem when he clashed with Joe Sekyra at the Queensboro Club of Long Island, New York City, in the Daily Mirror *Hospital Radio Fund. Sekyra often made Tommy miss, then brought up an effective right. Tommy won but he had to go some to do it.*



Famous old days of the roped square were recalled recently in Boston when two veterans, gladiators of a past generation, Sam Langford and Joe Walcott, engaged in an exhibition. Both marvels in their day, they have placed themselves under the management of Jim Toland, a well known Hub sportsman, and are giving exhibitions throughout New England. Langford is partially blind and Walcott, who for a time worked as a porter in Madison Square Garden, in New York City, is helping Sam gain some needed finance while also aiding himself by appearing on the stage with him.

Tommy Loughran receiving a beautiful bronze statue of the "Returned Warrior," the "Most Valuable Boxer Award," from Nat Fleischer, owner of THE RING. *Two years ago Tommy also won the trophy. This year Tony Canzoneri gave him a tough battle for the honors.*

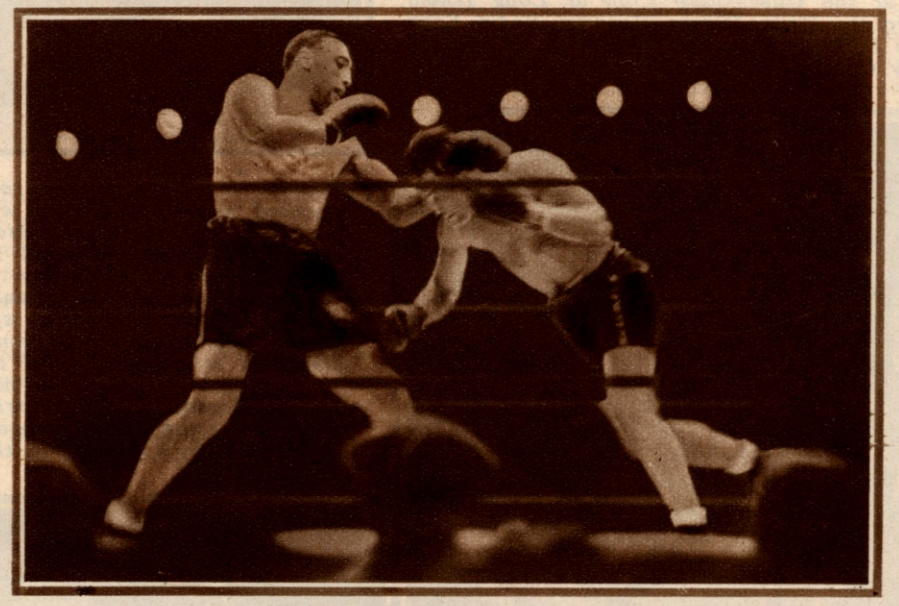


Kid Chocolate, the junior lightweight king, inaugurated his fall campaign in this country with a 39 seconds victory over Joe Scalfaro at the Queensboro Club. Young Otto, the referee, stopped the mill after Scalfaro had been floored for nine and came up reeling.

JACK SHARKEY,

American Heavyweight Champion Proves that He Still Remains the Outstanding Contender

Here is how Jack Sharkey solved the riddle. He ducked and weaved and rolled until he found an opening. Then he shot up that socking left to Carnera's belly with force enough to upset any heavyweight except the Italian.



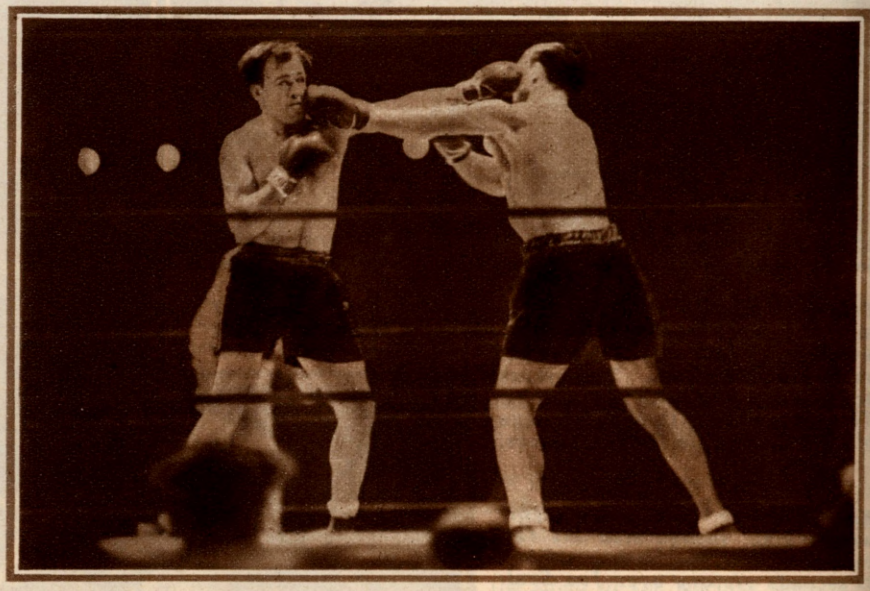
JACK SHARKEY, placed in the fistic spotlight at Ebbets Field in a fight to determine his future, came through with flying colors by the thoroughness with which he halted the rise of Primo Carnera, the Italian giant. Fighting his greatest battle since he climbed to pugilistic heights when he shunted Harry Willis out of the picture, the Boston Gob, at the same field where he began his climb to fame and fortune, regained the good will and esteem of the American fight public by a demonstration of skill, combativeness, perseverance and hitting powers such as none of the heavyweights since the retirement of Gene Tunney has placed on display.

In short, Sharkey made good his threat to make the fight fans like him, and once again he knocks at the door of Schmeling. If the Fates do not rule against him, he may yet reach the goal of his ambition—an opportunity to face the heavyweight champion in a return engagement in an effort to regain for this country, the world's crown. Based on his showing against Carnera, he will have many supporters in a fight with the title holder.

Peeved beyond words at the charge that he feared Carnera and anxious to prove to the world that he still ranks as the leading heavyweight contender, Sharkey, appearing before 30,000 persons in New York's final outdoor show, halted the rise of the Italian Behemoth with as decisive a defeat as could be administered to a fighter without scoring a knockout. Bad finger and all, Sharkey stepped into that ring on Columbus Day, more determined than ever to prove his mettle, and he made good with a vengeance.

I have seen the Boston Gob in almost all his major battles but never have I watched him put up so great a battle as he did against Carnera. Giving away 59 pounds in weight, six inches in height and twelve inches in reach — a tremendous physical handicap—in addition to facing a hostile gathering that had come to see him whipped, Sharkey emerged the hero, acclaimed

Primo almost dropped Sharkey in the third round with a heavy blow on the neck



Carnera displayed a most effective straight left. He annoyed Sharkey considerably by poking it innumerable times to Jack's cheek. The above shows one time when Jack retaliated with a corking left to the eye that puffed it

the MAN of the HOUR

By NAT FLEISCHER

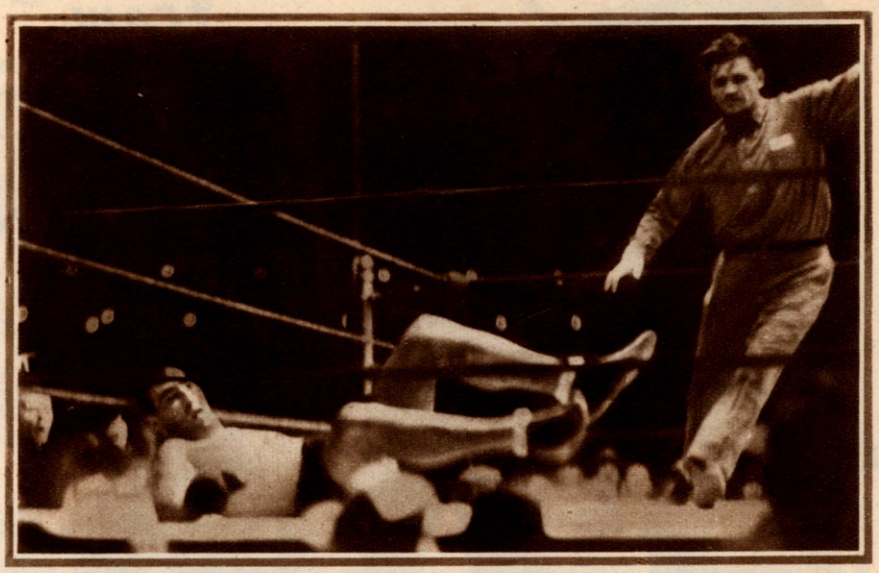
by those who only a short time previously had jeered and booed him. He came forth a fighter more strongly entrenched in his position of the leading light of Fistiana other than the champion, than ever before. Dame Fortune at last, had smiled on the most unfortunate heavyweight of note in modern fisticuffs.

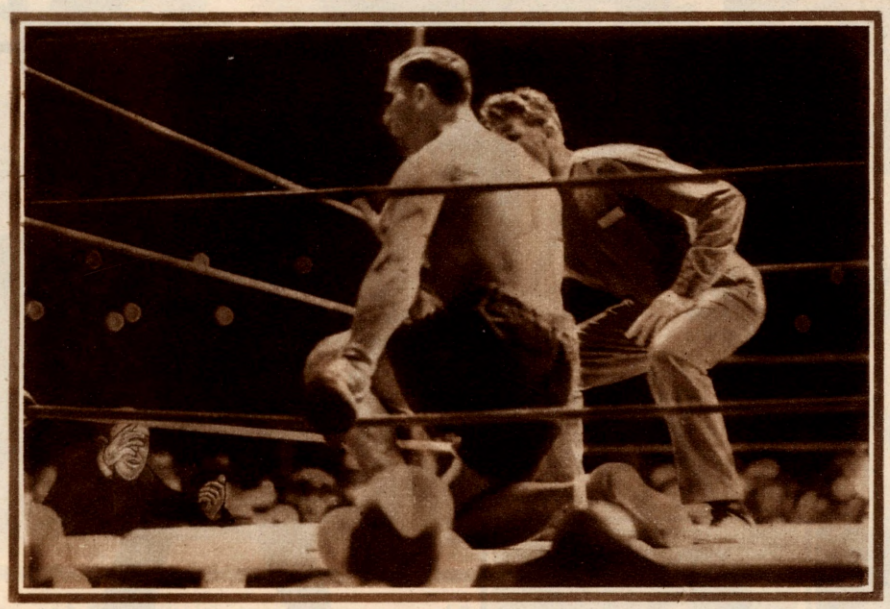
He went into the battle with one aim in mind and he succeeded in carrying it out. He went about the business of demonstrating to the American public that he still was Uncle Sam's greatest heavyweight, in a manner that was truly befitting a champion. He did more than that—he gave to boxing that impetus that set the wheels in motion for bigger and better things. In short, his victory, great as it was, was the curing tonic for boxing.

* * *

WHEN he had completed his task, not even Carnera's most ardent followers could take the glory away from Sharkey. He had earned their respect. He had earned their plaudits and they gave him both, cheerfully. That is how it should be.

He had won in a most convincing manner, and in my opinion, he had





A new sensation for the Venetian Gondolier—on the canvas and bleary-eyed. A left hook to the chin did the trick in the fourth round. Note the blank expression on Carnera's face

gained the victory twice. Regardless of the official verdict of the referee, Gunboat Smith and the timer, Mr. Williamson, that Carnera had not been stopped in the fourth round, I maintain that the Italian was knocked out when he went down without being hit in the fourth round, after he previously had been floored.

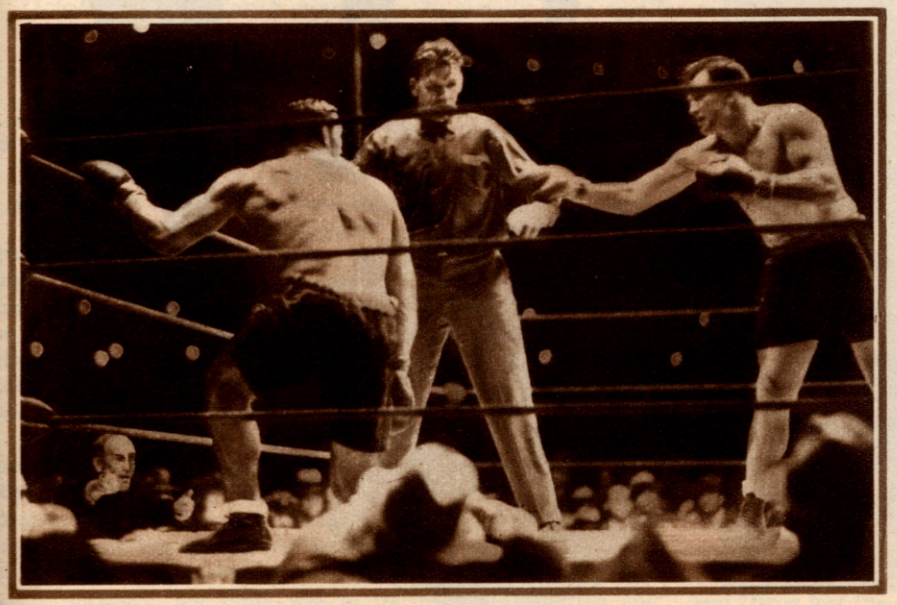
The officials point to the New York State rules, which read:

"A man knocked down and who gets up again and goes down again without being hit, is not disqualified. The duty of the referee under such circumstances is to resume the count as the man again hits the floor. If, however, the referee believes that the fallen man is not able to resume, he is privileged to stop the bout."

* * *

SO far so good. The argument that was raised in that hectic fourth session, was not whether Carnera went down without being hit, but whether in so doing, he had not overstepped the bounds by taking more than ten seconds. My contention is that he did. He couldn't possibly have

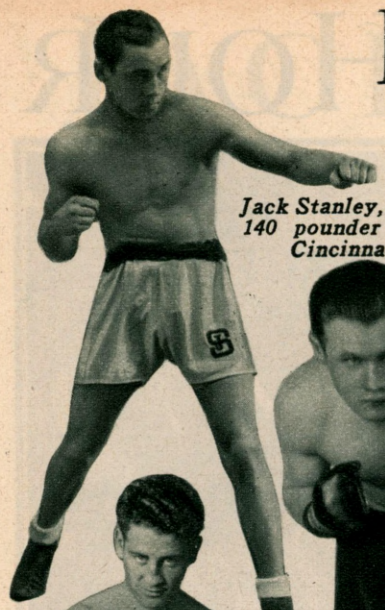
(Continued on page 41)



Carnera, resting on one knee, took a count of six. Then he arose, only to get down again when he saw Sharkey rushing out for the "kill."

Here we see Sharkey protesting when Primo went down without being hit. Sharkey claimed that his opponent should have been counted out but Gunboat Smith, the referee, ruled otherwise

PROMISING LADS *from* VARIOUS SECTIONS

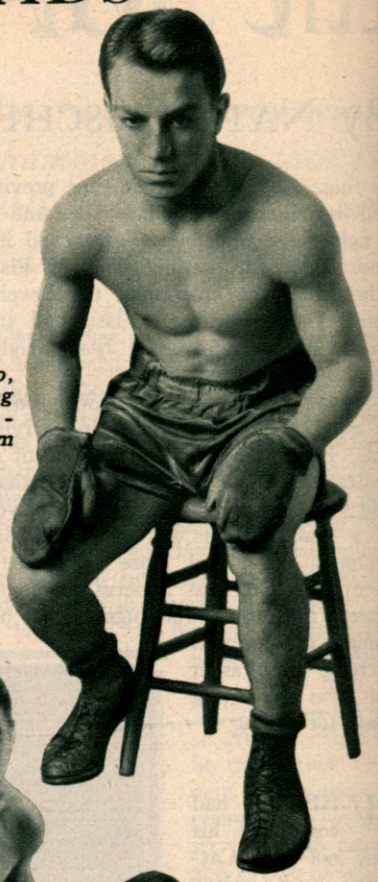


Jack Stanley, crack 140 pounder from Cincinnati

Battling Tracey, light-heavyweight from New York

Frankie Hughes, junior welterweight of Clinton, Ind.

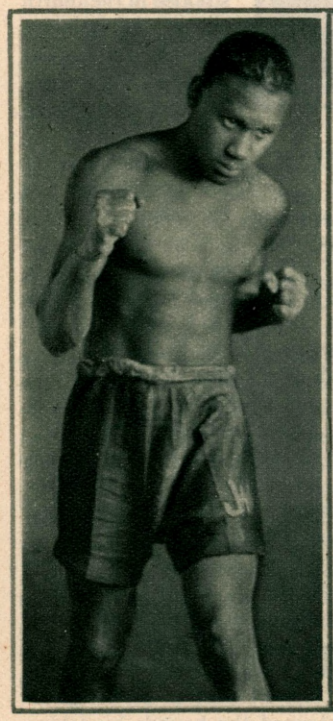
Harry Mosco, classy Newark lightweight



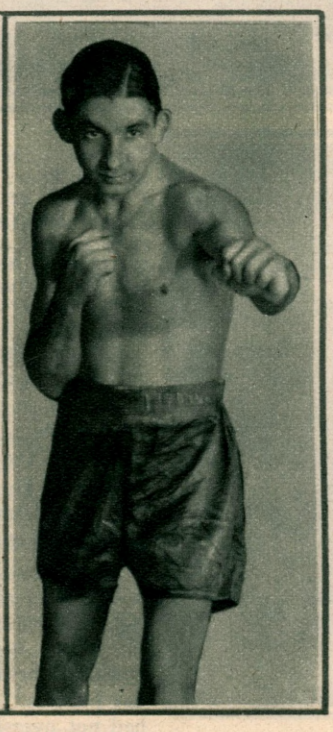
Paul Dazzo, fast rising featherweight from Chicago

Joe La Fauci, flashy New York lightweight

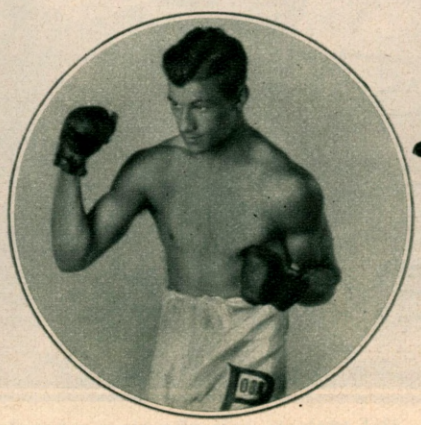
Leonard Zazzerino, the Mation, N. J. Italian Buzz-Saw who is traveling at a fast gait again



Joe Walters, Springfield, O., middleweight

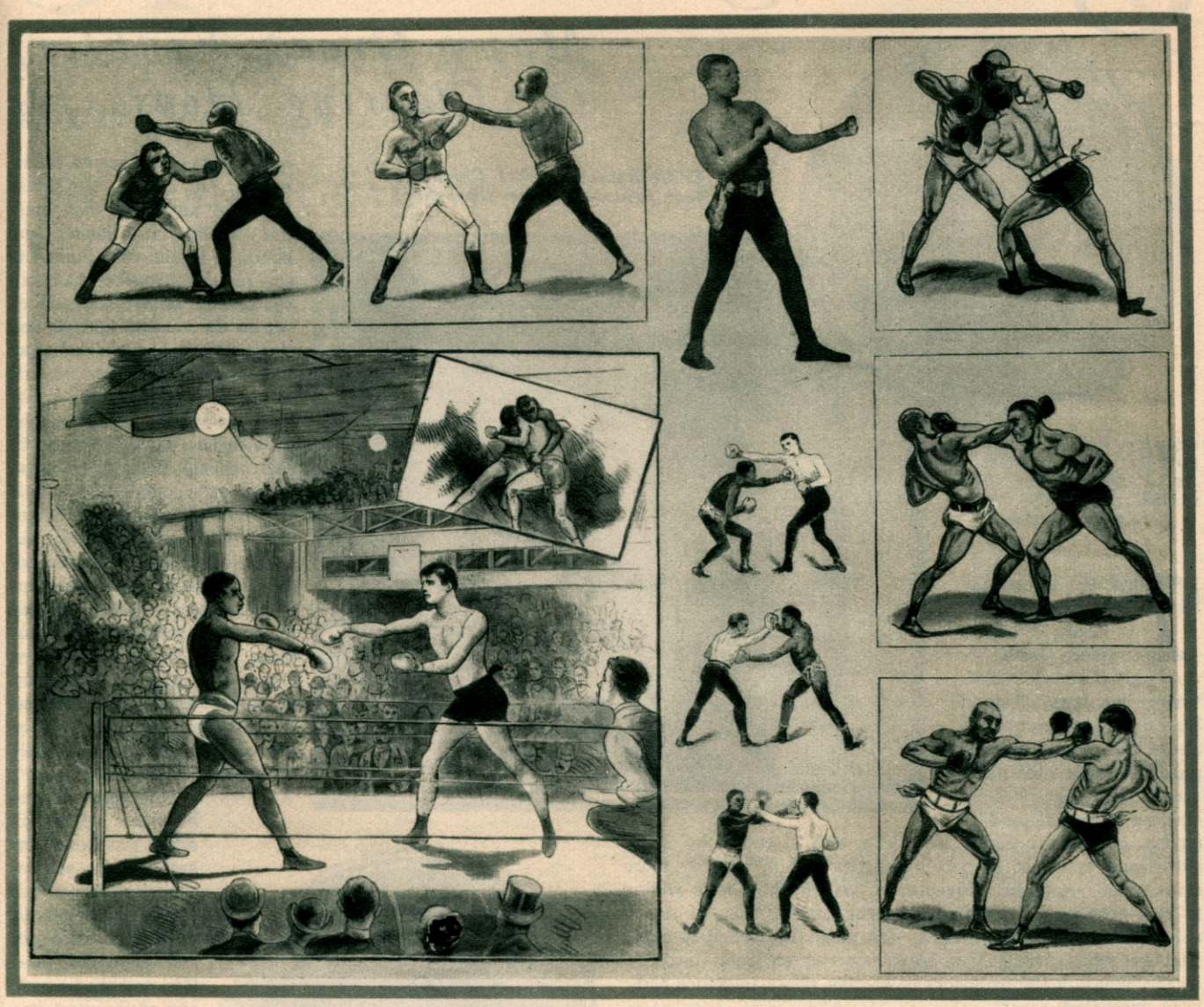


Lew Franklin, Brooklyn's hard hitting bantamweight



Don Petrin, heavyweight contender from Newark

Famous Fights Recalled



When George Dixon and Solly Smith engaged in a world's featherweight championship fight at San Francisco, October 4, 1897, Smith winning in 20 rounds. The smaller pictures show the action in various rounds and the one in the lower left hand, shows the final round, just after the men shook hands. A photo of Dixon taken on the day of the fight, is shown in the upper center row.

Series No. 24

THE history of the featherweight class records the deeds of many great fighters, but none whose ring exploits were more thrilling than those of George Dixon, "Little Chocolate." The flashy little Negro who, under the able guidance of Tom O'Rourke, ranked supreme in his division, after regaining the featherweight title from Frank Erne in a twenty-five-round battle in New York on March 24, 1897, went out on the Coast to defend his championship against Solly Smith and there the wonderful colored pugilist lowered his colors to his opponent in a well-fought twenty-round bout.

In an effort to dethrone Dixon, Smith fought like a fiend from the start. He displayed an amount of speed and skill that astonished even his most ardent followers. His most sanguine supporters were taken by surprise. Dixon was a favorite and few in the big gathering that attended the mill in San Francisco figured that Solly would take "Little Chocolate's" measure, but Solly was in the pink of condition and fought like one whose very life depended on a victory.

Dixon entered the ring with a notable corps of seconds, that included O'Rourke, who to this day ranks as a leader in the profession; Joe Walcott and Young Mitchell. In the opposite corner, to match wits with them, were Tim McGrath and the shrewd Spider Kelly, two of the best seconds that ever took charge of a fighter. And throughout the contest, it was as much a match between the seconds as it was one between two classy fighters. O'Rourke never had a man in finer condition than he did Dixon that night and the little Negro showed it when once the mill began.

For twenty rounds the boys battled, and Smith fought viciously throughout. Smith made a desperate attempt in the closing round to get his man by a knockout, but Dixon, though partially dazed, stayed on his feet.

At the end, George Green, the referee, had no hesitancy in awarding the decision to Smith, but the majority among the spectators figured he was wrong and hissed and booed. There was no doubt that Dixon did not lose that fight. The worst he could have gotten was a draw, but the referee figured otherwise and Dixon lost the championship.

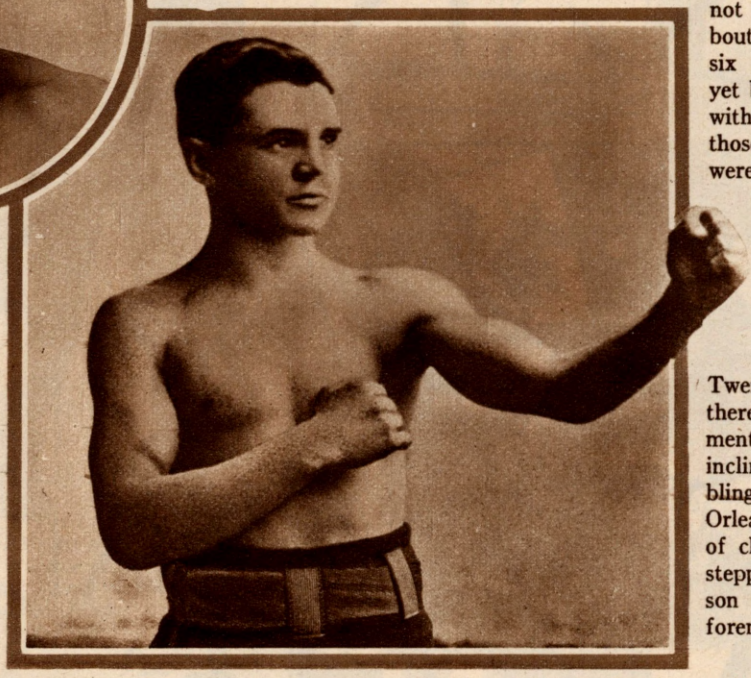
It was a great mill, a clean-cut contest that stands out as one of the outstanding championship fights in the featherweight division.

Chicago's Part in

Many Great Fighters the Clearing House for

Charley White, Chicago's left hook artist. As a lightweight he ranked among the best a few years ago

Eddie Santry, one of Chicago's best fighters of the old school



THE history of boxing in Chicago is of a piece with its history elsewhere in these United States. In the wake of the Civil War, itinerant pugilists began to make their appearance and to eke out a furtive and ill paying existence. Fights were few and attended by small gatherings, made up in part by rogues and in part by more respectable but no less adventurous citizens who were willing to risk arrest and even imprisonment for the sake of seeing a lively, bloody, bruising fight. Through the Seventies and Eighties, fights were held in back rooms or on lonely pitches on the dunes, in the bailiwicks of sheriffs whose tolerance had been purchased.

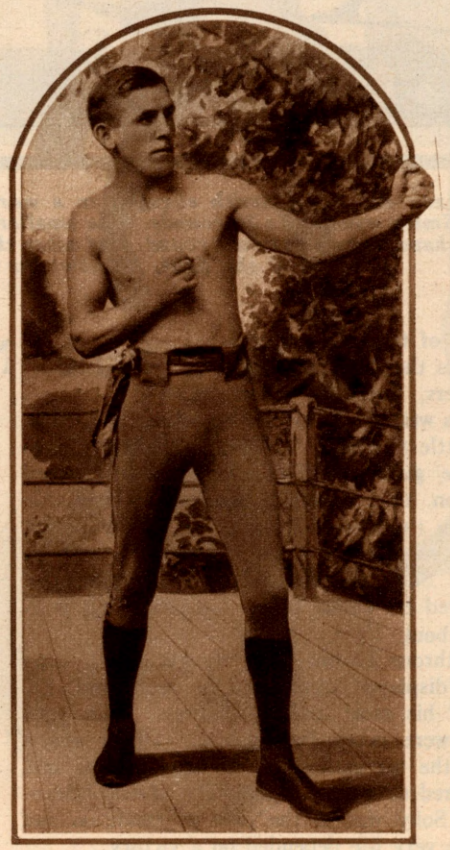
Chicago, a growing, robust, brawling city, was the meeting place of these vagabonds of the ring but frequently the actual battle sites were in the adjacent states of Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin. In the late Eighties, for instance, Robey, just across the state line in Indiana, was a favorite rendezvous of the skin-tight glove fighters and their followers. With the coming of the World Fair to Chicago, however, the sports no longer found it necessary to leave the city or to congregate in the back rooms of saloons to see fights. The game came out of its hole-and-corner phase and openly was conducted at the old Battery D armory on Michigan Avenue near Monroe street, where the picturesque Parson Davies held forth.

* * *

HERE, in the huge drill shed long since vanished in the sweep of improvements along the lake front, appeared Peter Jackson, Joe Choynski, Hughie Napier, Val Flood and other celebrated fighters of the day. Strictly speaking, boxing wasn't legal but so long as it was properly handled it was condoned by a civic administration committee to a free-and-easy, wide open policy. The fighters found havens also at Apollo Hall, Twelfth Street and Blue Island Avenue, McGurn's Hand Ball Court, Division and Wells streets; the American, Thirty-first street and Indiana and Aurora Turner's Hall on the West side.

The popularity of boxing increased as the years rolled by. Then the capacities of the halls wherein the bouts were held frequently became inadequate. Of course, the finish fights of an earlier day were not possible any longer and bouts, as a rule, were limited to six rounds. Stalling had not yet became an art as practiced within the hempen strands and those old fashioned gladiators were so intent upon beating each other up as much as possible within the brief space allotted to them, that there were few unsatisfactory fights.

As the gas lit "Nineties" waned and the Twentieth Century approached, there came a new development. Davies, whose strongest inclination was toward gambling, left Chicago for New Orleans to open an emporium of chance and Lou Houseman stepped into the place the Parson had vacated as Chicago's foremost promoter.



Jimmy Barry, bantam champion

Houseman staged his fights at Tattersall's, an exhibition hall with a seating capacity of about 8,000 on Sixteenth street between State and Dearborn and this quickly became one of the most important clubs in the country. It also was to be the scene, in 1900, of the bout that brought the wrath of the law down upon the heads of the fistic fraternity and sent them scurrying back to the holes and corners they had known in the Eighties.

* * *

IT was at Tattersall's in 1899 that the dynamic Terry McGovern, not yet featherweight champion but already rated in the East as George Dixon's most formidable rival, was introduced to Chi-

American Boxing

Developed In Windy City, Fistic Sports In Early Days

By FRANK GRAHAM

Packey McFarland, one of the greatest lightweights ever produced in the Windy City

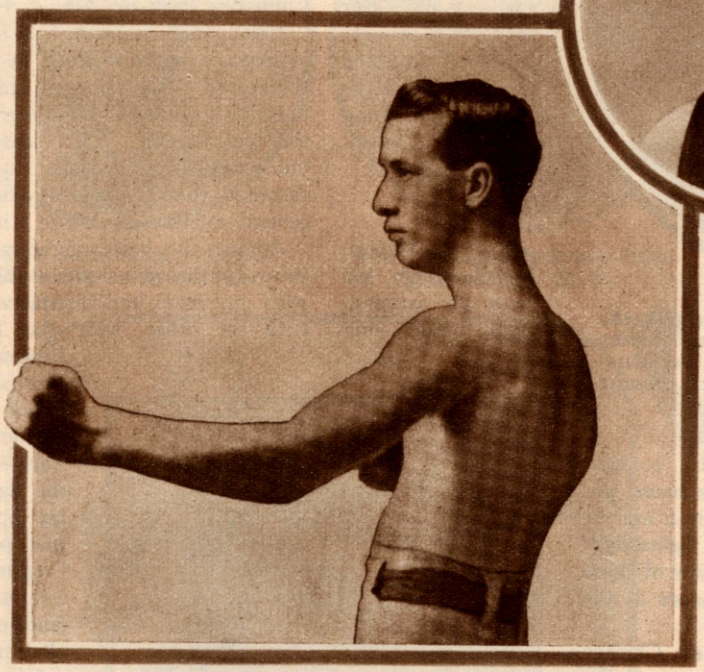
cago in sensational fashion. Terry knocked out two men in his first appearance there, the luckless foils for his devastating punches being Billy Rotchford and Turkey Point Bill Smith. Later, as champion, Terry made several appearances at Tattersall's, knocking out Eddie Santry in five rounds, beating Dixon in six in a return match following his knockout of Little Chocolate in New York, boxing six rounds to no decision with Tommy White and beating Kid Broad in six.

* * *

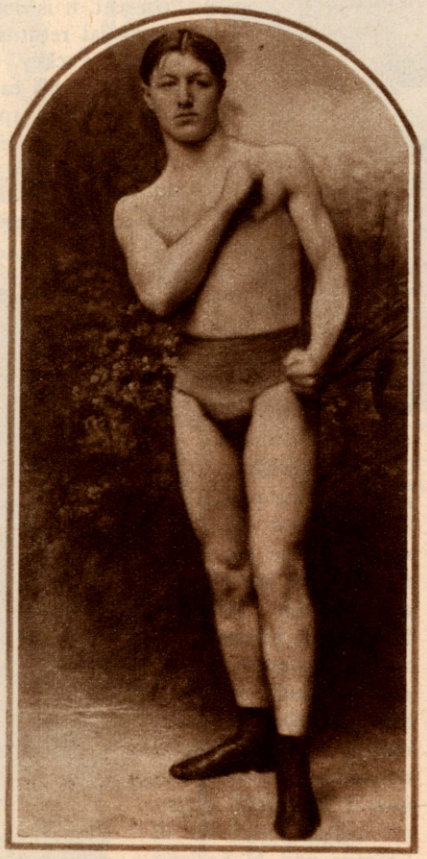
ANOTHER favorite at Tattersall's was Young Griffo, the wrath of the ring. One of his notable contests there, was with Frank Gerard, a six-round affair. Griffo made it a rule—almost the only rule he observed, other than the rules of boxing—to have a flask of whiskey in his corner and it was his custom to take a generous swig from it between rounds.

The night he fought Gerard his swigs were a trifle too generous, so that the supply was exhausted at the end of the third round. Griffo didn't discover this until he reached his corner at the end of the fourth round and ordered his handlers to get a fresh supply. When they refused, he declared himself:

"I've a good mind to 'op right out of 'ere," he said. "I won't, though. But I won't fight any more. If there's any more punches landed in this fight, that blighter will have to land 'em."



Harry Forbes, a great Chicago bantam battler



Dave Barry, who refereed Dempsey-Tunney bout. Dave was a good fighter in his youth

It was a large assignment for the blighter. For the next two rounds Griffo stood in the center of the ring, his hands at his sides, dodging every punch the frantic Gerard threw at him. Griffo didn't score a point in these rounds but neither did Gerard and as Griffo had piled up a big lead in the first four rounds, he got the decision. Take it from those who saw the fight, he deserved it, for never was a more remarkable exhibition given in any ring than that which the amazing Australian gave that night.

Griffo was one of a group of Australians to earn fistic immortality who appeared at Tattersall's. The others were Bob Fitzsimmons, Dan Creedon, Jim Hall and Tom Tracy. Fitz fought there as champion and, after he had been stripped of his title by Jim Jeffries at Coney Island on June 9, 1899, began the comeback that earned him a return match with Jeffries by knocking out Jeff Thorne in one round at Tattersall's on Oct. 28 of the same year.

* * *

TOMMY RYAN and Kid McCoy had one of their several fights at Tattersall's, boxing six rounds there to no decision in 1900. At Tattersall's, too, was developed Jack Root, first to hold the light-heavyweight championship. And at Tattersall's Tom Sharkey scored a two-round knockout over Joe Choynski in 1900 and Benny Yanger won from Harry Forbes in five rounds.

Meanwhile the Star Theatre, across the Chicago River at Clark and Kinzie, had entered the field. One of the most sensational—and one of the briefest—fights ever held in this country was put on at the Star on August 18, 1899, when McCoy met Jack McCormick.

McCoy, one of the outstanding pugilists in the land, was a top-heavy favorite to tip over the second rate McCormick and was so confident of winning that he refused McCormick's plea to split the purse, sixty per cent to the winner

Johnny Coulon, who claimed the bantam title in 1904 when Jimmy Walsh became too heavy, and successfully defended it until beaten by Kid Williams in 1914

came up from Hegeswich, Ill., to fight frequently at the Star. His name was Oscar Matthew Battling Nelson and he was destined to become the lightweight champion of the world, but few of those who saw him swapping punches at the Star suspected it.

Jimmy Barry, product of Chicago and bantamweight champion of the world, had many of his fights at the Star. One of the most memorable of these was his six-round draw with Harry Harris in 1898. At the end of that year, his career blighted by the death of Walter Croot following a knockout at his hands in the twentieth round of a bout at the National Sporting Club in London in 1897, the great little fighting man retired undefeated.

Gambling on the results of the fights in Chicago always had been heavy but as gambling was common throughout the city, nothing was thought of this until the gamblers began to fix the fights. Mutterings and mumblings were heard over the defeat of numerous favorites but the blow off came when Joe Gans was "knocked out" by Terry McGovern in two rounds at Tattersall's on December 13, 1900. Mayor Carter Harrison, among others, was much dissatisfied with what had taken place and he ordered all clubs closed and scattered the fighters, their managers and their followers.

The glove game traditionally thrives on suppression, however, and it wasn't long before the first faint beginnings were made in a campaign that terminated in the legalization of boxing in 1926. Nate Lewis's Connemarra Cuckoos, the several enterprises of Howard Carr (Kid Howard) and of other and lesser known promoters gave the city sporadic bursts of boxing but for the most part Chicago, over a span of more than twenty years, was merely a clearing house for the sport: the center in which matches were made to be held in Racine, Kenosha, Milwaukee, Hammond and other near-by points.

To Jim Mullen belongs the chief credit for the restoration of boxing and its present place on a higher plane than it ever had known in the past. Mullen, emboldened by the success he had had in running fights at Aurora, Ill., under the protection of a friendly state's attorney, worked gradually into Chicago and continued operations, frequently by enjoining the police from interfering with him. At what he considered a propitious moment he influenced the introduction at Springfield in 1925 of a bill legalizing boxing in Illinois but saw it defeated.

In 1926 another bill was introduced and this one was passed. Mullen, to whom promoter's license Number One was granted, launched the new era with the bout in which Sammy Mandell won the lightweight championship from Rocky Kansas at Comiskey Park on July 4, 1926.

Boxing now is in such a thriving state in Chicago that the supremacy of New York as the fistic capital of the world is threatened. The Chicago Stadium, erected by Paddy Harmon but now controlled by a corporation of which Nate Lewis is the matchmaker, is the scene of the most important bouts but excellent attractions also are offered by Mullen, newly returned to the ranks of the promoters after an absence of several months, at White City.

Among the better fighters developed in Chicago, some of them in the years when the promoters were taking tickets with one hand and, figuratively, sparring with the gendarmes with the other, were Bat Nelson, Packey McFarland, Joe Burman, Jack Root, Sam and Harry Harris, Jimmy Barry, Eddie Santry, Dave Barry, Harry Forbes, Johnny Coulon, Charlie White, Bud Taylor, Earl Mastro and Sammy Mandell. Of the fighters who thrived during "bootleg" period, when boxing was staged just outside of Chicago, were Johnny Coulon, bantam king; Charley White, left hook artist, and Packey McFarland, one of the greatest lightweights of all time.

Of all of Chicago's fighters, past and present, it is doubtful if any evened the financial returns of White and McFarland. Packey, although he was at the height of his career just before the big money gates appeared, was so popular and much in demand, that he could always get what he asked for and it is a matter of record that he always asked for plenty for his services.

A ROUGH, tough kid with an astoundingly durable chin and forty to the loser. He insisted that McCormick was lucky to be in the same ring with him and, as solace for the knockout that undoubtedly he would receive, he should be content with twenty-five per cent. McCormick, however, knocked the Kid out in the first round and drew down seventy-five per cent.

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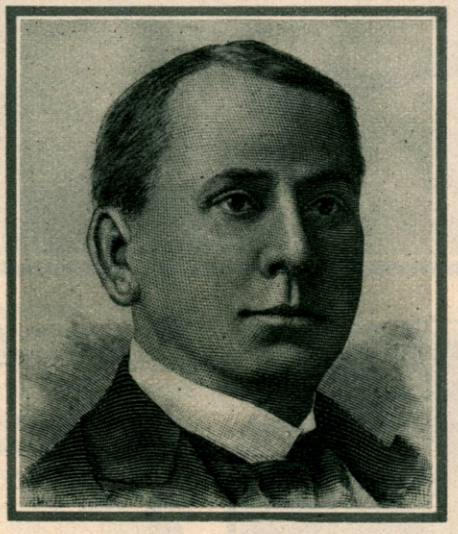
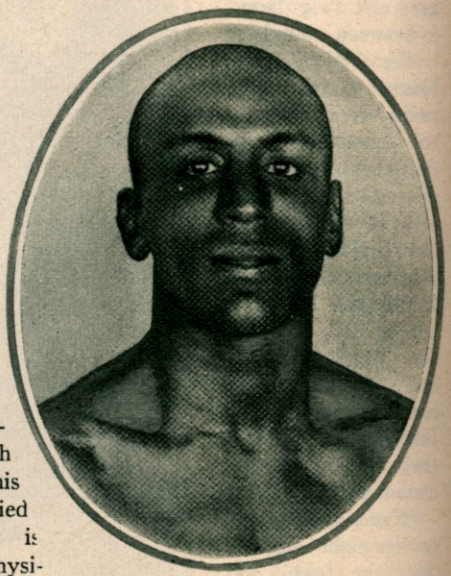


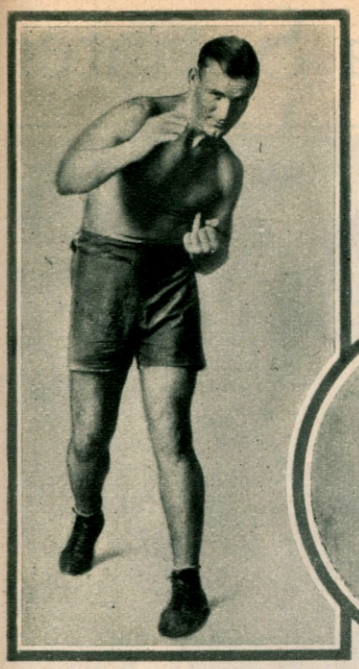
Charles E. "Parson" Davies, who conducted bouts at the old Battery "D" armory on Michigan Avenue and Monroe Street

Likewise with Charlie White, the great lightweight. He was always a good drawing card. White's great success was due partially to the use of a powerful left hook which he used with uncanny accuracy and which stopped most of his opponents. It carried dynamite. Charley is now a successful physical culture instructor in Chicago and McFarland is a real estate operator.

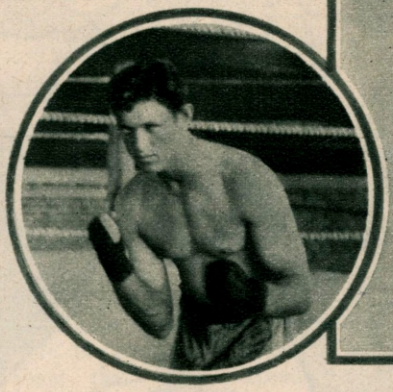


Joe Gans, whose unsatisfactory knockout at the hands of Terry McGovern on December 13, 1900, killed boxing for twenty years in Chicago

THEY'RE KEEPING *in the* FISTIC LIMELIGHT



Eddie Brannon, rugged Pittsburgh lightweight

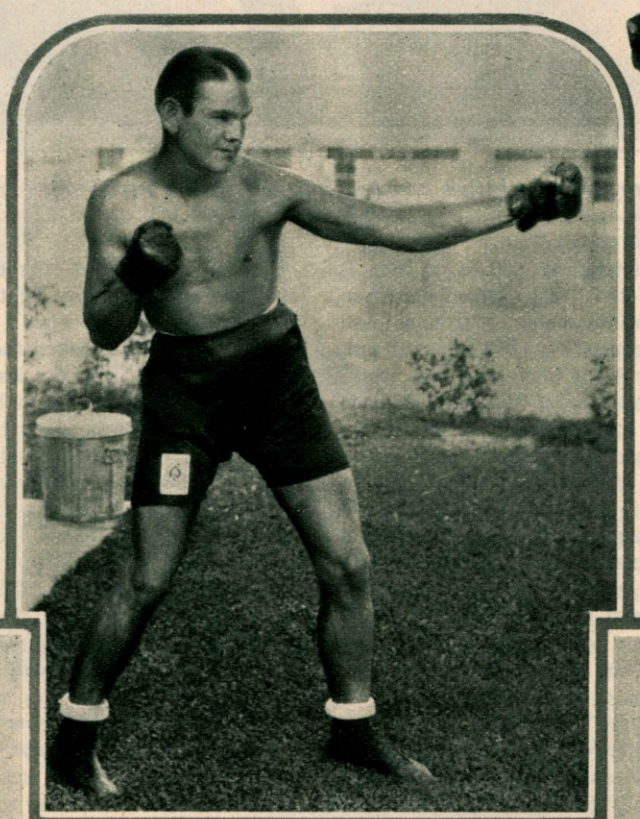


Ben Logan, light-heavy from Winnsboro, S. C.

Vincent Maricon-da, Brook-lyn light-weight

Lee Brou-shue, Sa-vannah light-heavy

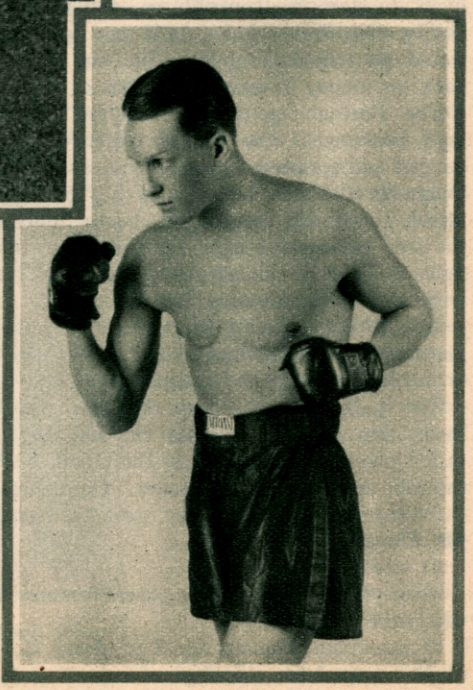
Young Jeffries, New England middleweight



Ace Martin, promising ligh. heavy from Michigan

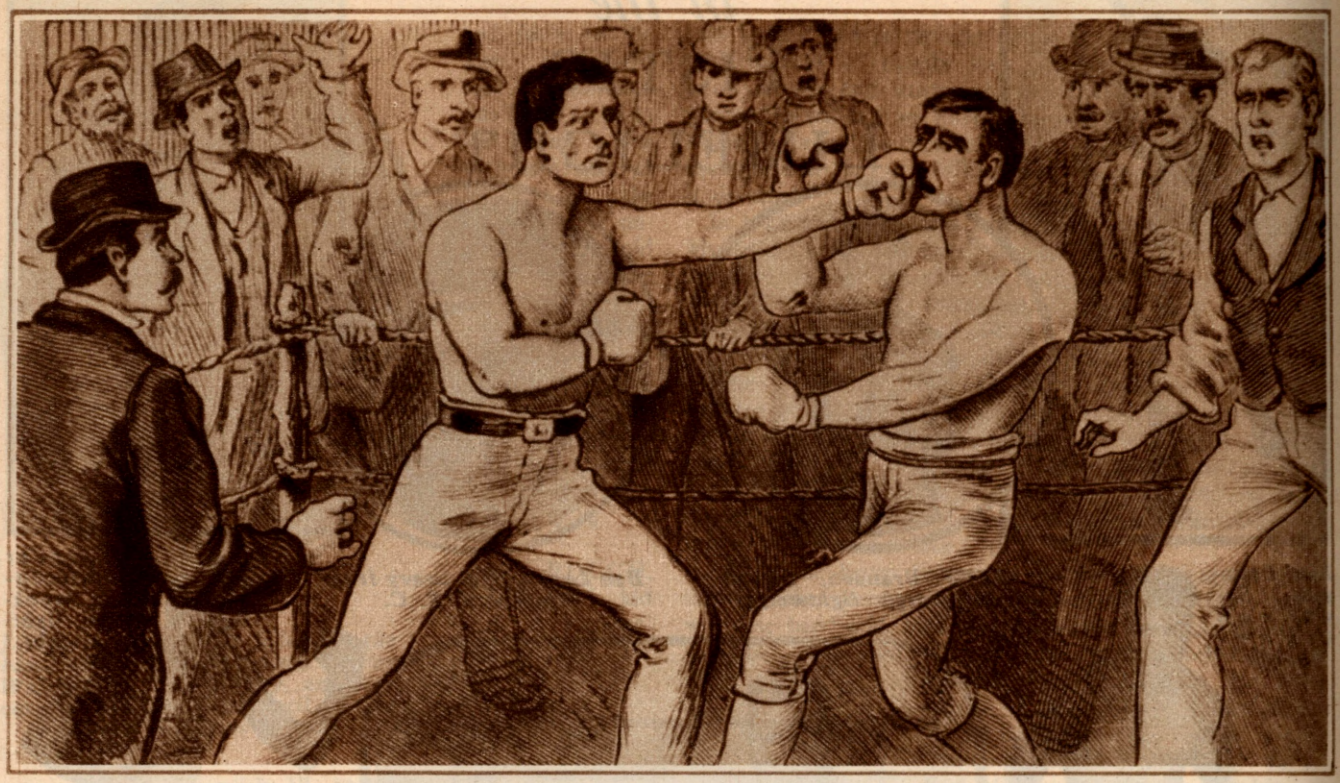
Miki Gelb, Hungarian fea-therweight

Buckey Keyes, Jersey City junior-lightweight



Vic Darr, Junior-wel-terweight from Nor-wich, Conn.

When JOHN L. Caught a Sprinter



Donaldson, receiving a left to the mouth that knocked him out in the tenth round of his light glove battle with John L. Sullivan

ONE of the earliest and toughest battles in John L. Sullivan's career was that with John Donaldson, the Western Giant and champion, that took place at Cincinnati on December 24, 1880. It was only his second fight away from home and was staged before a motley gathering in the back room of the old Atlantic Garden. Originally the mill was scheduled for one of the big halls but the police got wind of the arrangements and, to prevent interference, the scene was shifted.

To avoid attracting attention, it was arranged to have the fans enter without giving up a ticket of admission and to take a chance on collecting from them after they had entered the room. This was done by passing around a hat, in which Sullivan, to start the contribution, and to show his faith in his ability, contributed $25. As it was agreed that to the winner would go the entire purse, Sullivan felt that he would get back his money in addition to that of the gathering.

The Boston Strong Boy required ten rounds to get his man because of the tactics employed by Donaldson, who dodged and sprinted but would not engage in a stand-up fight. Originally the side bet was to be $500, but Donaldson was unable to furnish the amount, hence Sullivan agreed to waive the side bet and to fight for the "gate" receipts. After the fight, Sullivan, to his surprise, found that besides his $25 contribution, there was only $68 in the hat.

In addition to losing the stake money, he found more misfortune facing him when he and Donaldson were placed under arrest for violating the anti-prizefight law.

The judge before whom the case was tried was one of those who had "stole" into the hall to see the fight. He called one Johnny Moran to the stand, he being a backer of the mill and a good story teller. The court asked him:

"Were you present at the fight between Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Donaldson?

"I was."

"Do you recognize any other persons in this courtroom who were present?"

"I do, Your Honor, but I'm afraid if I point to you, I might be cited for contempt of court."

The answer evoked laughter.

"Did you see a prize fight between these men?"

"No, Your Honor, what I saw was a footrace."

"And who won?" asked the judge.

"Donaldson was in the lead by almost a quarter of a mile, but Sullivan was almost in hot pursuit."

"Did Mr. Sullivan catch him before the race was over?"

"He did, Your Honor, and then he barely touched him, just to let him know that he had caught up, when Donaldson, so utterly surprised, suddenly fainted."

"What happened then?" continued the Judge.

"He hit the boards with a thud and was incapacitated. He couldn't run any longer and Sullivan was declared the winner."

* * *

THAT evoked such merriment that even the Judge couldn't refrain from enjoying the sport. Then continuing:

"The testimony of this eyewitness is conclusive. Apparently he had followed every move of these men and what he saw convinces me that the defendants had engaged in a footrace and as I can see no violation of the law in such a contest, I am compelled to discharge you both."

Thus had ended John L's first venture to the middle west as a fighter. He had gained nothing financially, but he had gained experience and the satisfaction of knowing that he could hold his own against seasoned veterans.

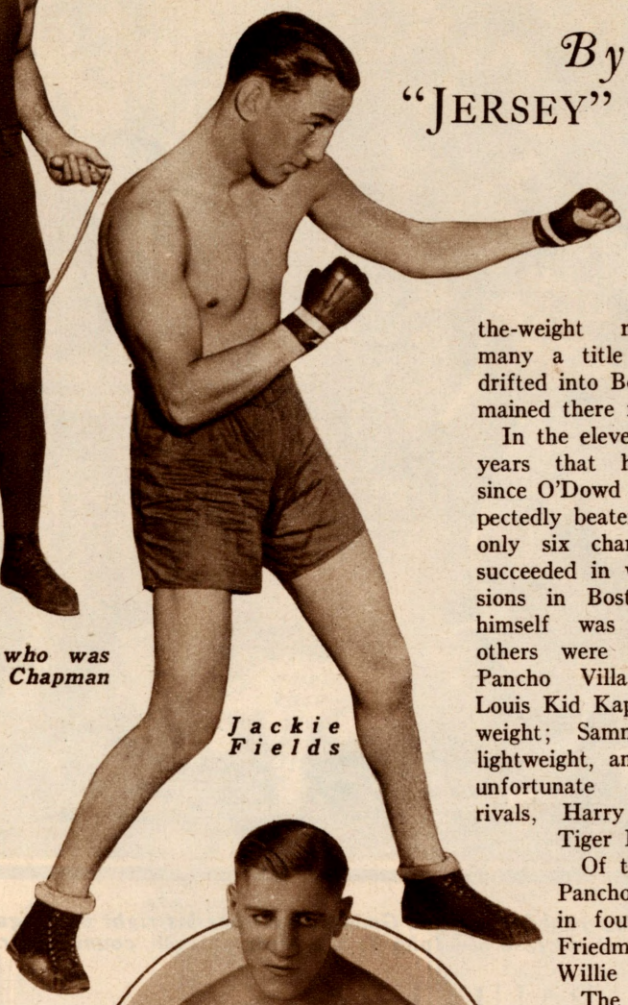
In meeting Donaldson, he clashed with a man who had a good reputation as a fighter, one who had held the mid-western championship for several years. As Donaldson had already won his spurs in bare-knuckle and skin-tight glove mills, Sullivan had the satisfaction of knowing that he had whipped a man of ability, despite the fact that Donaldson seemed so afraid of the Bostonian's punch that he tried to avoid it by continuously moving away from his opponent.

Sullivan had proved to the satisfaction of his admirers that he could take and give a wallop; that he was fearless; that he was fast on his feet as any of the leaders of his time and that he carried the most thunderous blow of any of the fistic stars of his day. That fight with Donaldson really started John L. on his rise to fistic heights.

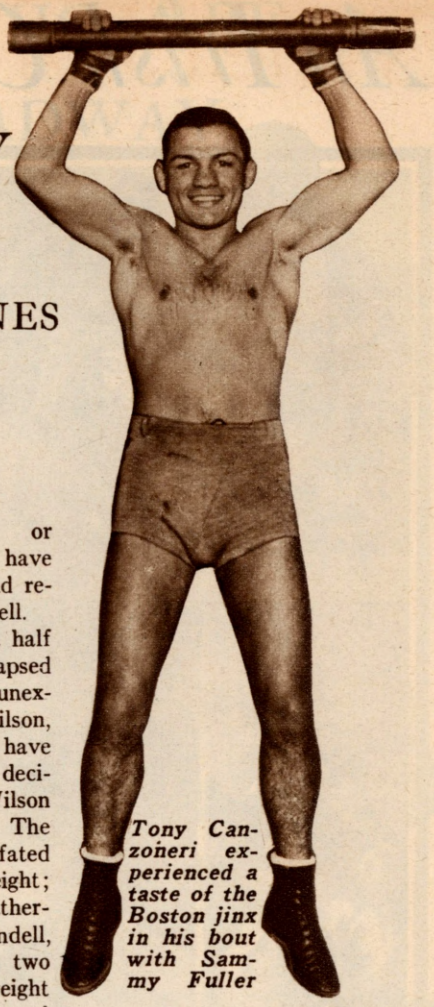
The Hoodoo City

By "Jersey" Jones

Johnny Dundee who was beaten by "Red" Chapman



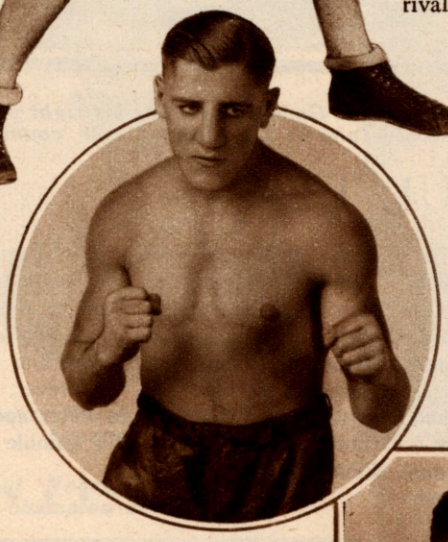
Jackie Fields



Tony Canzoneri experienced a taste of the Boston jinx in his bout with Sammy Fuller

JACK THOMPSON'S defeat at the fists of Lou Brouillard recently in Boston —a defeat that separated the sepian Californian from the welterweight title — chalked up another triumph for the strange "jinx" that has been hovering so perniciously over world's champions in the Hub.

Precisely why the New England metropolis should be so hazardous a spot for our majestic rulers of the various fistic roosts is something even our usually elastic imagination is quite unable to stretch far enough to fathom.



Joe Dundee who twice ran into Boston Jinx in bouts with Al Mello

And, yet, records are records. Whatever the reason or reasons, Boston, these last eleven and a half years, has exerted a most unpleasant influence on our noble champions in their everlasting quest for glory and the attendant coin.

The "jinx" made its official debut back in May, 1920, when Johnny Wilson startled the fistic fraternity by whipping Mike O'Dowd and gathering unto himself the middleweight title.

If we recollect rightly, that was the last time, until Brouillard licked Thompson, that a world's title had swapped proprietors in Boston, but it was by no means the last time a champion had stumbled into a lot of unpleasantness in the Hub. Exceedingly fortunate for the boys, however, there have been such things as over-the-weight matches, or many a title would have drifted into Boston and remained there for a spell.

In the eleven and a half years that have elapsed since O'Dowd was so unexpectedly beaten by Wilson, only six champions have succeeded in winning decisions in Boston. Wilson himself was one. The others were the ill-fated Pancho Villa, flyweight; Louis Kid Kaplan, featherweight; Sammy Mandell, lightweight, and those two unfortunate middleweight rivals, Harry Greb and Tiger Flowers.

Of the sextet, Villa had the best record in Boston. Pancho, while bossing the 112-pound division, turned in four victories in as many starts, whipping Abe Friedman, Tony Thomas, Young Montreal and Wee Willie Woods.

The other five each accounted for one triumph. Wilson whipped George Robinson; Mandell outpointed Jimmy Sacco; Kaplan slugged his way to a decision over Billy Murphy; Greb trounced Wilson, and Flowers walloped Ray Neuman.

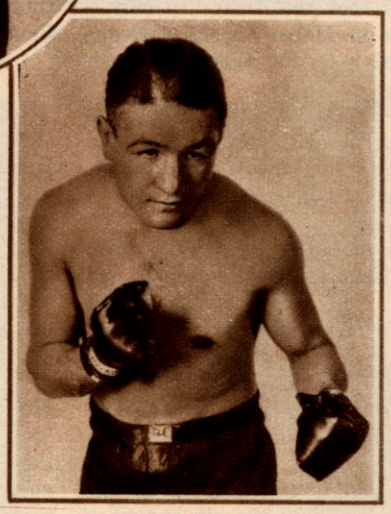
Greb and Flowers, however, suffered reverses in Boston while champions. Harry dropped verdicts to Tommy Loughran and Kid Norfolk, while the Tiger lost on a foul to Maxie Rosenbloom.

Checking up, one learns that fifteen champions have made twenty-seven appearances in Hub rings since 1920, and the nine victories accounted for have been the only breaks in the long string of reverses suffered by them. Nine victories against sixteen defeats and two "no contests" hardly constitute a record one could, even in his most generous moments, call impressive.

Aside from the performances of title-holders already listed, here's the record of the champions in Boston since the Wilson-O'Dowd episode.

Abe Goldstein, then bossing the bantams, dropped a

(*Continued on page* 45)



Andre Routis found both Finnegan and Zeramby too much for him in the Hub

An Irish Champion Knocked Out

1—Peter Maher is floored in the opening round. 2—Joe Goddard smashes his right flush against Maher's jaw in the third and sends him down with a crash. 3—John T. Eckhardt, referee, counting Erin's hero out

By PAUL KEATS

AFTER Peter Maher had suffered his first defeat in America at the hands of Bob Fitzsimmons in twelve rounds at New Orleans, he was pitted against Joe Goddard, the Barrier champion at the Coney Island Athletic Club on December 8, 1892, and contrary to expectations, Peter had suffered a more decisive defeat than he had in the mill with Freckled Bob. It took the Australian only 6 minutes and 50 seconds to dispose of Maher, the Irish champion being sent into dreamland with a terrific right hand crash to the mouth.

The fight was for a purse of $7,500, and the defeat was the second for Erin's Idol in his second finish fight. The Barrier champion outfought Peter in every department. Maher was mastered in ring generalship, in rushing and in hitting.

It was Goddard's aggressiveness that took Peter by surprise and caused his downfall. The Irishman found himself at sea when he couldn't get set to shoot across a haymaker as he had been accustomed to do against other opponents. Goddard was always on top of him.

Goddard's hard hitting landed effectively throughout the first two rounds. In the opening session a terrific right caught Peter behind the ear and felled him. But when he got to his feet, he fought back viciously.

Almost every Irishman in Brooklyn was present at the contest. They had come to see Peter redeem himself, and when he had failed, consternation reigned among them because they had wagered heavily on their favorite at 2 to 1, and when he went down they went with him—hook, line and sinker.

Billy Madden, it will be recalled, had gone in search for a man whom he thought might be able to whip John L. Sullivan, with whom he was on unfriendly terms, and when he located Maher in Ireland, he brought him here for that purpose, but Corbett beat him to it. However, Madden thought he had a future world champion in Peter and after pitting him against third raters, he took a big gamble by arranging a fight with Fitzsimmons.

* * *

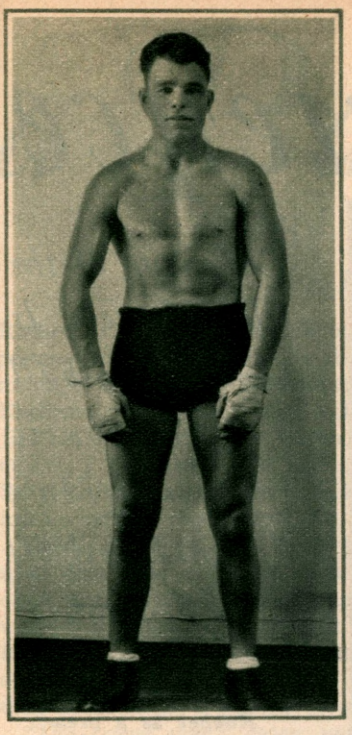
WHEN Maher was whipped, Madden, in disgust, abandoned him and then became the manager of Goddard. Hence when the Barrier champion faced the Hibernian, Maher was disconcerted to see the man who had brought him to America, handling his rival and telling him how to whip Peter. After the fight, it was said that Madden's strategy had played a big part in Peter's defeat.

Just before the knockout, there was a fierce rally by Maher but his opponent was equal to the occasion. Goddard answered Peter's attack with fierce short arm punches and in the midst of a mix-up, one of them caught Peter on the chin and dazed him.

Then followed a right smash to the mouth and down went the Celt. He lay like one dead while the referee tolled off the count. When ten had been reached, Johnny Eckhardt got to his feet and holding up Goddard's hand, declared him the winner.

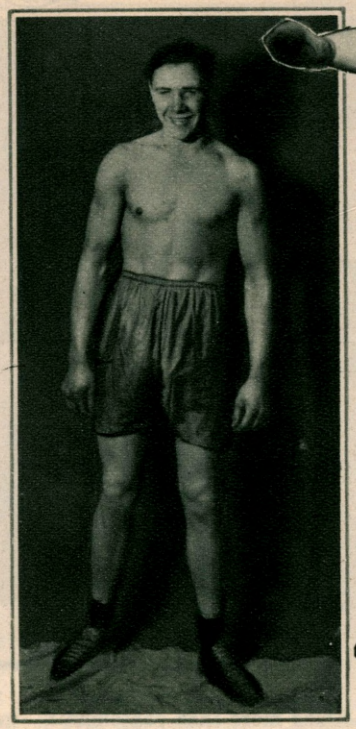
It was Goddard's third victory in America.

Foreigners Who Are Making Headway

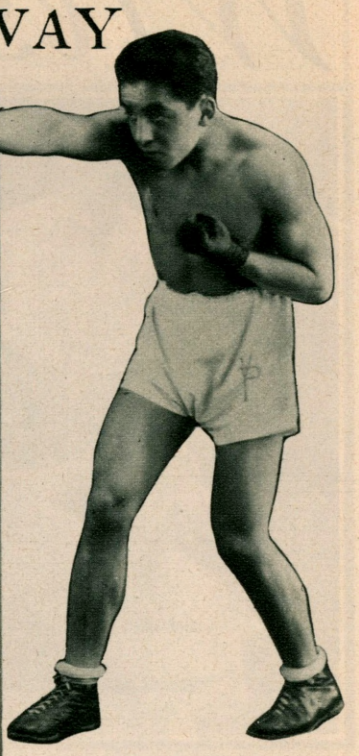


Nick Schmeling, first cousin of Max Schmeling, making good around Winnipeg, Canada

Jimmy Hill, junior-welterweight champion of the Orient.



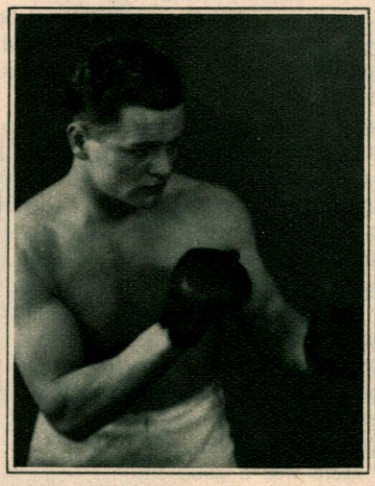
Gustav Eder, welterweight champion of Germany



Young Perez, flyweight champion of France

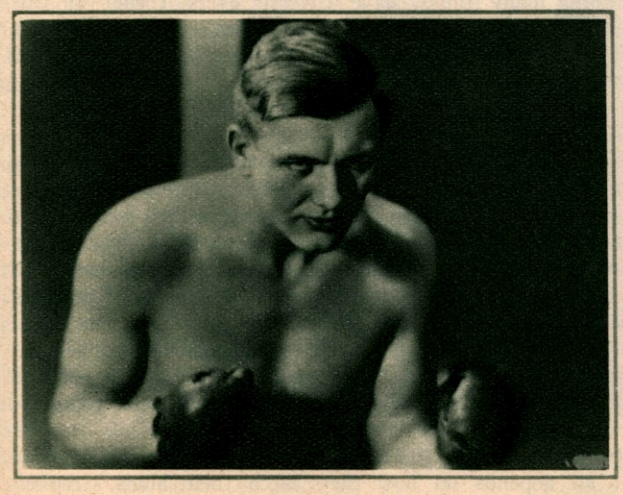
Paul Noack, featherweight champion of Germany

Georg Pfitsner, German bantamweight leader

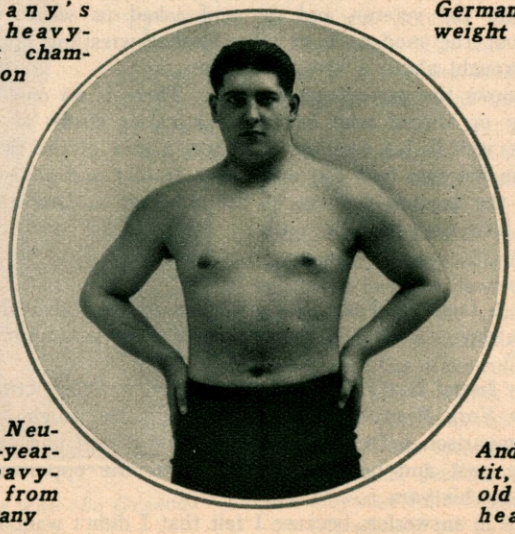


Ernst Pistulla, Germany's light-heavyweight champion

Franz Dibbers, Germany's lightweight champion

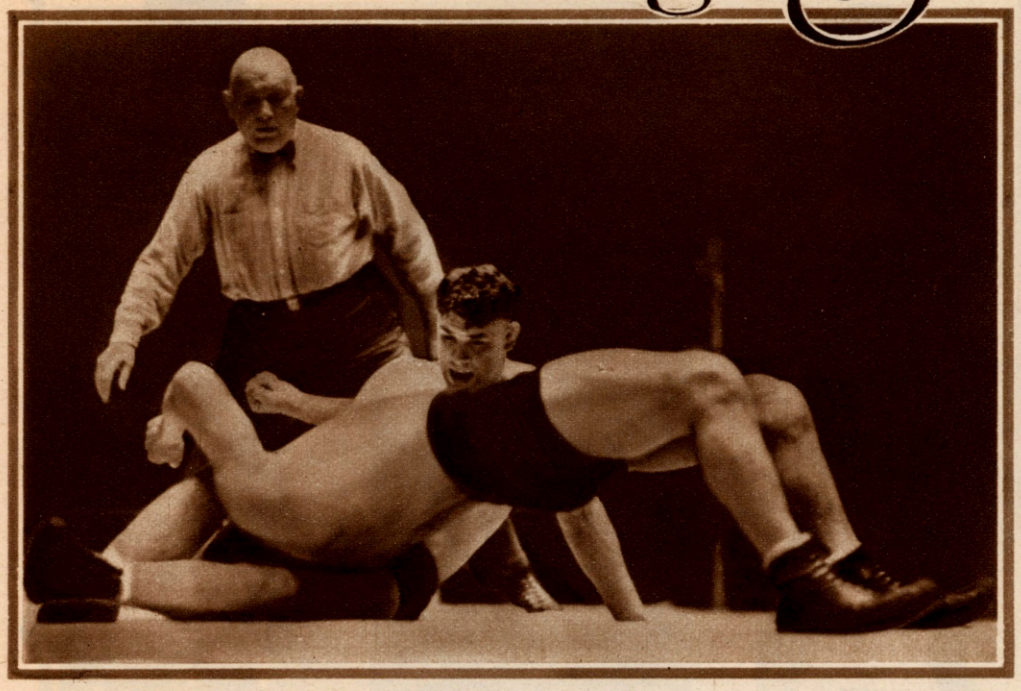


Walter Neusel, 21-year-old heavyweight from Germany



Andre Labertit, 19-year-old French heavyweight

Wrestling Science



Technique of the Old Masters Is Gone—Football and Acrobatic Innovations Make Present Day Sport More Spectacular

Roeber as a present day wrestling referee. Here he is officiating at the McMillan - Steele match

IS the modern mat game nothing more than pantomimic gymnastics?

Would the boys of the present era have been able to carry on with their football rushes, their gridiron tackles and their airplane spins against the clever technique of the old timers?

I had just returned from Europe where I went in quest of new talent to present to the American wrestling public this winter and found myself in the midst of a big gathering of newspapermen and other friends at a surprise home coming party tendered me by my colleagues and office help. We had just enjoyed some refreshments and then started the bombardment. Questions were fired at me from all sides by the inquiring reporters, all eager to obtain first hand information on the wrestling situation abroad and the men whom I had signed for an American invasion.

Then in came my old friend and pal, Ernest Roeber, the king of the old Graeco-Roman wrestlers who thrived thirty or more years ago. Roeber, it will be recalled, is the dean of the present day wrestling referees and as such, he has had an opportunity to study the present school of grapplers more so than any other man in the sport. Here was a good subject for attack, thought one of the scribes and immediately he pounced upon the veteran and me and asked us what we thought about the modern boys, the football-wrestling stars who have brought about a new era in the sport.

Roeber knows the game from A to Z. There is no one in this country or abroad who has made a closer study of it than Ernest, who in his day, not only was a star of the first magnitude in his own field but acted as a trainer and adviser to some of the greatest fighters of the old Horton Law and pre-Horton Law days in New York.

* * *

"ISN'T it a fact," said one of the scribes to me, "that the present day wrestling is nothing more than pantomimic gymnastics."

It was my friend Harry Grayson, boxing and wrestling critic of the New York *World-Telegram,* speaking. He sought to obtain a comparison between the men of our period and the stars of the past and here, he thought, was the opportune moment to get his yarn.

I hesitated in answering, because I felt that I didn't want to get into an argument with Roeber, who, I thought, would launch into an attack on the present methods and extol the old timers. I thought he would try to prove, as most men of another period often do, that the grapplers of his day excelled the modern talent by such a wide margin that it would be foolhardy to offer a comparison.

But to my astonishment, I found just the reverse was the case. I remarked, by way of a reply to Grayson, that like all other branches of sport, wrestling has undergone an evolution and that what was regarded as the strongest points of attack and defense thirty years ago, in most instances is now relegated to the past and a new method or style has been developed to take its place.

Based on that assertion, I ventured to remark that the present day wrestling is not a pantomime. It is not a sport of acrobatic stunts as some would have it. It is a highly developed sport in which the best points of the past have been retained to be worked in, side by side, with the innovations brought into the sport by the modern football player.

* * *

I HAVE been associated with the sport for upwards of thirty years. I have handled, as manager and promoter, the cream of the American and foreign talent. I have toured the world many times, have covered every corner of this continent with troupes and feel that I can safely say that at no time in the history of American wrestling has the field contained such an all-star aggregation of speed merchants, high class wrestlers as has been developed in the past three years.

Why? Because our collegians present a new type of athlete to the sport—the speed merchants. The sprinters and endurance men who have found that the hardships they were forced to endure on the gridiron are no different from what one is subjected to in wrestling and as a result, it is a rarity to find the big, brawny, muscle-bound, flabby-bellied foreigners ruling the field of wrestling.

To-day it is the keen-eyed, tall, wiry, muscularly developed college athlete that is the big attraction, and what he exhibits is not a travesty on the sport, it is real wrestling, a combination of the old and the new.

I turned to my pal, Roeber, and asked him what he thought.

"It all depends on how they catch their holds," replied

a Past Art

By JACK CURLEY

World's Famous Promoter

Roeber. I am one of the few old timers who thinks that the present day star wrestlers are the equal of the past. I don't mean to say that we have anybody to-day who could whip Hackenschmidt, Yousof or Gotch, but as for the rest of us, Jenkins, Mahmout, Evan Lewis, Cutler and myself, among others, I think men like Londos, McMillan, Steele, Shikat, Steinke and others of the present school would give a mighty fine account of themselves.

"When I was in my prime, wrestling was a far different sport than what is on exhibition to-day. In the old days we often watched two huskies grapple for two or three hours without a fall. It was a most listless affair, with the bulk form of one man resting on his belly and the other trying desperately to put him on his back and the fans straining their necks to get a glimpse of what was taking place.

"The crowd didn't enjoy such wrestling. Only when a finished product such as Gotch and Hackenschmidt, Jenkins and a few other stars performed, at catch-as-catch can was the public sure of a spectacular tussle.

"To-day, what do we see? The public is treated to one spectacular tumble after another. Wrestling of a sensational variety, the kind that keeps the fan on edge every moment of the evening, the kind that thrills the spectators and often brings on such wild rooting that excels even that seen at the greatest of fights.

"Take for example the first time that Jack Curley presented Londos and McMillan and later when he billed the world champion against Ray Steele. There were more persons present at those shows than ever before had been seen at an indoor wrestling match. And why did they go? Not because they were particularly interested in who would be returned the victor, but because they were certain that they would see wrestling pyrotechnics. And they did.

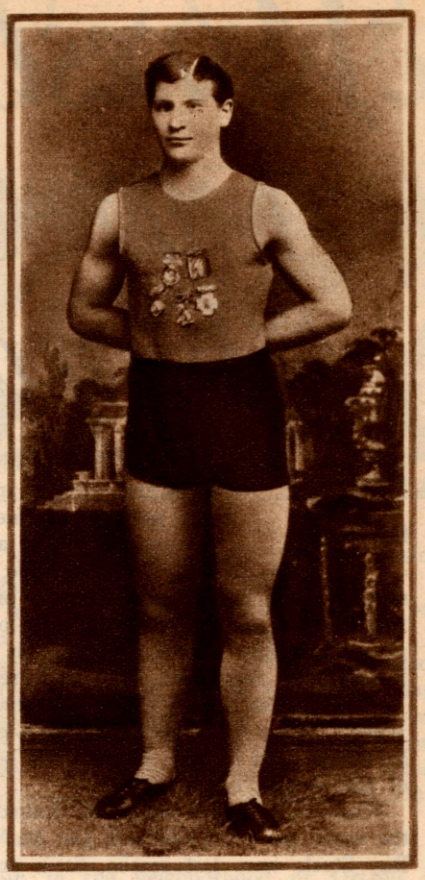
* * *

"NOW if Londos and McMillan were wrestlers of the old school, of the days when I held the championship, would they have been so successful in drawing out the throngs for a record gate? I don't think so. We couldn't do it and they would not have fared any better.

"The fact that Londos had perfected the Japanese wrist and leg lock, innovations to the modern sport and that McMillan is a master of the football tackle is what brought out that crowd. The people had come to see a spectacular affair and they got it.

"Under those conditions I feel that the modern game is not a pantomime. I agree with Curley that the sport simply has acquired new and more spectacular holds and while acrobatics do play a big part in the present system of wrestling, it should not be regarded as mere circus stunts."

And on the other hand, William Muldoon, the grand old master of the sport, differs with his great admirer, Roeber, and myself in that he thinks that too much acrobatics has taken the place of the true science, yet Muldoon, like myself, agrees that wrestling to-day is a better attraction, a cleaner and better conducted sport than it was in the past because of the showmanship that the modern system, the newly acquired holds, has brought about, and the new type of promoter. In addition, and greatest of all, lies the fact that the advent of the modern boxing commissions has placed the sport on the highest level it ever has enjoyed.



Ernest Roeber at the age of 22, when he started his sensational wrestling career

Roeber, to whom Muldoon presented the world Graeco-Roman championship, was born in Hanover, Germany, and was a child when he arrived in New York with his parents. He was raised in the Gas House district, and started pulling and tugging in gymnasiums in the rear of German saloons at the age of 13.

Muldoon was his ideal then, and remains such to this day. They have been warm friends for forty-five years.

The florid-faced Roeber's appearance belies his 66 years, and the Solid Man will be 86 in May. Roeber only two months ago at the 71st Regiment Armory fastened a headlock on a behemoth who provoked him, cross-buttocked the young fellow and tossed him for a fall.

* * *

"THERE never was another like William Muldoon," he says. "He was the champion of champions as a wrestler, and his name should appear in the dictionary as the definition of a man."

Muldoon and Roeber excelled at the Graeco-Roman style, which prohibits holds below the waist and the use of the legs. Evan Lewis, the original "Strangler," popularized catch-as-catch-can near the close of Roeber's career. They met twice, Roeber winning at Graeco-Roman and Lewis with the other rules in effect.

Roeber places Lewis at the top in rating catch-as-catch-can exponents he has seen, with Farmer Burns, Gotch, Jenkins and Stanislaus Zbyszko following in order.

(*Continued on page* 45)

Roeber as he looked when he won the Graeco-Roman championship

Wrestling's Latest "Find"

Sam Stein, Professional Football Star, Comes to Front With a Rush in Mat Sport

By TEX AUSTIN

NEW YORK and New Jersey wrestling circles are singing the praises of a new "find," a six-foot giant, a wonderfully built athlete, a speed sensation who has gained fame as a professional football star, a sprinter and a sand-lot baseball player and now aspires to fame in wrestling. His name is Sam Stein, born and bred in New York City but now a citizen of Newark, New Jersey. Sam, whose wrestling knowledge dates back less than a year, promises to be the star of the present indoor season.

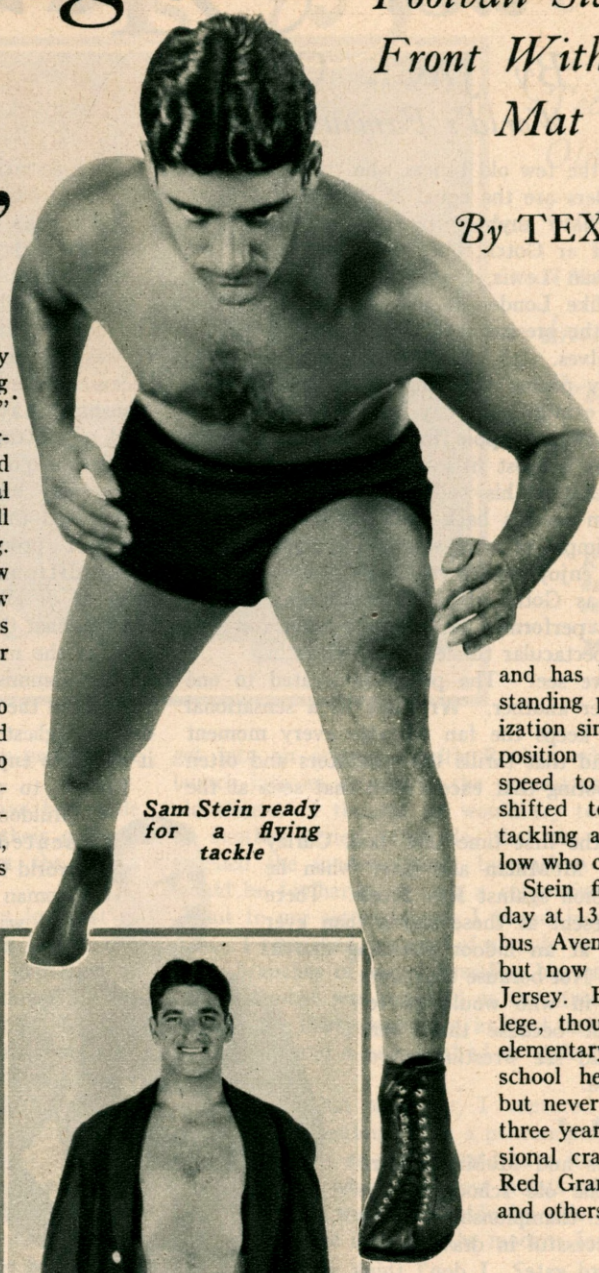
What Dick Shikat and Hans Steinke were to the sport two years ago, and Jim McMillen and Ray Steele were last season, Stein promises to be this year. He is by far the outstanding newcomer in the field to-day. A well-built, aggressive, ever-trying athlete, he is quick as a flash, always on the alert and in six months has absorbed as much knowledge of the mat sport as ordinarily a wrestler doesn't learn in less than three years. That is why Jack Curley, the world famous promoter and Rudy Miller, Stein's discoverers, feel that they have an ace in Sam.

If Stein continues to perform with the snap and vigor he has displayed in his last ten matches, he will be ready for the leaders ere the snow falls, and it will not be surprising to find him pitted against Jim Londos in a world's heavyweight championship match before Christmas arrives. He is a "comer," make no mistake about that. He may still be crude, but he has displayed sufficient to warrant him being now classed among the topnotchers.

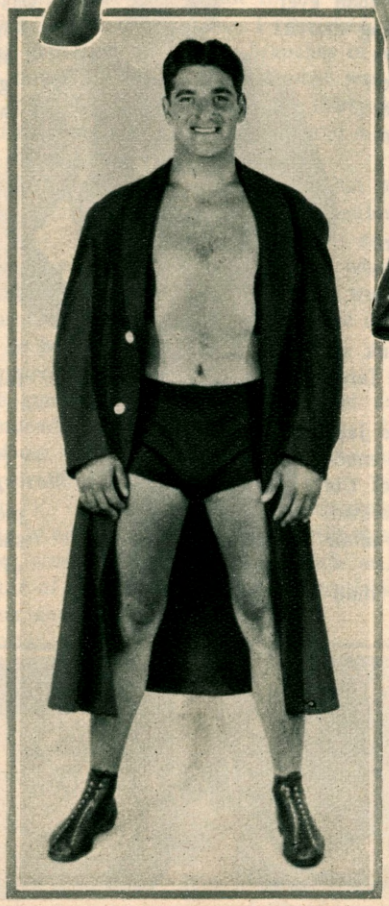
* * *

NOT many wrestlers have been able to develop so rapidly and that is why Jack Curley is so enthusiastic over the newly discovered star. Last year the wrestling fans had Londos, McMillen, Steele, Carl Pojello, Szabo, Kalmikoff, Sherry, Stasiak, Don George and Sonnenberg to shoot at the champions of the rival camps in titular affairs, but this year, regardless of who else might get the coveted chance at the crowns held by the respective title holders, one thing is certain—Stein is certain to obtain his chance.

And what is more, he looms forth at this writing as the man who will gain more attention from the wrestling fan than any other barring Londos. Stein once had a notion that he would like to become a boxer. He trained for several months but one day he broke his thumb and that ended his boxing aspirations. Stein makes his livelihood in professional sports. As a gridiron player, he is the star of the New York Giants. Formerly a member of the Yellowjackets, he joined the Giants this year and has been one of the outstanding players of that organization since. First he held the position of tackle, but with speed to burn, he has been shifted to end and with his tackling ability, woe to the fellow who comes in his path.



Sam Stein ready for a flying tackle



A finely built specimen, Stein takes his place as one of the best of the new crop of mat stars

Stein first saw the light of day at 133rd Street and Columbus Avenue, New York City but now lives at Closter, New Jersey. He never attended college, though he studied in the elementary and high schools. At school he was a fine athlete, but never took to football until three years ago when the professional craze hit the East, with Red Grange, Benny Friedman and others heading the invasion.

* * *

IT didn't take Stein long to join the ranks. When only 18 years old, he worked in an automotive-parts machinery factory and it was there that he gained his strength. One day he read that Coach Lou Slott was about to organize a Jewish football team and Sam applied for membership. Lou asked him whether he ever played tackle, and Stein, in his eagerness to obtain a berth, replied in the affimative.

Then came the formation of the professional football league and Stein hooked up with the Stapleton, S. I., eleven. There he remained as its star for five years and now he is with the N. Y. Giants.

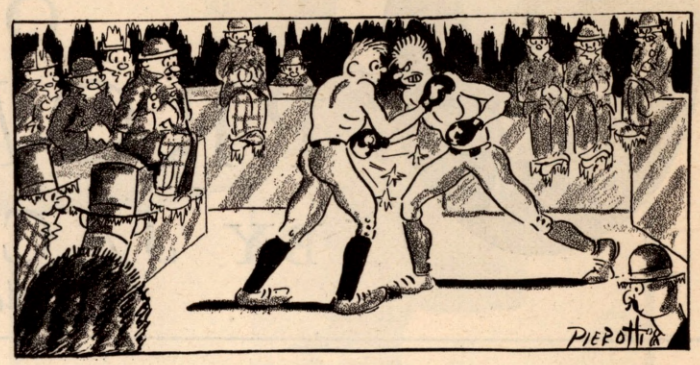
Sam was discovered in a Newark gym by Ruddy Miller, as shrewd a judge of wrestling talent as there is who immediately saw great prospects in this youth.

Stein is only 26 years old and weighs 202 pounds when in condition and is most powerful.

Novel Ring Settings

Tommy Ryan Fought by the Light of Bonfires and Won a Contest in an Ice House

By CHARLES F. MATHISON



(This is the third of a series of articles by Charles F. Mathison in which he will describe interesting pugilistic events of the past. The writer will confine his observations to contests and incidents of which he was an eyewitness.)

TOMMY RYAN, who during his career as a boxer, held the welter- and middleweight titles, had some odd experiences in the days when he was a lightweight and had not acquired fame or fortune. Nearly all of Ryan's early bouts were contested in the middle West, and only when he became a formidable contender for the honors of the welter- and middleweight divisions did he drift Eastward. Ryan was born at Redwood, N. Y., March 20, 1870, his name being Joseph Youngs. His father was French and his mother English. Not getting what he considered proper recognition of his pugilistic talents in the East, he went West, and divided his time for several years between Michigan and Minnesota.

Several bouts in which he demonstrated his class were fought near Detroit, Mich., and two of his encounters had spectacular features. The police of Detroit and the Sheriff of Wayne County, in which the City of Straits is located, devoted a large part of their time to the pursuit of boxers intent on settling the question of individual supremacy, and the fighters were usually well tired out before they found a place in which to pitch a ring.

* * *

ON June 18, 1889, Ryan and a Detroit boxer named Martin Shaughnessy started out shortly after dusk to find a spot where they could box to a finish for $50 a side and whatever the gate might be after the hat was passed. Turnstiles in so far as boxing bouts were concerned were then a filmy dream. After riding in more or less comfortable hacks drawn by spavined animals that might once have been kings or queens of the turf, the gladiators and their daring and intrepid followers reached a spot on the shore of Lake St. Clair which seemed safe from magisterial interference. It was well toward 3 o'clock in the morning when the fighters, wearing fingerless kid gloves, faced each other in a ring pitched on the sand close to where the waters of the lake rippled on the beach.

As the promoters did not carry their own electric lighting plant they built several large bonfires close to the ring, and the fighters set to work to maul each other by the flickering rays of the fires. It was a weird scene, and those on passing craft no doubt thought they saw a ghost dance.

Shaughnessy was a stocky, combative, hard-fighting but unscientific boy who never took a backward step.

Even in those days Ryan was a cool, clever, hard-hitting boxer, and while Shaughnessy lasted till the forty-sixth round he never had a chance against the heady, relentless Ryan. The rising sun lit the scene just as Ryan landed the knockout punch, whereupon the spectators awakened the hack horses and started for their homes. The "gate" amounted to $74.

* * *

ANOTHER bout in the neighborhood of Detroit in which Ryan was a principal had the queerest setting in the history of boxing. Ryan had been matched with a 150-pound man named Mike Dunn, Tommy scaling but 130 pounds at the time. Several attempts had been made to find a place for the contest, but the police invariably reached the spot first. Then a man who had a large ice house at Grosse Pointe, several miles above Detroit, offered it to the promoters and said the police hardly would go there in search of a fight. To the ice house went the boxers and their admirers, but to their horror found the structure was nearly full of ice. The date was May 29, 1889, and the dealer had a large stock on hand for the summer at fancy prices.

By shifting the cakes of ice about, space was made for a sixteen-foot ring, and bagging and blankets were piled on the cakes, so that the spectators could have seats.

It is no exaggeration to say that the contestants and the onlookers were cool and collected. When the combatants faced each other Ryan gave Dunn a frigid look and Dunn retaliated with a glacial stare. But this all passed once the mill got under way.

There was pronounced coolness between the spectators, and nearly all had "cold feet" before three rounds had been boxed.

The referee wore an air of icy austerity, and, although Ryan sent a succession of hot shots at Dunn and knocked him out in the ninth round, the crowd did not get completely thawed out till it reached an alcoholic oasis.

Some of the spectators were so cold, it took hours for them to regain normal condition. Two collapsed and even with the aid of whiskey, they found themselves in a serious condition. It was like sitting in an arctic atmosphere, yet the fighters went at it hammer-and-tongs. There wasn't an idle moment in the fight, primarily because the men had to mix it at top speed to keep warm. Ryan, with his cleverness, danced around his adversary at a surprisingly fast clip, then would suddenly shoot out a tantalizing left while Dunn kept after him. This continued for two rounds after which Ryan changed his style and fought his man blow for blow. It was a hot battle in a cold spot.

A majority of those who saw the bout declared they would prefer to be locked up by the police than witness a fight from a ringside seat on a block of ice.

MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER

BY JACK CURLEY

As told to Frank Graham

PART TWENTY

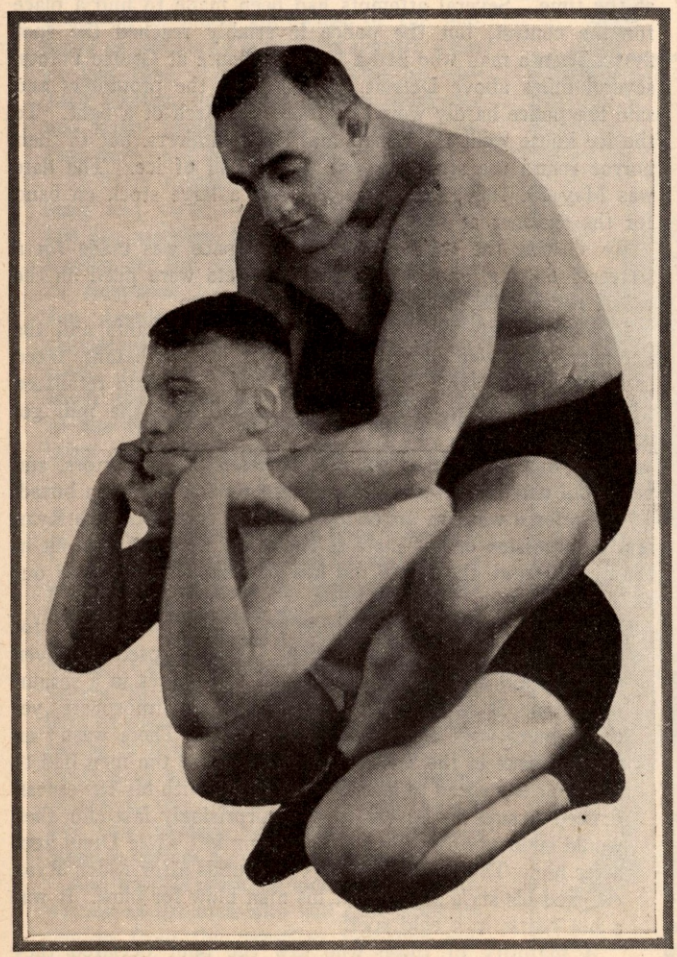
SINCE this is a record of the personalities with whom I have come in contact quite as much as it is of my enterprises, successful and otherwise, I come now to another figure that has loomed large on the sporting scene over a span of a dozen years or more.

I pass, then, from Jess Willard to a man who figured boldly in his undoing as heavyweight champion of the world—Jack Kearns. Doing so, I cut back three years from the point I had reached in my last chapter. But remember, I warned you in the beginning that the chronological order might be disrupted as these recollections of mine are overturned.

I first became aware of the fact that there was a Jack Kearns in the spring of 1916, when I was returning to New York from a trip to Texas. En route, I received a wire from Otto Floto, sporting editor of the Denver *Post* and an old friend of mine, asking me to stop over in St. Louis, where I would be waited upon by a young man by the name of Jack Kearns, who had something to say that might be of interest to me. In compliance with this wire, I stopped over and, in due time, was visited at my hotel by Kearns.

Jack Kearns as he looked when he was associated with Jack Curley

At that time Jack was doing the best he could—which was not very much, it seemed — with a stable of mediocre fighters, including Joe Bonds, heavyweight. He wanted to go East, wanted to associate himself with me and, by way of giving me something to tie to, explained that he had first call on Les Darcy should the Australian middleweight come to this country.



Wladek Zbyszko (top) as he looked when he was matched by Curley and Kearns to wrestle Strangler Lewis on the Coast

Up to that time Darcy had found it impossible to leave Australia because of the restrictions of the Defence of the Realm Act, by means of which the Australian Government sought to keep on the island continent all young men of military age, even though that Government had rejected the draft.

Kearns then, as now, was a good talker. Besides, he had the indorsement of Otto Floto and, to clinch matters, there was his boasted connections with Darcy, who had become the object of the attention of every outstanding promoter in this country. He showed me letters from Darcy and his manager, James O'Sullivan, which were of such a nature as to make me believe that if Darcy came to this country he would report direct to him.

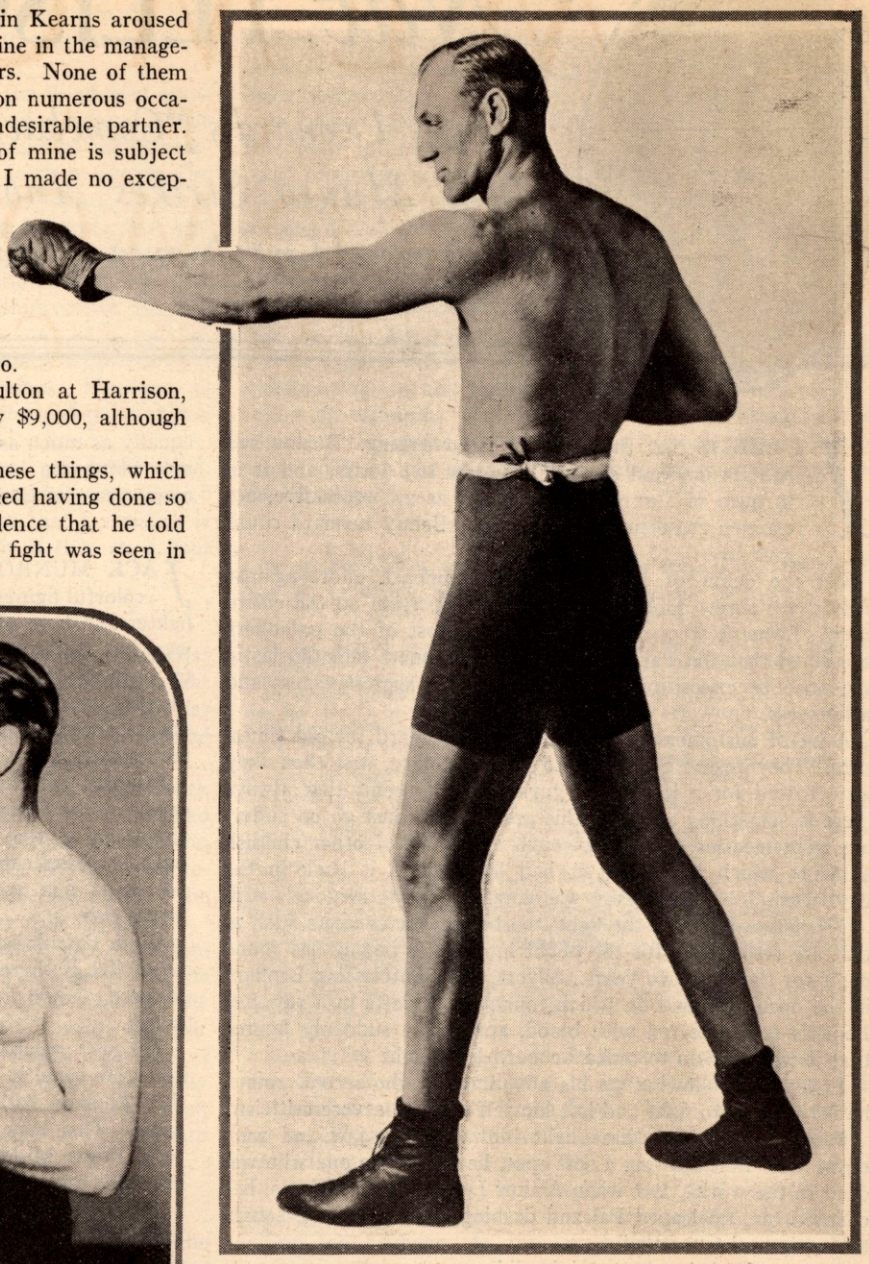
So I took Kearns to New York with me. The departure of Darcy from Australia seemed far from imminent but I was willing to gamble on it and, at any rate, I thought I could help Kearns. This I was willing to do if for no other reason than to do so would be to further the wishes of Floto.

ON our arrival in New York my interest in Kearns aroused no little comment from colleagues of mine in the management and exploitation of fighters and wrestlers. None of them had any liking for him and I was informed on numerous occasions that he was—well, let me say, an undesirable partner. It is my habit, however, when an associate of mine is subject to attack, to stick to him all the closer and I made no exception in the case of Kearns. As a mark of gratitude for my loyalty, he has told various persons:

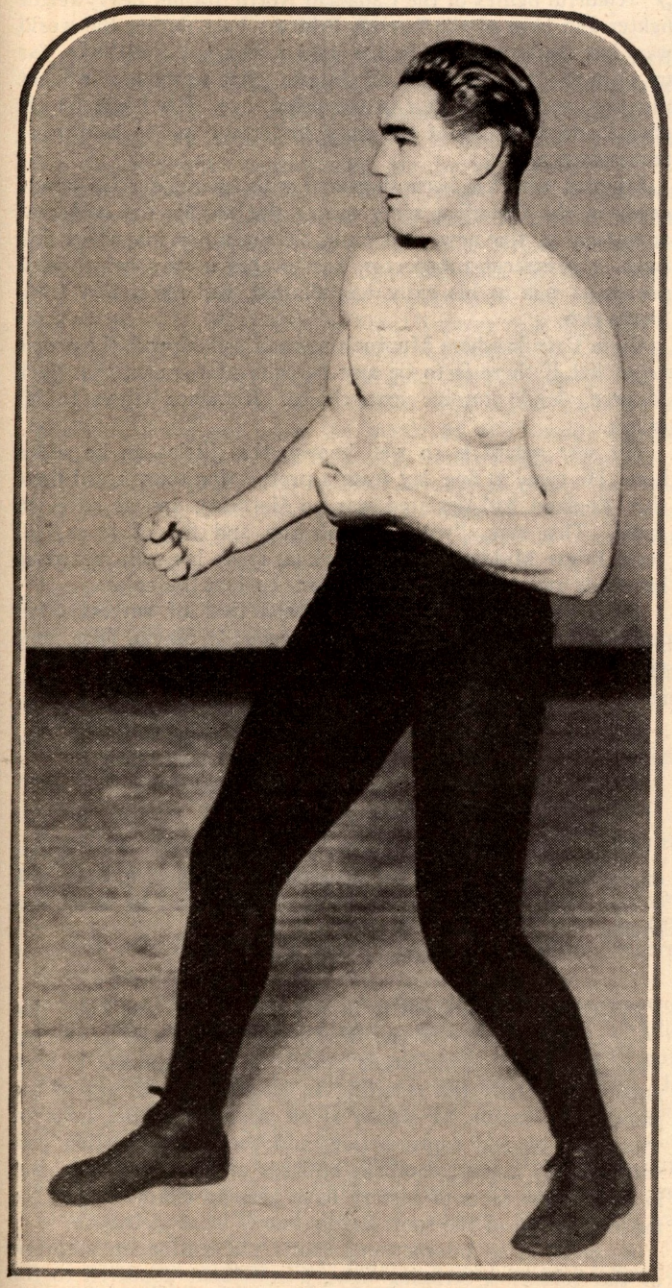
A. That I threw him down when he had a chance to make a lot of money out of a wrestling match between Strangler Lewis and Wladek Zbyszko in San Francisco.

B. That when Dempsey fought Fred Fulton at Harrison, N. J., under my direction. I paid him only $9,000, although I had promised to pay him $12,500.

When I have charged him with saying these things, which have been repeated to me, he always has denied having done so but I know that he has. For instance, evidence that he told Dempsey I short changed him in the Fulton fight was seen in a recent magazine article done by Dempsey in collaboration with Charles Francis Coe. In that article, Dempsey said Kearns told him on the day of the fight he was going to get only $9,000, whereupon Dempsey said he didn't mind, because in the first place $9,000 was a lot of money and, in the second place, he was so eager to fight Fulton and so sure he would beat him, he didn't care greatly how much he got for doing so.



Fred Fulton, who was matched by Curley to fight Jack Dempsey and was knocked out in 18 3/5 seconds. It was that fight that gained the Willard championship fight for the Manassa Mauler



Les Darcy, whose match with Al McCoy, arranged by Curley and prevented by Governor Whitman, lead to the Australian champion's untimely death

I'll dispose of that matter first. It is true that on the day of the fight I gave Kearns only $9,000. It is also true, although Kearns appears not to remember it, that some time before the fight I advanced him $3,500. I have never yet promised to pay a fighter any sum of money without making the payment right down to the last cent.

* * *

NOW to get back to the wrestling match that didn't come off—and to the events leading up to it.

Through the fall of 1916 Kearns worked for me and I helped him in many ways. The incessant knocking of Kearns continued but I also continued to (*Continued on page* 42)

Nat FLEISCHER *says:*

Benny Leonard's "Comeback" Leaves a Sour Taste
Jack Munro Strikes Another Rich Gold Vein
Marvin Hart Never Held World Championship

IT SEEMS that there always is something. Boxing has had its ups and downs these last two years, and it is in need of just such a stimulus as an impressive, acclaimed comeback by a man like Benny Leonard could give to it.

But the debut of Leonard in his comeback effort against Pal Silvers threw doubt on Benny, and aspersion on the entire affair. Leonard stopped Silvers, but to most of the onlookers it seemed that the Pal person had given a most unenthusiastic and anaemic exposition of what passed for aggressiveness and willingness.

A lot of customers turned out to see Leonard for old times' sake. They tossed $25,000 into the box office, and then they were tossed for a lot of fall guys. Yes, it seems that always there is something and that this great game must go on suffering from measles, whooping cough and a lot of other childish ailments which it thought it had left behind it back in the days when John L. Sullivan was knocking the local yokels stiff.

The less said about the fight, the better, for contests such as that are responsible for the plight into which boxing has found itself for the past two years. Silvers, after outclassing Leonard in the opening round, in which four straight lefts in a row had Benny's face smeared with blood, apparently suddenly figured that it wouldn't do to make Leonard look bad.

Instead of following up his advantage in the second round, he forgot how to fight and left himself open to severe criticism.

When he received three light blows on the jaw and went down after first locating a soft spot, he acted like one who was dead to the world. But when Arthur Donovan, the referee, had counted ten, up leaped Pal and dashing about the ring, sought to continue the "battle."

To say the least, it certainly did appear mighty strange to see a fighter so full of vim, so energetic, who only a second or two before, was lying motionless, body stretched out, head resting comfortably on one glove. What a fiasco that was! And how the 14000 fight fans who had come to greet the kingpin of all modern lights, were peeved at the sudden turn of affairs!

Leonard walked into the ring to the acclaim of a returned hero, but he left with the hisses of those thousands.

* * *

THE New York Boxing Commission is to be congratulated on its action in refusing a sanction for a Leonard-Paulie Walker contest in The Garden. If what Leonard showed against Silvers is his best, then we want to remember Benny as he was when in his prime. The Leonard who "knocked out" Silvers, would be put to sleep within three rounds by Billy Petrolle, over whom he would have an advantage of 15 pounds and Jimmy MacLarnin.

"They can't come back," is a ring axiom that has stood the test for many years and Leonard, so far as I can see, is no exception to that rule. The only way Benny can reach the top again, would be through the kind of contest that left such a sour taste in the mouth of 14000 Queensboro fans.

Since Leonard insists that he is in good financial circumstances and has returned to the ring, not because of his need for money but because he loves the sport, he should take into consideration the thousands of fight fans who love the sport equally as much as he does. With that in mind, he should quit now before he loses the prestige that he had gained through many years of great ring work.

* * *

JACK MUNROE, native of Boularderie, one of the most colorful figures of the Canadian North, former heavyweight fighter and hero of the famous Princess Pats during the world war, has made a strike in the gold regions of Red Lake, far up near the northern rim of Ontario, that again has brought this picturesque character in the public eye. His latest find is characterized as one of the most important in the history of that province.

Munroe, who has been showered with honors for his heroic deeds in the Canadian army during the war, is the center of attraction in the new gold rush. The former mayor of Elk Lake, a persistent prospector, has located a vein, which if it proves as rich as his early test showed, will make him fabulously rich.

Up in Canada where Munroe's name is worshipped, the people hope that if there is to be any favorite of fortune, that Jack Munroe should receive first choice. Romance clings to his career.

His war record is so well known, that little can be added here. He came in one day from a prospecting tour, heard there that England had declared war on Germany and at once enlisted. This man, "with arm of iron and fist of brass," as Jesse Edgar Middleton describes him, made his will, locked up his deeds and papers and off he went to join the colors.

As a prospector, his life has been that of several other famous fighters, among them the late Paddy Slavin. The same poet mentioned above, thus has set it down:

"The rocks which bloom into the Cobalt rose,
Where the geese go past in their arrow flocks,
Where the spruce sings soft as the Norther blows,
Where the Polar Torches illume the sky
And the mystic lakes of the forest lie."

Munroe has tramped the rocks to some purpose. This fighter of the roped square and the gruesome battle field has the well wishes of THE RING and its army of readers in his latest discovery.

* * *

PUGILISTIC history is in a sadly mixed condition, due almost entirely to the misstatements of those connected with the sport. In no other branch of athletics has it been possible to falsify the records. In baseball the history of the game from season to season is an open book, the facts of which are beyond contradiction, and the same situation prevails in golf, tennis, football, billiards and other sports. But in boxing, the facts of history have been so distorted that the modern patron of the sport hardly knows what to believe.

Recently in an international sports publication, in a review of the Schmeling-Stribling fight, a statement appeared to the effect that Schmeling was the first foreigner to win the world's heavyweight championship. In view of the fact that Jim Mace, champion of England, won the world's title in 1870, when he

knocked out Tom Allen, the American title holder, in the 10th round, retired undefeated and died in 1910, that statement is incorrect.

Possibly the writer seeks to put forward the ill-advised argument that Mace and Allen fought under London rules and that the present title of world's champion is governed by the Queensberry rules. This contention has been put forth to sustain the claim that Corbett won the world's title from John L. Sullivan under Queensberry rules, their fight having been the first one staged under the latter regulations. Nevertheless Sullivan held but one title when he entered the ring with Corbett and that was the American heavyweight championship, which he had won in 1882 from Paddy Ryan.

However, the fact that the rules under which a bout is contested has any bearing on the title, is frivolous. The rules of nearly all branches of sport are frequently changed but that has not altered the championships.

In the early days of baseball the ball was practically dead, and if the league winners were called the "dead ball champions," there is no record of such a title. It is true that Schmeling is the first fighter under modern rules to win a title on a foul and that is as far as the claim can reach.

* * *

NEXT comes Tommy Ryan, raking up the dead past and declaring that he never was the middleweight champion. It is not difficult to understand why Ryan comes along with this belated statement. Ryan admits he claimed the middleweight championship but never possessed it.

Ryan's object is to outlaw the 15-round bout he had with McCoy in 1896 at Maspeth, L. I., in which Ryan was knocked out in the 15th round. Ryan declares that McCoy did not win the middleweight title in the bout and that the latter therefore never had the title. That is quite true, but not for the reason given by Ryan that he himself never held the title.

Ryan did hold the title of American middleweight champion, and he defeated nearly every contender for the honors. But the reason McCoy did not win the title from Ryan was that the nimble Kid did not make the weight of 158 pounds ringside.

Ring records show that Ryan was middleweight champion of America for eleven years whether he says so or not, and only got out of the game when he was all done as a fighter. Ryan made his bid for the middleweight title when Fitz vaulted into the heavyweight class in 1896.

* * *

WHILE on the subject of ring history, my hobby in the field of fistiana, let me answer an army of RING readers who, since the death of Marvin Hart, have flooded me with queries, a sample of which is:

"Was Marvin Hart the holder of the world's heavyweight title? If so how did he win it?"

My answer is that Hart never held the title, World or American. He claimed the championship when Jeffries, who retired from the ring in 1905, "conferred" it on the winner of a bout between Hart and Jack Root, which took place at Reno, July 3, 1905. Jeffries was under the impression that the title he won from Fitzsimmons in the ring was his personal property to dispose of as he pleased.

Jeffries evidently was unaware that championships are won in the ring, and as he selected the men to fight for his title, it cannot be denied that he was the first self-appointed boxing commissioner in the history of pugilism. Preceding the bout between Hart and Root, neither had met any fighter with the slightest claim to the title.

On Feb. 25, 1906, at Los Angeles, Tommy Burns gave Hart a thorough beating in a 20-round fight. In 1907 Hart was knocked out by Mike Schreck in 21 rounds, and in 1909 was stopped by Shreck in 4 rounds.

It does not appear that Jeffries named either Burns or Shreck as the recipients of his gift title. Burns did not claim the title because of his victory over Hart, but went on his victorious way, defeating contenders for the American title, and then made himself the world's champion by beating Bill Squires, Australian title holder, and Gunner Moir, English champion. Burns lost all his titles to Jack Johnson, in 1908, being stopped in 14 rounds.

In London rules days, if a champion declined a challenge, the title went to the challenger. This was an excellent rule, and could profitably be put into force at the present time. However, the preposterous claim that a retiring champion can make a present of the title to a friend, is too absurd for consideration.

In recent years, Tunney did not make a present of his title to anyone when he retired. When Benny Leonard stepped down he did not nominate his successor. Tommy Loughran did not toss the light heavyweight title to any of his chums. Ring history is replete with similar incidents, and yet because Jeffries violated ring law and precedents, a few other fighters sought to follow his example. McGovern and Gans, and Pinky Mitchell, who won the junior welter title in a "voting contest," among them. Yet not one of these "gift" titles has ever remained with the beneficiary.

* * *

A READER from Grand Rapids, Michigan, sent me the following, and asked me to comment on same:

In the August issue of RING Magazine you said: "let's do away with technical K. O. While we're about it, let's do away with non-title bouts, safety first champions and no-decision contests."

In another editorial you said that outside of Billy Petrolle, Justo Suarez was the world's best lightweight; Young Corbett and Jimmy McLarnin were without question the two best welterweights, and while some doubt remains, Max Schmeling is considered inferior to Jack Sharkey and Tommy Loughran and that it was entirely unfair that a so-called champion could refuse to meet the most worthy opponents and get away with it.

Now here are my opinions of the reforms we need:

"A United States Boxing Commission operated by the U. S. Government and having control in every state, as many foreign countries join it as would.

"A champion engage in as many bouts as he pleases but each one must be a title bout. Every six months he would be called on to meet the most logical contender which would be selected by the Commission.

"If a title be declared vacant, the two most logical contenders will be immediately selected by the Commission, immediately matched and the winner be declared champion.

"All bouts to a decision.

"Petition Congress to repeal the law against inter-state transportation of championship fight pictures which they will surely do."

Answering the first part, my statement was made at a time when Petrolle outclassed the field and when Suarez looked like a world beater, with all hands fearing him. His terrible beating at the hands of Petrolle, is what has put him out of commission. As for Schmeling, I don't think I'm far off, if any. Schmeling is a good fighter but so is Sharkey. The Sharkey who beat Carnera would have knocked Stribling out within ten rounds. As for Loughran, he is a great fighter against any opponent and with his cleverness, in a ten-round mill, would probably outpoint Schmeling. At the championship distance, he would lose and possibly be stopped by Schmeling.

On the other points, submitted by the Westerner, I agree, but what he seeks in the way of reforms, apparently cannot be obtained. His best suggestion is that referring to a champion and the defense of his title. But unfortunately, since state commissions have been appointed, each commission has a right to make its own rules relative to champions and other competitors, and while all have adopted the New York "six months" rule, they do not seem to pay any attention to it except when minor champions are concerned.

It is unfair to have champions masquerade and refuse to give a real contender a chance, but nothing can be done about it. In Europe, where the control over the champions is far better than here, a champion refusing to meet a legitimate contender, one recommended and sponsored by the boxing federation, automatically is shorn of his title and a tournament is staged to decide the new champion. This is as it should be.

As for the repeal of the anti-film law, Dr. Sirovich, noted New York Congressman, has promised me that he would submit such legislation at the next Congressional session. He also informs me that a national boxing law for national jurisdiction over the sport cannot be had as such a law would interfere with state rights, which is contrary to the Constitution.

CRADLES of BOXING

When John C. Heenan, the "Benicia Boy," Gained Many Admirers in Boston—His Fights with John "Cocky" Woods Recalled

THE month of March, 1858, was one of great excitement on the part of Boston's fistic fraternity. Even the mildly sporty got warmed up, while those who were wont to remark, "I hope both of them will get their heads knocked off," began to display a more than passing interest despite themselves and their inherent hostility.

John Camel Heenan, the "Benicia Boy," was coming to Boston as the guest of Johnny Mackey, Ned Price and others, and, as was the custom, was to be given a rip-snorter of a benefit. No wonder the old town stood up on its hind legs and took notice. Though up to that time Heenan had not done much in the ring other than throw challenges at Yankee Sullivan, all of which resulted in nothing, as the challenger of John Morrissey of New York in 1858, for a fight for the American heavyweight title, he had attracted a world of attention to himself.

"The Boy," as Heenan came to be known, though a native of Troy, N. Y., had but a few months before returned East after years of sojourn in California, Jim "Stonehammer" Cusick, his faithful pal and guardian, accompanying him. This Cusick was an Englishman who had rushed to California in the boom days following '49, in hopes of making a strike. Disappointed in this, he saw in Heenan the gold mine which his pick and shovel had failed to uncover. He taught the willing youth the rudiments of boxing, esquired him in a few ring skirmishes, and then, with carpetbag in one hand, and Heenan, figuratively, in the other, hied himself for New York.

Morrissey, at that time the champion, was known as a rough, tough, game fighting man and a bad actor to fool with, but, despite all of these attributes, he was the game Messrs. Heenan and Cusick were after, and they lost no time in getting busy.

* * *

FOR all their chatter the public fell, and fell hard, and, following one or two benefits in New York in honor of the newly arrived hero, the props began to shift into place for his mill with Morrissey, October 20, 1858. "The Boy" was defeated but the event stirred the entire country and eventually led to Heenan's famous fight with Tom Sayers in England in 1860, an epic of the ring unto this day.

Considering the noise made over Heenan in New York, Cusick, acting as chief tootist and Joe Coburn assisting with the cymbals, it is not surprising that the Boston of March, 1858, was on tiptoe concerning the prospective visitation of the man regarded by many as the coming champion of champions. To William G. Taylor, known as the "Professor," then head of the boxing emporium at 6 Mason street, was entrusted the arrangement of the strenuous part of the affair.

He was an expert at such matters, secured the old Melodeon in Washington street for the night of March 15, and got together a very fine program, or, as we call such now, boxing card. In addition to Heenan, who was slated for a "gentlemanly exhibition bout with Joe Coburn," it was announced that Tom O'Donnell, a veteran New York ringster, who had distinguished himself as the victor over Bill Ford, also had acted as a second for Tom Hyer and Morrissey on memorable occasions, would put up his hands. "Slasher Jack" Wilson, Cusick, Joe South, Harry Finnegass, Young Mendoza and several others had their names on the bill.

Among these "several others" were Cheek Hares of London, and one known as the "Vermont Pet," who on March 9, had fought a 12-round draw in a Sudbury street "place." The most remarkable thing about this affair was the fact that Hares weighed but 124 pounds to "The Pet's" 220.

To digress for the moment, they did not seem to mind a difference of a few pounds in those days for, as Johnny Mackey, a lightweight, remarked when matched with a heavyweight who he was told would kill him, "I don't care how big he is but be sure and have a strong enough wagon outside to cart him home in when I get through with him."

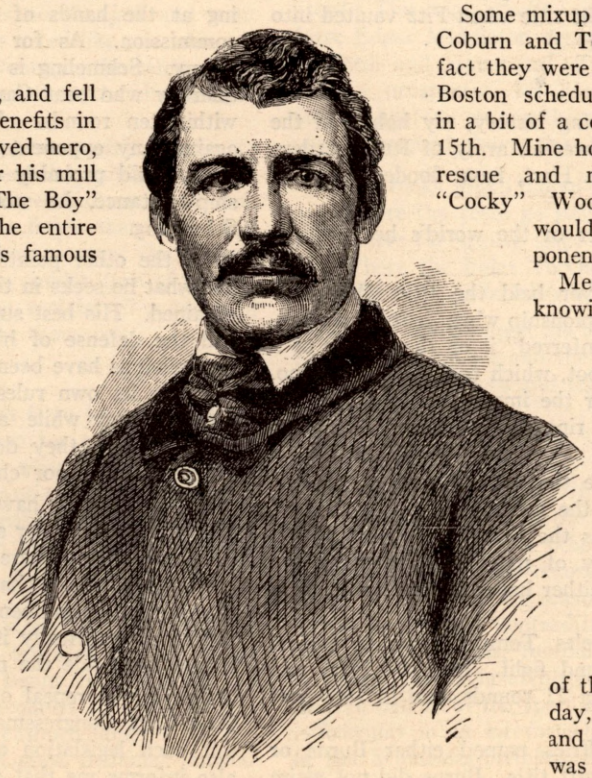
* * *

HEENAN and Cusick arrived in Boston on the 12th—naturally had much to say about Morrissey—and the swath they cut was a wide one. Born in 1834, Heenan at that time was close to his physical prime as a ringster. He was wonderfully good-looking and well proportioned, stood 6 feet 2, and was a chap of engaging manners and deportment who knew how to handle himself in company. In short, he looked the works and part—the part of a coming champion. Boston was glad to follow him around and give him the big hand.

Some mixup as to dates having detained Joe Coburn and Tom O'Donnell in New York—in fact they were a full week out of line with the Boston schedule—Prof. Taylor found himself in a bit of a corner concerning his card for the 15th. Mine host, Ned Price, here came to the rescue and modestly suggested that John "Cocky" Woods, Boston's "Yankee Boy," would fill in, particularly as the opponent of Heenan.

Messrs. Heenan and Cusick, not knowing very much about Woods, and, probably caring less, saw the appeal to the public in Benicia Boy vs. Yankee Boy and grabbed it. Quickly came the great evening—that of March 15 — and the crowding of the old Melodeon to the doors and rafters. Had they cash registers in those days, the music in the box office would have been most inspiring.

Taylor, announced as "one of the most artistic professors of the day," acted as master-of-ceremonies, and all went along very nicely. There was a lot of boxing and general fun both inside and outside the ring. Then came the big guns of the show—



John Camel Heenan

A scene in the fight between Heenan and John Morrissey

By DOC ALMY

(Boston's eading boxing authority)

The eighth of a series of articles on famous fights in New England

Messrs. Heenan and Woods.

When the "professor" formally introduced Heenan, there was great excitement and cheering. The house went wild, and, as the old account of the event reads, "the Benicia Boy won many admirers through his gentlemanly and modest reception of the ovation." Woods' turn came next and he, of course, also was a "big it."

* * *

ENTIRELY under-rating Woods, Heenan was neither costumed nor prepared for a fight. Though he stripped off his coat following the formalities, he was in street attire, even to ordinary walking boots. In this he contrasted with his opponent, for Woods had been groomed for the bout—wore the customary ring togs and was there to show up "The Boy" if he could. It was a mean advantage of a situation and something which had been pulled once before in Boston—the affair between Bob Carbrey and Yankee Sullivan, February 15, 1840, in old Boylston Hall, all of which was told in one of the previous stories.

On the word, Heenan and Woods started, but rather tamely, each sparring and feeling the other out. Though termed an "exhibition," evidently London Rules prevailed, for after several minutes, Heenan secured a hold and threw Woods, thus ending the canto.

Both warmed up in the second round and in a very few moments a real fight was on, and no "in the bag" stuff about it. It ended with Woods, the better wrestler, downing his man.

The third and fourth were full of savage fighting, with Heenan out-scoring the Yankee, but the latter getting home more than one staggering smash to his adversary's head. "Front piece," is the word used in the account.

So the mêlée progressed. Finally Woods swung his man into the air and brought him down with a whang on the wooden platform that made the boards rattle, the shock taking all the fight out of Heenan. That ended the "exhibition." In the opinion of many who had witnessed the fray, John W. was the better man.

Heenan and Cusick left the place dead "sore," the former in body as well as in mind. Both were well aware that a "Yankee trick," so-called, had been put across. What was said, or left unsaid, never found its way into print, but St. Patrick's Day was but 48 hours away, and, in addition to the grand parade of the boys in the broad green sashes and plug hats up Tremont street, another "exhibition" of boxing seemed fitting as a windup to the general celebration.

* * *

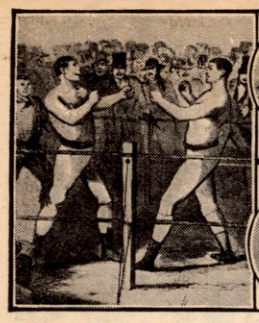
THAT night Heenan was back at the Melodeon again, with Woods the other man in the ring. This time John Camel was prepared to fight, and fight according to an agreement wherein wrestling was barred. As grappling was the "Yankee Boy's" big asset, in complying with this arrangement, he muffed one and tossed a possible victory over the wall.

The report of this second fray between the heavies reads as follows: "Both looked in excellent condition but Woods seemed to lack that air of confidence exhibited on the previous occasion. The Boy, on the contrary, seemed eager for the mêlée, and led off in beautiful style with his left to Woods' right eye. Then they rallied—hitting like 'horse-kicking' on each side.

"Then Woods hugged his man. The round was stopped but in the second trial, The Boy planted a telling hit with his left on Woods' smeller. At this stage of the proceedings Woods began to puff, and his blows didn't seem to have any effect on his opponent. After sparring in this style for some 20 minutes, The Boy having it all his own way, the wind-up was announced.

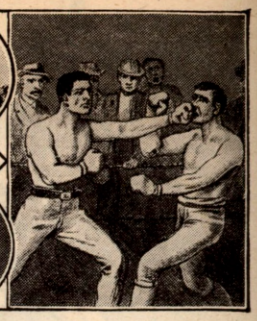
"We thought from the looks of Woods that he would have been glad to retire some time before. When they came up to the scratch, Woods was all out of wind, and seemed very weak in his pins; but The Boy appeared very fresh and determined, and again sent home his lefts with telling effect on Woods' phiz, which sent him reeling around like a top."

Concluding, the account states, (*Continued on page* 43)



FIGHTS *and* FIGHTERS

By A. D. PHILLIPS



HARRY GILMORE, famous lightweight of the bare-knuckle period, the man who on January 14, 1887 lost a viciously fought battle for the championship to Jack McAuliffe, recently was in a reminiscent mood. Gilmore, who in the role of physical culture and boxing instructor, still retains much of his old time form, later on agreed to fight Sam Bittle, a middleweight, the fight taking place on Harsen's Island, located off the shores of Algonac, Michigan. That contest, like many others in which Gilmore was a participant, proved a thriller.

It was one of the most sensational battles of the period and went forty desperate rounds, before Gilmore was battered into submission. The interest in that encounter was keen, and the Detroit newspapers played the event up in big style, as pugilistic news of that period went.

Keen as was the struggle between Bittle and Gilmore, more interesting still was the struggle between rival reporters, each determined to be the first to the wire with the news and each handicapped by the inaccessible spot where the mill was staged. Gilmore's story of that fight recalled to James A. Robinson, a reporter at that time and now a leading attorney in Detroit, the hot tilt between the rival scribes of the Detroit evening papers. It gives a splendid idea of what the reporters of the bare-knuckle and skin tight glove days had to go through to cover an assignment. Not so easy as it is to-day, with the wires at the scribe's elbows and a special operator flashing the news as quickly as the hand or the mouth can tell it.

* * *

YEARS ago, when I was a young man—I am now 80 years old—I had several thrilling experiences in "covering" big fight events. The greatest thrills I ever got were in the Sullivan-Kilrain, the Sullivan-McCaffrey and the Sullivan-Paddy Ryan encounters in which the first fellow at the telegraph office was able to get the "gravy."

Reporting a fight to-day is child's play compared to what we old timers faced. Arthur Lumley, Charles F. Mathison, Chris Fitzgerald, the racing official; Joe Vila, Sports Editor of the New York *Sun,* and Sam Austin, former Editor of the *Police Gazette,* now a New York State boxing official, could tell some interesting stories about their adventures. The story of Robinson, is a typical one, representative of the period referred to. Here is his yarn:

The time for the Gilmore-Bittle fracas making it an exclusive evening story, the Detroit *Evening News* assigned John Fitzgibbon, its leading sports expert, to send in a detailed account. "Fitz," to the multitude who knew him, was a shining star and a specialist in the art of regularly disappointing opponents who set out to "beat" him on a story. But this time, they turned the trick on him.

Another evening newspaper put the fight job up to Annesley Burroughs, a young, well-polished English gentleman, a newcomer to Detroit. Burroughs was a handsome, tall, blonde, blue-eyed, clean-shaven young chap, but was near-sighted. In general appearance, he looked like a sleepy-genteel-mannered boy who outwardly showed anything but promise of possessing ingenuity.

But his was a case of looks deceiving. Farsighted "Fitz," eager to beat the field, reconnoitered Harsen's Island in advance, and located a telegraph office in Algonac. With that, he felt relieved. He now was convinced that he would have no trouble in getting the story first over the wires.

To make double certain, however, he subsidized all the row boats on the island—eleven. Then, after a chat with the operator and a tip of a few cigars, he felt that all was set for the task ahead of him.

But Burroughs, also on a reconnoitering expedition, of which "Fitz" was not aware, found out the day before the fight that Harsen's Island was entirely surrounded by water too deep and too wide to swim. He therefore ran onto the crafty design of the enemy to maroon him on the island, and this inspired the Englishman to frustrate strategem by strategem. He wrote a long fictitious story of the fight which was not to take place until the next day and left it in the hands of a hired messenger in Algonac, with instructions to send when he received the signal.

* * *

THE next day, immediately after Gilmore had been whipped, Fitz broke all records in getting to the telegraph office but all his hurry was wasted, for, in less than five minutes after the bout was over, Burroughs, by means of a prearranged system of wig-wagging to the messenger across the channel, set the Algonac operator in motion clicking off the fictitious story of the fight.

"Fitz" arrived to find the operator busy with Burroughs' story. He knew the rule that first come, first served, and was too genuine a sport not to grin when Burroughs finally came in and substituted his real story for the "phoney" one. Burroughs' story was long but as the end approached, "Fitz" was still clicking his heels, impatiently waiting his chance to file his story.

But Burroughs' watch warned him that "Fitz" was still on time to catch the last edition, and therefore, to make a clean up, he decided to hold up the operator by filing additional copy. But what to hand the operator—that was the puzzle. He couldn't very well write new copy, for that would give the operator an excuse for taking "Fitz's" yarn for the rival paper, so he grabbed his diary from his pocket, and began to feed the pages to the operator.

The wire was soon laden with "sensational" statements as to the population of the principal cities of the world, the capitals of the states of the Union, the principal cities, the approximate values of foreign coins, the names of the Presidents of the United States, antidotes for poisons, phases of the moon, rules of the Department of Agriculture, and so on, until the exasperated Detroit office queried:

"What in hell are you doing? Burroughs, are you drunk or crazy with the heat? Answer."

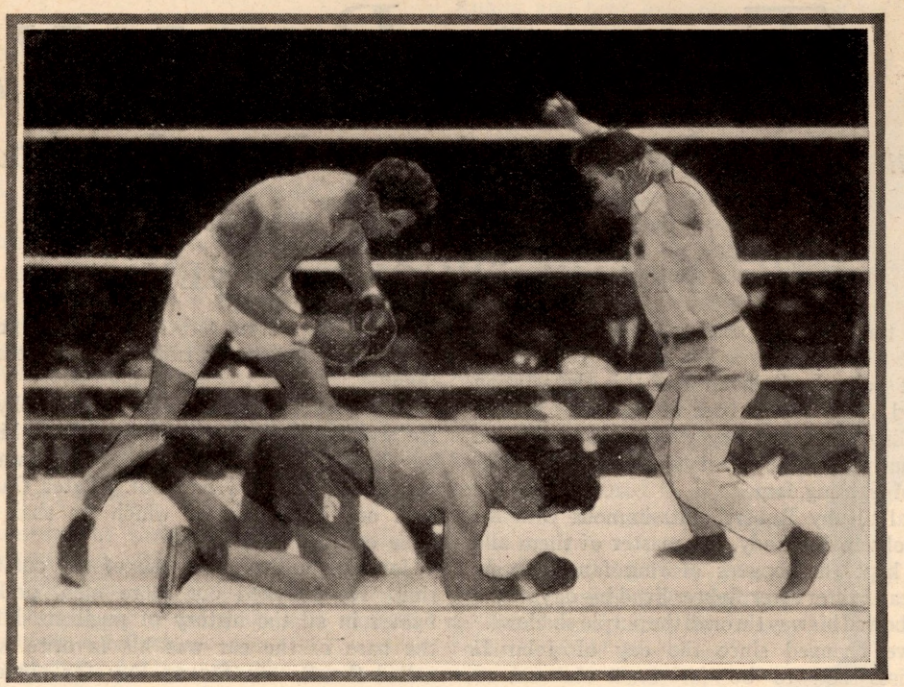
And Burroughs responded: "Am neither drunk nor looney. I am holding this bloody wire. As soon as I can let go of the bloomin' bear's tail, with your kind permission, my dear chap, I hope to become more or less swizzled."

In the meantime "Fitz," finding himself licked, hired a horse and buggy and drove to the next nearest telegraph station, about ten miles away. By the time he had dispatched two pages of his story, he was rudely interrupted with the following message:

"Where in hell have you been? Journal on the street an hour with whole fight story. Come back home."

And so the sleepy-eyed, genteel Englishman had put one over on his wide-awake, alert American newspaper rival and had obtained one of the biggest fight scoops ever recorded in the middle west. Thereafter to mention the Gilmore-Bittle fight in the presence of Fitzgibbon, was to invite murder.

FIRPO ANSWERS DEMPSEY



This is what the Bull of the Pampas refers to as foul fighting—Dempsey standing over Firpo while Luis is down

Luis Assails Former Champion—Calls Him a Foul Fighter Who Retained Crown Through Unfair Means

LUIS FIRPO, who it will be remembered came within a hair's breadth of winning the world's heavyweight championship from Jack Dempsey in their memorable battle at the Polo Grounds on September 14, 1923, is quite peeved these days. Not because of the depression—for Luis still sells a considerable number of Stutz cars down in Buenos Aires—nor by the loss of his fortune. It is the story of Jack Dempsey's life recently published in a magazine, and syndicated around the world, that has upset the Wild Bull of the Pampas.

Firpo takes exception to Dempsey's claim that Jack had proved his superiority over him by declaring that he had won the championship from Dempsey four times on that eventful night in New York's ball park and that only the inefficiency of the referee kept the championship from going to South America. Interviewed for THE RING by Mundo Argentino in Buenos Aires, Firpo, in the first public version he has ever given on the fight confirms the story that this magazine published last February in which Dr. Walker told what a narrow escape Tex Rickard had in having the fight called off on him by Luis because of a fracture of his left arm. His interesting answer to Dempsey's statement, written especially for THE RING, follows:

"I have just read the story of Jack Dempsey's life, which you sent me. As this story is being widely syndicated and tends to belittle me in the eyes of my fellow men, I am anxious to place my side before the public through Mundo Argentino and THE RING in the hopes that Jack Dempsey will see fit to answer me.

"On the day of my fight with Dempsey, I went to Tex Rickard and told him that I was suffering such terrible pains in my left arm that it would be an impossibility for me to enter the ring with him.

" 'What!' he fairly shouted at me, 'no fight and here we have almost a million dollars already collected! You can't get out of it. You must fight.'

"And with that, he went to the telephone and called up William Muldoon, the head of the boxing commission and told him of my troubles. Muldoon, likewise, insisted that unless the injury was very grave, it would be a death blow to boxing to call off the show.

"I then baked the arm and when it was time for me to report to be weighed in, I went before both Mr. Muldoon and Dr. William H. Walker. The physician, a brother of the Mayor of New York, gave me an extraordinary examination and after several tests, he reported to Mr. Muldoon that my arm was in bad shape and could not be used.

"He asked me to straighten the arm which I did with great pain, and then he felt every part of it and when he squeezed the lower end of the humerus, I almost cried it hurt so. The only persons in that room at the time were Mr. Muldoon and Tex Rickard besides the doctor and myself and Mr. Muldoon and Mr. Rickard both turned almost white when Dr. Walker remarked:

" 'Commissioner, Firpo has a dislocated fracture of the lower end of the humerus of the left arm and that fight can't go on.'

"I looked at the doctor, then shot a glance at my friend Mr. Rickard. That was all that was needed. I was determined then and there to go through if only for the purpose of helping Rickard, although I knew that I would be beaten.

"Mr. Muldoon suddenly took my hand, gave it a sharp twist, and the bone went back with a snap. That helped some, but the pain was still terrible, yet I decided to go through provided I would be promised a return bout if beaten.

" 'Mr. Rickard,' I remarked. 'I will fight to-night provided you will get me a return contest.'

" 'I'll do that, Luis. You'll surely get it if you're licked to-night. I'll tell the newspapers about the arm after the fight.'

"That was agreeable, and I went into that all-important bout with only one hand at my command against the greatest fighter of the age. To ease the pain in the other, I received a shot of cocaine.

* * *

"AS soon as the gong sounded, Dempsey hit me with the left. I shifted to one side and retaliated with a right. I hit him on the head a little above the ear and Dempsey fell to his knees holding on to my arms and causing me a great pain in my left arm.

"Dempsey was groggy. I saw that and I wanted to finish him but I could not shake off. The referee, seeing that I could not break away from the clinch, stopped us but instead of warning Dempsey, he warned me. It seemed to me that the only thing the referee tried to do was to give Dempsey time to recuperate.

"Two or three times when I wanted to go and fight, the referee stopped me. On one of these occasions when I was complaining to him about his attitude, Dempsey stood up and hit me so unexpectedly that I do not even now know where he hit me. This blow threw me on the floor on my back.

"When I got to my feet, Dempsey (*Continued on page* 45)

FAMOUS FIGHTERS and THEIR PUNCHES

An Analysis of the Styles and Blows Developed by the Kings of Fistiana

By FRANK "BUCK" O'NEIL

WHO was the greatest puncher in the history of pugilism?

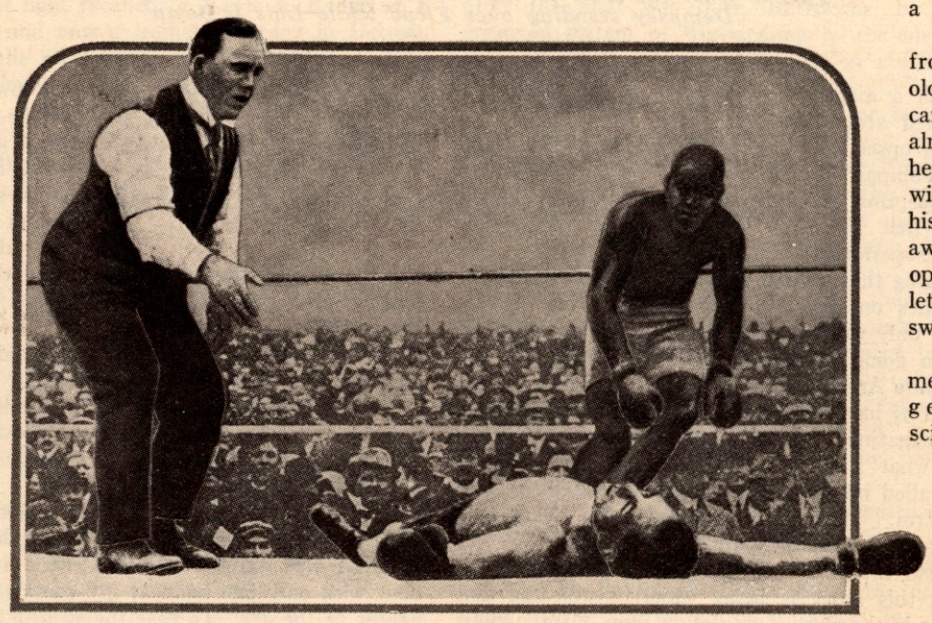
Was it John L. Sullivan with his devastating right-hand swing to the base of the ear? Was it the scowling Jack Dempsey whose left hooks and driving right-hand smashes to the heart wrote his name indelibly on the pages of fighting fame?

Or was the immortal "Ruby Robert" Fitzsimmons with his nerve-numbing left hooks to the body, the master of them all?

That question has kept the tongues of ring fans wagging through the ages as great fighter after fighter lived his day in the sporting sun and finally bowed his way through the purple shadows.

Fighting styles have changed since the day of John L. Sullivan, when pugilists had to be "fighting men" in the accepted sense of the term in their day. Regardless of styles and times, the man with the punch is the man whose name has lived, and it is the man with the punch whose name will always live in boxing.

The mighty John L., the flashing James J. Corbett, originator of the modern school of scientific boxing; Jack Dempsey, Benny Leonard, Fitzsimmons, Tommy Burns, Jack Dillon, Stanley Ketchell and Gene Tunney all were hitters whose individual style made them stand out among their contemporaries and successors.



When Jack Johnson's right hand uppercut sent Stanley Ketchel into dreamland

It is interesting to study their styles of punching, for while a right-hand drive or a left hook may be pretty much alike to the general public, there are right hands and right hands, left hooks and left hooks.

* * *

IT is fundamental that all great punchers were gamblers. Sullivan threw his right hand with a supreme contempt for consequences. Dempsey had to gamble with his furious style of milling, and one of the cagiest fighters this writer ever knew—Benny Leonard—was a gambler in the ring.

Leonard was master of a great right hand that he shot right off his chest from position. He would walk in with his left hand low and draw a right-hand lead. When his opponent led, Leonard figured to beat him to the punch. Usually he did so by stepping inside and countering, but sometimes he failed, as witness his sorry experience with Richie Mitchell in old Madison Square Garden. He drew a right hand that night, and it landed. Only a stout fighting heart, his great stamina and wind and great ring generalship saved Leonard from taking the count.

Joe Gans was a great hitter, especially with his right hand. He would draw those leads and beat his rival to the punch, but Frank Erne, masterly boxer he was, beat Gans to the punch and knocked him out. Later Gans knocked out Erne with one left hook, of which we shall tell more in a later issue of THE RING.

John L. Sullivan was one of the outstanding hitters of the ring. He knocked out more men, perhaps, than any other fighter in all the history of pugilism. His right-hand drive to the base of the ear was his favorite weapon. Sullivan was called the Boston Strong Boy for obvious reasons. He was the prize fighter of the old school, a man of brutal instincts in a brutal school.

Sullivan fought from the hips, as old timers say. He carried his left hand almost at shoulder height and pawed with his left until his opponent backed away or left an opening for that lethal right-hand swing.

Sullivan is remembered as a slugger devoid of science. But he was clever in his own style. John L., after the fashion of his time, when men toed the scratch and stayed there until driven back, developed a style of slipping punches. That is, swaying his head and letting the punch go over his shoulder or roll off the head.

Then he would counter either with a straight left to the body or his over-hand swing to the head. In forcing openings he pawed with his left rather than jabbing with it, and when his opponent stepped away, Sullivan's right got in its work. His target chiefly was at the base of the ear rather than the point of the chin.

* * *

STEPPING along the trail of the heavyweight champions, we come in order to James J. Corbett, the beloved "Gentleman Jim." Corbett was the first of the modern great boxers, and there is none to challenge his reputation now as he is stepping into the sunset quarter of his life.

Corbett was faster than light in the ring. He was blessed with marvelous legs and could step four feet without the slightest difficulty. His left hand was a rapier in the grip of

a master fencer. He could jab as few fighters jabbed before or since, and not only could he sieze an opening, but he created them.

Corbett rarely made a move with his right hand until he had a wide opening. Then he had a stiff punch. Although he is remembered as a master of the left hand jab, he perfected the right hand uppercut long before Jack Johnson was stirred by the first yearnings of fistic ambition.

Corbett would work around his man, stabbing with his left, and when his opponent dropped his head to avoid the left, Corbett would step in with the right hand uppercut. In his fight with Sullivan, Corbett retreated, stabbing and stabbing the lumbering John L. until the time for an aggressive campaign was ripe. Then he uncorked a right handed attack that soon had Sullivan on the floor.

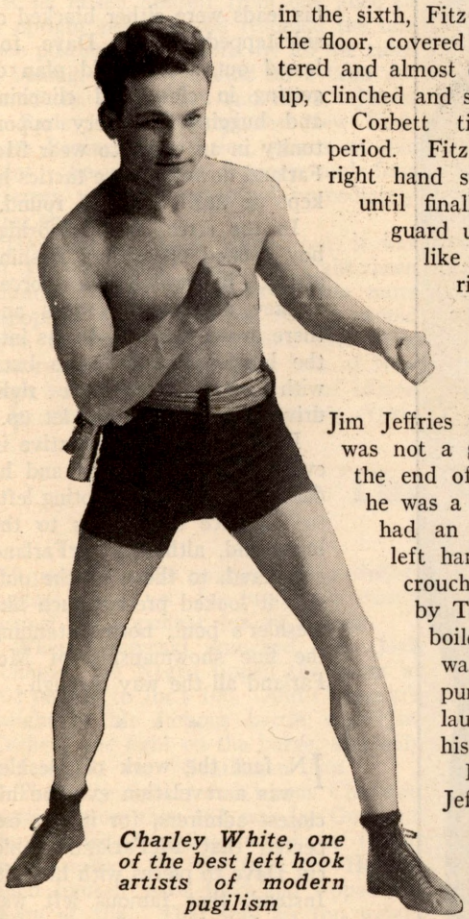
Just once in his life did Corbett slug from the start. That was against Charley Mitchell, the Briton. Corbett hated Mitchell and went out to beat him with right hand smashes to the head. At the end of three rounds, the English champion was through for all time. He never fought after that battle.

* * *

THE freckled phenomenon of fistiana was Bob Fitzsimmons. Bob was a frightful puncher with both hands and a man of most peculiar style. He was a physical freak with the shoulders of a Colossus and the wispy waist of a middleweight. His legs were almost a deformity.

Fitz was a flat-footed, shuffling fighter. He had the eye of a hawk. He would walk in, slipping punches to get inside of a lead. He hit with his elbows bent and his arms close to his body. When he let a punch go, he would send his whole body after it, twisting around on those pipe stem legs of his.

Fitzsimmons had tremendous powers of recuperation. In his fight with Corbett, the latter murdered him for six rounds, and in the sixth, Fitz sank wearily to the floor, covered with blood, battered and almost out. But he got up, clinched and stayed the round. Corbett tired after that period. Fitz threw many a right hand swing at Corbett until finally, Jim got his guard up too high, and like a flash Fitz ripped the left hand hook home to the solar plexus and it was all over.



Charley White, one of the best left hook artists of modern pugilism

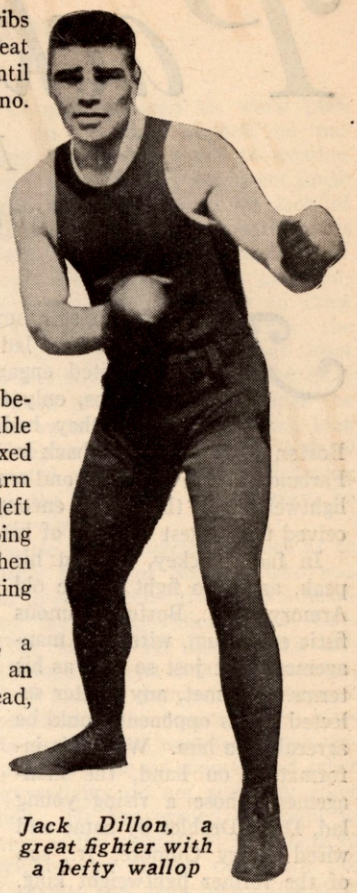
Jim Jeffries was an ox. He was not a good boxer until the end of his career, but he was a mighty man. He had an iron bar for a left hand, and with his crouch, taught to him by Tommy Ryan, the boilermaker would walk in, taking punches with a laugh and jolting his left to the body. Fitzsimmons cut Jeff to ribbons at Coney Island. Corbett made him look like a novice, but Fitz was kayoed with that left in eleven rounds, and Corbett went out under a body punch after 22 1-2 rounds of the greatest display of boxing the ring has ever seen.

Jeffries broke Sharkey's ribs with that terrible left arm, beat Ruhlin and beat everyone until at last he met Johnson at Reno.

* * *

IN Jack Johnson the ring had one of its great champions and also one of its most unfortunate champions. Johnson stood straight up, leaning far back from his hips. It was almost impossible to hit him with a right hand punch because it was almost impossible to reach him. Johnson boxed with left arm low and right arm up so that he could block left hooks. "It is just like tipping your hat" he used to say when explaining his style of blocking those punches.

He had a fair left jab, a worrying punch, and when an opponent would drop his head, Johnson would reach out with his left hand, take hold and pull his victim into the right hand uppercut, Johnson's deadly punch.



Jack Dillon, a great fighter with a hefty wallop

Johnson tore Jeffries to pieces with that left hook and right hand uppercut. He got up off the floor against Ketchell and knocked out the colorful Grand Rapids Pole with a wallop.

The colorful, dynamic Jack Dempsey is the next great puncher under discussion. Dempsey had a great left hook, the punch that started them on the way down, but it was his right that finished the job mostly. Dempsey will always be remembered as a storming, aggressive lion of the ring, but he was a counter puncher. He rolled and weaved forward, drawing a lead, and then would slip under the punch and throw that dynamite left hook.

When the left landed, Dempsey's right followed with the speed of light. His right hand finished Carpentier, although he is credited with winning the fight with a left hook.

Gene Tunney was a self-made hitter, but not a great one. He had no left jab that amounted to anything, but did have a smashing left hook. His right hand swing to the heart was a numbing punch, but it lacked the finality of some other great punchers who might be named.

* * *

THE ring never knew a greater finisher when the wraps were off than Sam Langford, the Boston Tar Baby. He could box and was about as close an approach to a one blow fighter as any one ever seen in a ring. Left or right, hook or swing it meant little to Sam. He was a master in action, and every move was grace itself.

Ketchell, the middleweight title holder, was a freak. He was a free-handed, loose-armed swinger who let go a knockout punch every time he led. He hit so hard that he created openings by the simple expedient of knocking down the guard of the man he fought.

Jack Dillon was a great fighter with a great style. He fought men far bigger than himself, and fans still remember the lacing he gave Frank Moran. Dillon was a fast puncher. He could whip over a punch with the speed of a bullet, and he was effective.

One of the greatest left hook artists of modern pugilism was Charley White of Chicago. When Charley's left collided with the jaw of an opponent, he usually heard the birdies singing the lullaby song.

Packey's Pushover

When McFarland Figured on a Set-up, but Encountered a Tartar in Dave Deshler

By HARVEY THORNTON

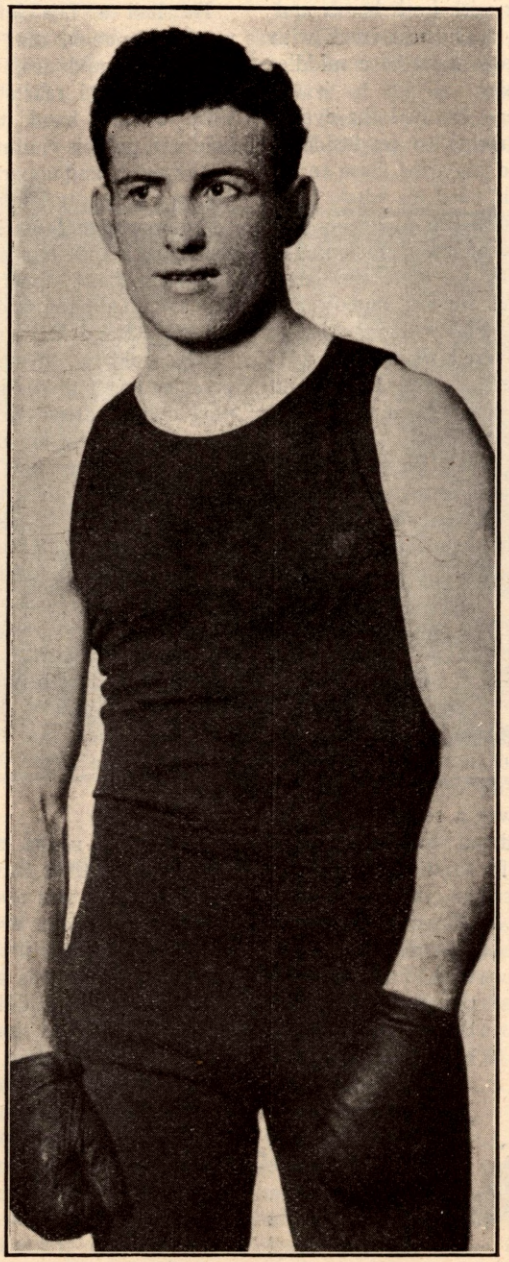
MANY a star boxer, smug in the feeling that every local lad is a "mug," a pushover, has accepted engagements with these so-called set-ups, only to find, much to their regret, that they had fallen into a trap. Up in Boston a few years ago, back in 1909 to be exact, Packey McFarland, then in his prime and recognized as one of the greatest lightweights in the world, encountered such a "mug" and received the biggest surprise of his career.

In fact, Packey, then at his peak, asked to fight at the old Armory A. C., Boston's famous fistic emporium, wired the management that just so long as his terms were met, any fighter selected as his opponent would be agreeable to him. With this information on hand, the management chose a rising young lad, Dave Deshler by name and wired Harry Gilmore, Jr., son of the former lightweight king, who was managing McFarland, to bring the Stockyards champion on.

Imagine Packey's surprise when he met an opponent who forced him to travel the limit and almost carried off the honors in a twelve-round bout. The Stockyards king was so upset by the shellacking given him, that before the night was over, he temporarily forgot himself, whanged a right cross to Referee Jack Sheehan's jaw and knocked him cold and took several swings at Deshler's seconds and caused a full-fledged riot.

And all because Sheehan had the temerity to give McFarland a shade better of the argument by calling the bout a draw. Had he not been so lenient, he would have been justified in awarding the decision to Deshler, but a draw verdict seemed to suit all except the Chicagoan.

Fortunately, several cool heads leaped into the ring, brought Packey and his manager to their senses and halted what might have proved a disastrous affair. It was McFarland's first and only visit to Boston, and so ashamed was he for his actions, that the day after the mill he apologized to the club officials, to Sheehan and the public and all was forgiven. It was just a case of excitement and Packey regretted the occurrence.



Packey McFarland, the Stockyards Champion

At the time, Deshler was one of the cleverest lightweights in the country, as clever as McFarland, but not as polished or with as much ring magnetism as the Chicagoan. In fact, there was some talk in Boston of trying to get a match for Dave with Bat Nelson, the Hub backers of the Cambridge boy feeling confident that his cleverness would offset the more rugged style used by the Durable Dane.

However, so far as McFarland was concerned, he thought so little of Deshler that he figured the bout would be a walk-over for him. But in this, he soon found himself sadly mistaken, for upon his arrival in Boston, he found Dave in wonderful condition. The Cambridge boy was fit as a fiddle. In fact, he seemed too finely drawn for a twelve-round contest against one of the world's greatest lightweights.

McFarland started off as though he were going to finish the job in a hurry, but his really remarkable left hand seemed to be exceptionally ineffective, and his leads were either blocked or sidestepped easily. Dave followed out a well laid plan of getting in close and clinching and hugging at every opportunity in an effort to wear McFarland down. These tactics he kept up until the fifth round.

In the sixth, the Cambridge boy opened up with a slashing attack in which he forced Packey against the ropes and there drove rights and lefts into the body. Packey came back with some stiff short right drives, but Dave never let up.

Deshler took the initiative in every succeeding round and he dashed in and out, shooting lefts to the face and rights to the body and, although McFarland countered, to those on the outside it looked pretty much like Deshler's bout, notwithstanding the fine showmanship of McFarland all the way through.

* * *

IN fact the work of Deshler was a revelation even to his closest admirers, for it was expected that McFarland would cut Dave to pieces with his left. Instead, that famous left was never in evidence, for some unexplained reason, so that the real brilliancy of Deshler's work stood (*Continued on page* 43)

Jack Sharkey, the Man of the Hour

(*Continued from page* 15)

done all he is credited, within a period of three seconds.

In substance, here is what happened. Sharkey clouted the Italian with a beautiful left hook to the chin that put the giant on his back, with eyes glassy, face chalky and feet in the air. At the count of six, Primo managed to get to his feet and as he did so, out rushed Sharkey to land the "kill."

Then the trouble started. Yelling frantically from his corner, Leon See, his manager, shouted to Carnera in French to get down again. Carnera couldn't hear him in the din, but instinctively, he went down on one knee.

Gunboat Smith, the third man in the ring, insisted that when he saw Carnera go down again, he continued the count from six, where it originally had halted, and that when he had counted nine, in unison with the timekeeper, Primo was on his feet again. The officials insist that the total elapsed time was nine, but in my opinion it was nearer to fifteen.

Granting that Carnera took a count of nine, the referee would be justified in acting as he did, but not by the widest stretch of imagination can one conceive Primo Carnera, with his 6 feet 5 1-2 inches and 262 pounds taking only three seconds to do all that he is credited with having accomplished. More than five seconds elapsed between the time that he raised himself from one knee to an upright position and resumed the one knee posture. Therefore, by all the rules of boxing, Sharkey should have been declared the victor then and there. James A. Farley, Chairman of the New York State Boxing Commission, agrees on this point. So do Gene Tunney and four referees whom I consulted immediately after the fight.

However, as things turned out, it was all for the best. Had the fight been halted, Sharkey would have been more unpopular than ever and boxing would have received another black eye. For that reason, alone, the fight fans of New York were pleased at the turn of affairs.

In view of the turn of affairs, everybody seemed satisfied and the sport received its biggest boom in several years. As a result of that victory, unless the heavyweights go back into their shells, this winter should be a most interesting one fistically and there should be no death of stellar attractions for the spring and summer. And all because Jack Sharkey made good his threat to "show them."

The prodigal son of the heavyweight division put forth the greatest fight of his hectic career. Fighting the kind of battle against Schmeling as he did against Carnera, I think the title would once more rest where it belongs—in America.

But what of Carnera? How does his future shape up?

In defeat, he proved that he has a heart as big as himself. He convinced the skeptics that he is a fast stepper and has as pretty a left jab as is carried by any of the boys, but he lacks punishing power.

The "sledge-hammer" blow which he was credited with possessing, is a myth. He can take it in the stomach, where Sharkey handed him an unmerciful beating, but he can't take it on the right side of the jaw. He has what is known in pugilism as a "glass jaw" and because of that, he will be severely handicapped.

BUT he should not be discouraged. Another year or two, and he may develop a punch despite his muscle-bound condition and if he does—woe to the man who tackles him! Even without that wallop, based on his display of courage and his tantalizing left and his ability to block long range blows, how many heavyweights are there who could do to Carnera what Sharkey did? Off-hand, I don't think more than one—Max Schmeling. Of the others, Schaaf and Loughran might whip him, but they would not have things their own way.

As for the fight itself, Sharkey carried off ten of the fifteen rounds, with four in Carnera's favor and one even. The first is the only one in which I thought neither had gained an advantage.

In the fourth, ninth and fifteenth rounds, Carnera received his worst punishment. In the final session he was out on his feet, yet managed to weather the storm. That Sharkey could not finish the Italian, was not due to his lack of punching power. Carnera apparently is invulnerable to body punishment.

Sharkey's ring strategy was excellent. He kept playing for the body to draw away Carnera's guard and when the opening was present, he either shot across a straight left or looped the blow to land flush in the chin. At times the Bostonian varied the plan by firing long lefts and rights at Carnera's face to draw up his guard and then crashed sickening blows to the stomach. Either way, he scored heavily.

The battle was a revelation both as to the fighting fitness of Sharkey who was supposed to have been through as a headliner, and the ring qualifications of Carnera. The Italian, far from being disgraced through his first defeat in America, established himself firmly as a menace.

As for Sharkey, he has redeemed himself. He can have an unusual winter season of activity if he so chooses and other star heavyweights do not suddenly enter their shell. He has earned the right to recognition as the greatest of all American heavyweights and if the cards are not stacked against him, he'll be fighting next summer with the world champion as his opponent.

As for Carnera, he should give up the idea of fighting set-ups. He should take on the best that can be obtained for him for only through such a course can he work himself up to the big money maker. Even a defeat now and then, as I have so often said, will do him a world of good.

For one thing, I am happy to know that my judgment of Carnera, so often expressed by me editorially, has been vindicated. I have had so many letters on the subject in the past, in which reference to Carnera as a "palooka" have been made, that I'm sure by this time all fair-minded persons will agree that the Venetian Gondolier is a great prospect.

The Case of Mickey Walker

(*Continued from page* 4)

159 pounds to 206 pounds for the Boilermaker. And yet Joe stood up manly against his opponent for 20 rounds.

When Choynski knocked out Jack Johnson, the Negro tipped the beam at 202 pounds to Joe's 160. And Choynski's weight in his famous battle with Jim Corbett, the fight on the barge, was only 155 to 171 for "Gentleman Jim."

The only fighter for whom Choynski weighed more than 161, was Joe Goddard, the Carrier champion, whom he fought in Australia. For the fight the Hebrew filled himself with food and tipped the beam at 168. That was his top weight for any battle, the weight at which Mickey Walker is at his best.

Although Walker finds himself at a disadvantage in weight and in height, he has a reach of close to 70 inches and that helps him considerably. And in strength, there are mighty few heavyweights who have anything on the Rumson lad. One good clout from him, hurts as much as will one from the powerful fists of Sharkey, Carnera or Campolo—all stiff punchers.

Choynski was a marvel as a fighter. Like Fitzsimmons he developed a freakishly powerful torso and like Fitz, he had long arms and a long reach and powerful fists. Walker differs from him in that respect, in that he is well developed, though four inches shorter than the Hebrew and with a reach three inches less. But in the power behind the fists and all other assets, he compares favorably with Choynski. In build and aggressiveness, my Mickey closely resembles Walcott.

In other words, Walker is a combination of two of the greatest fighters of the modern era—Choynski and Walcott, and as such, I predict for him a rosy future. In my opinion, there isn't a man who can check Walker's rise to the heavyweight crown.

I predict he will win it next year, but if he fails, he'll surely cop it before he is through. I think he is as powerful a hitter as Schmeling, has had more ring experience, is a more heady fighter, can take it better than the champion and can handle himself better in the face of a crisis. That is why I expect him to regain the heavyweight title for America when he faces Schmeling.

Memoirs of a Promoter

(*Continued from page* 31)

pay no attention to it except to meet it by retaining him.

Then, in December of that year, Darcy slipped out of Australia on a freighter bound for the west coast of South America and there was taken aboard an oil tanker for New York.

Kearns was jubilant. We were to have Darcy. The war in Europe was beginning to throw its shadow across this country but sports still boomed and Darcy would be a big draw here.

The day he reached port I was out of town but I relied on Kearns to receive him. That day the harbor was dotted with craft of all sizes and descriptions bearing managers and promoters eager to reach the Australian first and bear him off but I regret to say that my associate was on none of them. Thus it happened that the prize fell to Tex Rickard and Kearns and I were shut out of the picture, together with the rest of the unsuccessful seekers. Subsequently, Kearns and I had an interview with Darcy at the Hotel Broztell, where Rickard had engaged a suite for him but as Rickard was present at the interview, nothing came of it.

Kearns was disconsolate. I had had too many disappointments in my life to be bowed down by this one but turned my attention to other matters at hand. The only time, incidentally, I ever did business with Darcy was when I matched him to fight Al McCoy, the then current middleweight champion, for the late—and, for a time, spectacular—Grant U. Brown, who bought the old Madison Square Garden. Charles S. Whitman, then Governor of New York, branded Darcy as a slacker and refused to permit the fight to take place, thereby opening a campaign against Darcy that ended with Darcy's death—of a broken heart, they say—in Memphis some months later.

* * *

MEANWHILE, there was under my control an Austrian wrestler by the name of Irsa, for whose services there was a reasonable demand, although he was not a first rate wrestler by any means. One offer I had was from a promoter named Schuler in San Francisco, who wanted Irsa to wrestle for him and, planned, ultimately, to build him up for a match with Joe Stecher. His offer was adequate and included transportation for two from New York to San Francisco.

"Let me take Irsa out there and handle him in the match," Kearns said. "After all, there doesn't seem to be much for me around here and I still feel badly because I failed to land Darcy for you. Il'l use this extra ticket, so it will not cost either of us anything and, when I get there, I'll stay there. I've got a home in Oakland that I bought for my mother and I can always stir up enough dough around 'Frisco to keep me going."

Now, it seems that Schuler recently had broken with his partner, Ad Santell who, at that time, was one of the best wrestlers in the country. Santell was eager to avenge himself upon Schuler and one glance at Irsa in training gave him the opening he sought.

In the absence of Kearns but in the presence of several newspaper men he had called in, Santell offered to work with Irsa and when that gullible young man consented, proceeded to show him up so badly that printed accounts of what took place served to knock the props out from under the proposed match.

* * *

SOME months later I heard from Kearns again. Having obtained the backing of one "Enchilada" Newman, proprietor of the largest saloon on Market street, San Francisco, he was operating as a wrestling promoter and he wired me to ask me to take Wladek Zbyszko out there to wrestle Lewis for the championship. This, undoubtedly, was the best match that could have been made at that time but there were numerous difficulties in the way of it and numerous reasons why it should have been held in New York rather than in San Francisco, the principal one being that it would draw more money in New York.

However, by diligent efforts, Kearns got Lewis into line and I agreed to the match on behalf of Zbyszko. I took my wife, Zbyszko and Hussane, who acted as his trainer, to the Coast with me and found that there was so little enthusiasm for the match that it threatened to be a flop. Several times I offered to withdraw, once as late as four o'clock in the afternoon on the day set for the match but Newman indignantly refused, insisting that the match go on and that everything would be all right.

I had no doubt not only of his ability but his willingness to pay our guarantee of $2,500 no matter how slim the receipts might be and sought only to protect him from a loss I felt certain he would incur but he repeatedly waved me off.

The blow-off came, however, a short time before the men were to go on the mat, when he informed me the show was a flop, as I had feared it would be and, with the traditional cold-blooded effrontery of the amateur promoter to whom contracts mean nothing, offered me $800 in lieu of our guarantee.

Under heavy expense as a result of our party of four and burning up at Newman's attitude, I flatly refused to allow Zbyszko to wrestle unless I received $2,500. Police Chief O'Brien and other friends of mine were enlisted by Newman to plead for him but I informed them that Newman was well able to pay the discrepancy out of his own pocket—or out of the cash register of his Market street saloon—and since he refused to do so and make good his word to me, I was under no obligation to him. And so, of course, there was no match.

* * *

KEARNS, sorrowful at the collapse of his show, was at the same time sympathetic toward me.

"I guess I'm a hoodoo to you, Jack," he said. "First I failed you in the Darcy matter. Then I gummed up the trip with Irsa. And now I have brought you all the way to San Francisco at your own expense and Newman has failed to make good."

Hoodoo or not, he spoke the truth about the failure of the projects in which he had been concerned—then. Since then, he has taken a different tack and, instead of blaming himself, blames me. Thus it was my fault—to hear him tell it—that Zbyszko did not wrestle Lewis for him in San Francisco and—again to hear him tell it—I was $3,500 short in my payment to Dempsey in the Fulton fight. But, as I already have said, those are the stories he tells to others and not the stories he tells to me.

"Jack the Giant Killer"

(*Continued from page* 12)

in another Fairy Tale.

While the Giant was trying to climb up the legs of Gunboat Smith, who was the Chief observer, the Gunner started to count time by the Calendar. On the Following Tuesday he noticed that the Giant had risen to his Number Nineteen Canal Boats and was grinning the Grin of the Chagrined.

* * *

WHILE the Giant was falling, and then rising and then falling and then rising, like the Tides of Barnegat, six hours apart, Smith called on some Cousins who lived in the neighborhood. They took the Sweet Boy to Coney Island for some Pop Corn and Taffy, and then Smithy came back and watched eleven more rounds of the Big Effort.

At the finish Jack climbed down the Bean Stalk, and with a few swift Chops, he did Chop Down the Bean Stalk, leaving the Duffy Crowd with a Collapsed Giant and one Busted, Second Hand Bean Stalk.

And then Jack went into the Old Homestead with Ma Buckley and examined the Revised Bank Account. And our Young Hero, always ambitious and willing to help the Family Exchequer, said, "Ma, can't we grow another Bean Stalk, and have another Giant for Jack to knock for a row of Leaky Canal Boats?"

"No, Jackie, you go to bed and dream Sweet Dreams, and Ma will take care of Your Business," quoth Ma Buckley—and so Jack lived happily afterward—waiting for another Lucrative Match.

(*To be Continued.*)

Cradles of Boxing

(*Continued from page* 35)

"This was a beautiful trial of skill, lasting, in all, about 25 minutes, and, throughout, was greeted with deafening applause. It was evident, from the commencement, that Woods was no match for the Benicia Boy, although he hits a hard blow, and his manner of getting away is very good. On the whole, this exhibition passed off satisfactorily to all."

It is very evident that for once Mr. Woods, good scrapper as he really was in his day, got enough of fighting. Though booked to meet Joe Coburn at the Melodeon on March 22, at a joint benefit for Sir Joseph and Harry Finnegass, he failed to appear, a fact which got him a "roasting" in the press. Professor Taylor, though merely the master-of-ceremonies, put up his hands to help the affair along, meeting Tom O'Donnell and besting the veteran as the latter was not in good trim. Coburn boxed with William Evans, also with one Mr. Jones.

Heenan was present, but did not compete, though the following night, March 23, he assisted at a benefit tendered Professor Taylor in Chapman Hall.

This ended Heenan's connection with Boston for that time. He returned to New York and renewed his challenges to Morrissey, the same resulting in the battle in October which he had sought.

While the balance of the year did not see Boston entirely barren of fistic action, all such affairs in The Hub and vicinity were dwarfed into insignificance by the interest and wagering incidental to the preliminary moves involving the championship mills between "Scotty" Branagan and Barney Aaron, and Heenan vs. Morrissey. Of these home-town affairs, important in its day but entirely minor from this distance, was a muss on June 14, in a North Chelsea field, between Philip Carlan and John Reynolds, Bostonians. Barney Ford and Hen Winkle assisted Carlan, while Reynolds had Ned Evans in his corner.

They had pounded each other for 20 rounds—the sum of $100 being the stake—when Archbishop Savage and Bishop Whitcomb, who didn't care much for prize fighting, sicced on the police. That busted up the show. Those who were not good runners, and in this number were included Carlan and Reynolds, paid ample tribute in honor of the God Pollux in court a few days later.

Then a distant fight on September 7, near Buffalo, N. Y., between Johnny Mackey, frequently mentioned in Boston affairs, and Jack Nelson of Detroit, which ended in a wrangle after eight rounds had been fought, Nelson contending that Mackey's followers had kicked and bitten him, attracted Beantown attention.

The big fights—the championship events—had the call, however.

Louis Beiral of Boston, mentioned in several of our stories, was the referee when Branagan and Aaron collided on October 18, 1858, at Point Abino, Canada, in the first recognized lightweight championship fight in America, while Mackey was one of those in Barney's corner. This fight was stopped in the tenth round and Beiral gave the decision to Branagan on a foul. With it went the stakes and the title, all contrary to much "dope" spilled when Schmeling won from Sharkey on a foul in June, 1930.

Morrissey vs. Heenan, on October 20, 1858, for $2500 a side and the American heavyweight championship, fought at Long Point, Canada, was the big event of a memorable year. As the story of this mill will be set forth by another in The Ring, we will merely state that Morrissey won by a kayo in eleven rounds—that Beiral of Boston was one of the referees, and Mackey was one of those in The Boy's corner.

False Courage!

(*Continued from page* 11)

gambler. "Sure, we know Hickey has his dough, but that don't amount to but a few hundred bucks. We're giving him twice as much to flatten you and we're betting a chunk on him. This is one fight where the other guy won't dive for you. You ain't got a chance."

With that they walked out. By the time Hickey returned to the dressing room, his fighter was half dressed for the street. Dan pleaded with him in vain; showed him the money the other fellow allegedly was to forfeit if he failed to take a knockout.

"I know all that," said the fighter, "but he's getting more than that to flatten me, because some guys have bet a chunk on him. If it's going to be like this I'm through!"

And through he was. Despite everything Hickey could do he walked out of the club and it was necessary to pull a substitute out of the crowd. Hickey's boxer, with every quality of fistic greatness except courage, never laced on another glove.

* * *

MANY a fighter steams himself up by telling others so often what he is going to do to the other fellow that he finally comes to believe it himself. And if things break right for him at the start he probably will breeze through to victory.

Jack Sharkey has made his best fights when he was allowed to shoot off a lot of gab in advance. He talked himself into a fighting mood ahead of his battles with Wills, Maloney and Dempsey. Against the first two the stuff worked perfectly. When Sharkey got in there with Dempsey and the Manassa Mauler took everything Sharkey had, the Bostonian began to fade and finally was knocked out.

Contrast this showing with the bulldog aggressiveness of Mickey Walker, who asks no quarter, no matter how big or how tough the opposition. One needs to look no further than Mickey's battle with Sharkey, in which Walker was accorded little chance by the experts, to find out what a difference a fighting "ticker" makes in a man.

Yes, you can teach boxing, but you can't make a fighter.

Nobody as yet has devised a way to give a fellow what the boys call a "strong ticker" unless he was born with it!

Packey's Pushover

(*Continued from page* 40)

out prominently and overshadowed Packey.

Dave set the pace in the last two rounds with Packey at him all the time. He was trying to make up the lost ground, so that the eleventh and twelfth rounds were about as fine as anything ever seen in that old structure in which there had appeared every star of prominence for many years.

When Billy LeClair had pulled the gong denoting the close of the bout, Jack Sheehan, who was refereeing, gave the signal that the affair was a draw. The verdict seemed most fair but not to Packey.

Then came the climax. Packey rushed at Sheehan, swung his right and Sheehan went to the canvas. Harry Gilmore, Jr., manager of McFarland, said something that incensed some fans and in a minute the ring was filled with a fighting mob. Deshler's seconds became mixed up with those of McFarland and with the outsiders trying to get at McFarland things looked rather bad.

One old timer, getting close to Young Gilmore said:

"Your father wouldn't do that, Harry." Instantly Gilmore quieted down, went over to Packey's corner and remained there until it was safe for both to leave.

That wasn't the first time Deshler upset the hopes of visiting champions. In fact his first leap into fistic fame after he had left the Navy was when he beat Terry Martin of Philadelphia, then considered one of the toughest lightweights, down at Thornton, when the chances appeared to be at least 10 to 1 against Dave's success.

The Fighting Demon

(*Continued from page 7*)

ing, but the abnormal stamina given him by the unusual secretion from his adrenal glands, brought on by the mental excitement, enabled him to carry on where, under normal conditions, he would have passed out of the picture.

In the latter part of the round Firpo again put over his famous right, staggering the Manassa Mauler. The Wild Bull followed up his advantage, driving Dempsey to the ropes with a series of rights and finally sending him flying between the upper and middle strands. Jack landed in the press row, where friendly hands assisted him to regain the ring.

How the bell ending the round found Dempsey, in bad shape but still perpendicular, how he came out in the second round and, in 57 seconds, finished the Wild Bull is a story that often has been told and often will be told again.

* * *

THE Dempsey-Firpo fight has become the standard by which bouts are measured as to ferocity. "It reminds me of the Dempsey-Firpo fight"—that's about the highest praise that can be given any brawl.

Dempsey gave another outstanding exhibition of uncontrolled ferocity that blazing afternoon when he sunk big Jess Willard at Toledo to capture the heavyweight crown.

There have been many other fighting demons. Present day fans will recall Ace Hudkins, known as the Nebraska Wildcat, as a perfect example.

New York got its first peak at the Nebraska Wildcat when he came east to box Ruby Goldstein, who then loomed up as a super fighter, a boy who could box with uncanny skill and who packed dynamite in his right hand.

As Hudkins, worn to a shadow by the ordeal of making weight, during which he dried out for more than two days, came down the aisle to the ring at the Coney Island Stadium, spectators taunted him with predictions that he soon would be carried out, dead to the world.

It did look that way when the smooth-working Goldstein dropped his right on Hudkin's jaw, sending the Ace to the floor. But Hudkins got up and soon he had Ruby in trouble. The savagery of the Wildcat's attack disorganized Goldstein's boxing. In desperation he lashed back, punch for punch. But this was just what Hudkins wanted and he soon flattened the East Side marvel.

* * *

ANOTHER of the present day fighters who has achieved fame almost solely because of his slam-bang attack and his ability to weather the toughest going, is Jack (Kid) Berg.

This pale, anaemic-looking lightweight made his New York debut against Bruce Flowers, New Rochelle colored boy, in Madison Square Garden. Flowers was a fighter who liked to get the jump, to climb all over his opponent from the opening bell.

"What ever you do, don't let this guy get the jump on you," said Sol Gold, Berg's manager, to the Englishman as they waited for the opening bell. "Remember, now, don't let him bull you."

At the bell each rushed from his corner swinging and until the gong sounded the end of the round three minutes later neither let down for a moment. Neither tried to block a punch. They just stood there and slugged. They even kept going after the bell and had to be ripped apart.

"He cawn't bull me, he cawn't," muttered Berg, as he reached his corner. It was hot stuff all the way through the ten rounds, with Berg winning the award. That one fight made the Englishman a tremendous card in New York.

Going back a few years, there comes to mind that affair between Stanley Ketchel, known as the Michigan Assassin, and Philadelephia Jack O'Brien at the old Pioneer Club.

Ketchel was another demon of the ring. "Punch, punch, punch," was his creed. For nine rounds and the greater part of the tenth he ripped and tore and O'Brien, one of the most skilful men ever to draw on a glove, was driven before the storm. But the cagey O'Brien managed to keep his feet. Then, with only four or five seconds to go, Ketchel finally crashed through with a right to the button. Down went O'Brien, in his own corner. He lay there, unconscious, his head in the resin box. Before the referee reached the count of ten the final bell clanged, thus saving the Philadelphian from a certain knockout.

Ketchell took part in many a savage encounter. A killer in the ring—that was Ketchel.

Terry McGovern, Terrible Terry, was another who knew no mercy for a foe once the bell rang. They still talk of McGovern's battle with Oscar Gardner at the old Broadway Club when Terry, really out, climbed up Oscar's legs to save himself from being counted out and came out to win in a burst of fighting that simply could not be stopped.

Then who can forget the famous fights between "Little Terry" and Young Corbett, another bulldog of the ring?

Once he got started, there was no let-up on Corbett's part until he got his man. He was a ring terror and like McGovern, takes his places among the "Demons of the Ring."

Ritchie Mitchell was another. Remember his fracas with Leonard in the old Garden? And his savage brawl with Charley White? Any of Mitchell's fights was certain to be a wild party.

Oh, there have been any number of them. Ad Wolgast, Fighting Dick Hyland, Battling Nelson, Jack Sharkey the bantamweight; Vincent Pepper Martin, Mysterious Billy Smith, Battling Hurley, One Round Hogan, Leach Cross—and I could go on naming dozens of others, fellows who saw red at the clang of the bell and never stopped until one of the contestants was battered into submission. The most recent members of the tribe is Young Terry, the Trenton Buzz-Saw.

Space permits the mention of only a few of these "human tigers."

One of them in the ring is sufficient to guarantee loads of excitement. When two of them climb through the ropes, woe unto him who has a weak heart. He simply doesn't belong at the ringside.

Platinum Wins!

(*Continued from page 9*)

Then came a battle with one of the lesser fry, in a comeback campaign, and again my boy got the worst of it. Everybody had got hep to the society angle, and the Fressnell girl.

"Morrissey had saved up about one hundred grand, and he announced his retirement from the ring. He leased a house out at Locust Valley, on Long Island, and set out to be one of the polo playing gentry.

"After the first knockout by McCarthy the Fressnel gal stuck by him. After the second beating she cooled like boarding house java. Then Tom found invitations to the Templar penthouse few and far between.

"The house at Locust Valley and retirement did him no good. It was 'that fighter person'—and comparative ostracism. Some of the men had him at stag functions, but where the ladies were concerned, Tom found himself suffering a boycott. The dough went fast, his fair weather friends went faster—and, well—you saw Morrissey working up at that garage.

"Tom was a lot smarter than you. He was a college man, with some background. His dad had had money. Now, draw your own parallel. You are from poor, but I trust, honest folks. Had two years at Ormondale College, then had to go to work as a professional football player. You don't know a damned thing about the social racket, and I tell you that if you stick to me I will make you champion.

"I am going downstairs. In ten minutes I will be back for that note. You leave it, and beat it. I know you, and Joe, I know what will be on that paper."

* * *

"BRAYMER went down to Broadway, had his dinner and proceeded to a musical comedy. At midnight he returned to his room, and found the note from Trane.

Braymer laughed. "Just what I had expected. You can't beat youth."

There were just two words on the paper. They were, "Platinum Wins."

Firpo Answers Dempsey

(Continued from page 37)

who was standing right over me, struck me and I fell again. Was that sportsmanship? I went down five times in that round, four times through foul punches, yet the referee didn't do a thing about it!

"The third or fourth time down, I don't remember which, I was still with my knees on the floor trying to rise, when Dempsey hit me a terrible blow that sent me sprawling on the canvas again.

"The referee took absolutely no cognizance of Dempsey's foul work. Apparently every newspaperman and every fight fan saw what was taking place but the referee didn't or didn't want to. The motion pictures prove that my statement is correct. The film bears me out.

"The last time I went down I was so angry—so mad that I swore at him in my native tongue using a typical Argentinian expression. I then rushed wildly at him.

* * *

"I CORNERED him against the ropes and I struck out for all I was worth. I hit him on the head and he went down to his knees but was up in a hurry and then I hit him four times again with my powerful right and one of the punches hurled him through the ropes outside the ring.

"He was out for more than ten seconds. He was deliberately pushed back into the ring by newspapermen and was illegally permitted to resume fighting.

"Had my left hand been in good condition, I would have knocked him out but as I've already said, I had only a right and when one tries to fight a "Killer," a man with the iron fists that Dempsey possesses he can't do much with that tremendous handicap.

"When Dempsey came back in the ring, he was almost out. His arms were hanging at his sides and he kept throwing his head backwards and sideways to avoid my right. It was then that the bell rang and saved him.

"I won that fight four times. First, I should have received the verdict when the referee stopped the bout to warn me and Dempsey took advantage of the situation and struck me with a terrific blow that felled me. That constituted a foul.

"Then he should have been ruled the loser when he hit me while I was still on my knees.

"Third, he should have been counted out when he failed to get back into the ring within the proper time limit.

"Fourth, when he struck me from behind, a powerful blow behind the ears when I had turned to go to my corner at the sound of the gong.

"Some time after the fight I had occasion to talk to Dempsey and I referred to that punch delivered with my back turned and he remarked that he was so groggy that he was like one completely drunk, and therefore could not be held accountable for what he had done.

"When the fight was over and I asked for a return engagement as Rickard and Dempsey had agreed, I learned that Dempsey was willing but that Kearns tabooed such a fight. He had had enough. He didn't want his champion to take any more chances with Luis Firpo.

" 'Luis, don't waste any time by waiting for a return bout with Dempsey. I'd like to get it for you, but Kearns refuses. They'll have nothing more of you,' said Rickard to me a few weeks after the bout. 'If I were you, I wouldn't wait around. Grab off any offers you can get because Kearns will never again give you a chance to get revenge and I must string with the champion,' concluded the great promoter.

"And that is why I finally retired. Dempsey retained the championship in that fight, but I was the uncrowned king and I'm still referred to by that name. He didn't win that fight fairly. Foul fighting aided by the referee is what enabled him to continue in the rôle of heavyweight king."

The Hoodoo City

(Continued from page 23)

decision to Johnny Sheppard.

Johnny Dundee, while cavorting around with the featherweight crown, was beaten by Red Chapman.

Fidel LaBarba, then holding the flyweight title, bumped into a pair of lickings at the hands of Johnny Vacca.

Joe Dundee, while welterweight champion, ran smack-dab into three defeats, Al Mello accounting for two of them and Johnny Indressano for the other.

Jackie Fields, after succeeding Dundee, was tossed out of the ring with Gorilla Jones.

Andre Routis, then ruling the featherweight roost, collected pastings from Dick (Honey Boy) Finnegan and Jake Zeramby.

Jimmy Slattery, generally recognized as light-heavyweight champion at the time, was chased out of the ring with Pete Latzo.

Tony Canzoneri, shortly after annexing the lightweight crown, was beaten by Sammy Fuller.

Jack Thompson, welterweight champion, was twice licked by Lou Brouillard, the second setback costing him his title.

The last victory registered by a champion in Boston was back in December, 1927, four years ago, when Mandell outpointed Sacco. Since then our noble kings of the fistic realm have dropped EIGHT DECISIONS IN SUCCESSION, not to mention the two "no contests" duly entered in the records!

Wrestling Science a Past Art

(Continued from page 27)

Roeber was the national amateur middleweight champion when he first came to grips with the great Muldoon, who was offering $25 to anyone who stayed 15 minutes with him at Miner's Bowery Theatre. The young men of his neighborhood ribbed him into trying for the money, and he collected.

* * *

HE repeated the feat at a Brooklyn theatre a year later, after first being forced to remain the same length of time with Hughie Leonard, then the middleweight champion, and Sebastian Miller, the Stone Breaker, who scaled 220 pounds. Miller's nickname was derived from his breaking stones with his hands.

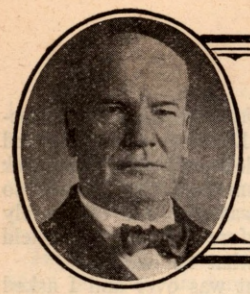
It was after these performances that Roeber accepted Muldoon's invitation to join the troupe, and retiring three years later the professor pronounced the sturdy German champion. They continued traveling together, with Roeber meeting all-comers for three years more.

The German, who stood only five feet, seven and a half inches, which is about the height of Jim Londos, remained at the top of his profession for more than nine years, and quit undefeated at Graeco-Roman. George Hackenschmidt then claimed the Graeco-Roman crown.

Roeber appeared in competition all over the world. On one trip abroad in 1984 he pinned the champion of every European country, including Carl Opps, the German, and Pitilitzinski, the Russian who was unbeaten at the time, and whose broad shoulders were pinned in 1 minute and 35 seconds.

While it came on a foul, Roeber was the only grappler to take any kind of a decision from Yousef, the Terrible Turk, who was placed on his trail by the sultan. Yousef knocked him off the platform at the old Garden, which was not inclosed by ropes. He offered to lock himself in a room with Yousef, and bet Billy Brady, his manager $1,000 he would walk out.

Returning home, the Terrible Turk was lost at sea when the ship in which he sailed foundered. Around his waist he wore a heavily loaded money belt in which he carried his ring earnings.



IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

Tim Harrington, New York City.

Q.—Where can I address a letter to Tommy Loughran and Jimmy McLarnin.

A.—Loughran, care of Arcadia Gymnasium, 13th and Cherry Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.; McLarnin, Vancouver, B. C.

Harvey Lamonte, Troy, N. Y.

Q.—Would you regard Gene Tunney as the cleverest man in modern fistiana?

A.—No. Corbett was his master and so was Tommy Loughran. Of the old school Corbett was supreme and of the modern boys Tunney would rank next to Loughran as a boxer.

J. N., Mulberry, N. J.

Q.—1—Where can I get in touch with Tony Falco of Philadelphia. 2—What is the nationality of the following: Archie Bell, Dom Volante, Dave Shade, Lou Brouillard, Justo Suarez and Tommy Bevins.

A.—1—Falco can be reached at Phil Glassman's office, 13th and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. 2—Bell, Hebrew; Volante, English-Italian; Shade, American-Irish; Brouillard, French-Canadian; Suarez, Argentinian, and Bevins, French-Canadian.

St. John Dean, Secretary Transvaal National Sporting Club.

Q. What are the recognized weights of world's wrestling championships?

A.—Lightwieght, 135; welterweight, 147; middleweight, 160; light-heavyweight, 175, and all above that, heavyweights.

J. G. Wawanesa, Manitoba, Canada.

Q.—Who is most likely to defeat Schmeling?

A.—I don't think any one will for a few years. Sharkey and Carnera would stand the best chance.

Q.—What was the weight of Schmeling and Stribling in their recent fight?

A.—Stribling, 185, and Schmeling, 189½.

Q.—Under what conditions is a Canadian permitted to box in the U. S.

A.—Same as an American. Must have a license. In state where he is to box such state calls for a license.

Q.—How would a Canadian go about becoming a professional fighter and could he try for a world championship?

A.—Take out a professional's license. Yes. There is no restriction.

Q.—Has Walker a chance to beat Schmeling?

A.—Yes, every good fighter has that chance, but I think Schmeling is too good for Mickey.

Q.—Where can I address a letter to Schmeling?

A.—Care of Joe Jacobs, 51st Street and Broadway, New York City.

Q.—How can I reach Tommy Loughran?

A.—Write care of Joe Smith, 4358 Woodland Avenue, Drexel Hill, Pa.

Mazie Tilton, New York City.

Q.—I have all the back copies of THE RING from 1924 to the present day. Would you advise me to sell them or keep them as my boy friend has asked me to give them to him?

A—That is up to you. The back numbers of THE RING are becoming more and more valuable to collectors. Nat Fleischer recently advertised for July and September, 1927, and paid $1.00 each for them. He bought forty because he had no more in stock and needed them for bound volumes and to supply readers who wanted them.

You no longer can buy bound volumes of the 1924, 1926 or 1927 issues from THE RING. These bound volumes are now worth $25 each because some of the numbers are out of print.

Keep them by all means. They're worth holding as an investment.

Martin Brenner, Waco, Texas.

Q.—Are weight lifting exercises good for a boxer?

A.—No, it is injurious. It is fine for a wrestler whose method of training is different from that of a boxer. Read How to Train.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

No answers will be sent by mail unless a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed with your questions.

Carlos Mendez, Havana, Cuba.

Q.—Would you rank Kid Chocolate in the same class with George Dixon?

A.—No. Dixon would have smothered him.

Q.—What were the measurements of Carpentier in his fight with Tom Gibbons?

A.—Reach, 73; height, 5 feet 11½ inches; weight, 175; chest, 41½ normal and 43¾ expanded; waist, 32; ankle, 8½; calf, 16¾; biceps, 15; neck, 16¾; forearm, 14½, and wrist, 7½.

Harry Neville, New York City.

Q.—Should a fighter practice bag punching regularly? Why?

A.—By all means. It quickens the eye and helps gauge distance.

Q.—Do you regard the Seeback's bag punching book as a good one?

A—None better. He was the world champion for many years. Every boxer should have a copy and learn to hit the bag as Seeback could.

Mrs. Steffans, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Q.—My boy, fourteen years old, is taking up boxing in school. He insists on running three miles a day and when he returns, he uses the one-pound dumbbells and the pulleys for fifteen minutes each. His father has built a gymnasium for him and he does his exercise there. Is that kind of training good for him?

No. Get THE RING books, How to Train and How to Box. Let him follow those but do his training moderately. He shouldn't run more than two miles every third day and while running, he should vary that with walking, both fast and slow. Let him play leap frog, and climb trees; that is fine exercise. Let him take a three-mile walk daily. That is great for a lad to limber up. If his school is not too far from home, a walk to and from the school, mixed with a little sprinting and jumping will keep his wind in condition.

Dumb-bell exercise is good but ten minutes a day is sufficient and likewise, ten minutes of the pulleys is enough.

Maximilain Uriquist, Washington, D. C.

Q.—Where can I obtain a book on the life of Gene Tunney. Also one on the life of Tom Sharkey and Terry McGovern?

A.—There are none on the market at present. However, Nat Fleischer, THE RING Editor has just completed his 22nd book of a series he intends to print dur-1932. This series, I am told, will contain the story of the career of Terry McGovern, Gene Tunney, Peter Maher, Jack McAuliffe, Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Jake Kilrain, Paddy Ryan, Mike McCoole, Tom Sharkey and others. In fact, I was told a few days ago by the author that the Tunney book is now in the hands of the printer and will be the first off the press. It will be ready next month.

Umberto Laveecni, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Do the wrestling books which are carried in THE RING Book Shop contain all the modern, that is, the latest wrestling holds, such as the flying tackle, the Japanese wrist lock and others? Would you recommend the Hackenschmidt book as one good for a beginner?

A.—No, they do not. A book such as that will be published in a few weeks by THE RING Book Shop. It has been written by Jack Curley and Nat Fleischer and will contain about 150 pages with illustrations of every hold used by the present day stars. It will be the most up-to-date scientific book on the sport ever published and is being published because of the need for illustrated books on the new wrestling system of which such stars as Jim Londos, McMillan, Steele, Garibaldi, Sonnenberg, George, De Glane, Szabo and others are masters. The book, I am told, will be by far the best on the market.

The Hackenschmidt book is a splendid treatise on wrestling. It is good for both the beginner and the expert. For many years it has held the upper hand in wrestling books and still is the best seller.

Carlo Trembino, Paterson, N. J.

Q.—Where can I obtain a book on jiu jitsu. I am a college graduate out of work. I've been out of employment for almost two years. In school I was an excellent athlete, a fine wrestler and boxer and I think I had better turn to wrestling and jiu jitsu to earn a living.

A.—I feel sorry for you in your predicament but your letter is only one of hundreds we receive at THE RING office from college and high school graduates who feel as you do. Many have gone into the field of professional boxing and wrestling because they feel that at least they can earn a living if they can prove themselves capable in their new field.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

with Sharkey at his best. Carnera is there.

TOPPING the list of important bouts of the past month came the fifteen rounds between Jack Sharkey and Primo Carnera that re-established Sharkey as the leading heavyweight contender. The bout also proved that Carnera is far from a false alarm. He showed pluck and gameness under fire and there are plenty of heavies that he could master but it happened to be his hard luck to clash Make no mistake—

Young Stribling's return to action was another heavyweight feature last month. He stiffened Salvatore Ruggirello in two rounds. Young Jack Thompson was dethroned by Lou Brouillard in their fifteen-round welterweight championship bout in Boston. Battling Battalino was beaten in over-weight matches by Bushy Graham and Roger Bernard.

Besides the Sharkey-Carnera affair, there was plenty of action displayed in the heavyweight section. The month's feature bouts follow: Tommy Loughran outpointed Johnny Risko. Young Stribling kayoed Salvatore Ruggirello in two rounds. Victorio Campolo kayoed Charley Wepner in one round and Ralph Ficucello in eight. Charley Retzlaff disposed of Emmett Rocco in eight rounds. King Levinsky won the decision over Joe Sekyra who turned around and whipped Jimmy Braddock. Arthur De Kuh finished Dynamite Jackson in seven rounds. Max Baer kayoed Jose Santa in the tenth round. Santa drew with Tom Heeney.

Mateo Osa drew with Ted Sandwina and Jim Darcy in one round. Tony Galento kayoed Mike Sankovich in three rounds and Abie in four. K. O. Christner whipped Natie Brown but was beaten by Angus Snyder. Walter Cobb knocked out Jack Rose in two rounds. Jimmy Byrne scored over Frank Sawyer and Les Kennedy. Gene Stanton knocked out Dick Powell in seven rounds and was beaten by Bob Moody. Tom Kirby scored over Unknown Winston. Winston finished Jerry Garfield in two rounds.

John Schwake kayoed Tiny De Bolt in four rounds. Frankie Wine won over Dewey Kimrey. Steve Hamas kayoed Tommy De Stefano in two rounds. Benny Touchstone won from Walter Pickard. Joe Doctor defeated Seal Harris. Baxter Calmes kayoed Pete Wistort in six rounds. Tony Poloni finished Henry Spaletta in the first round. Jack McCarthy kayoed Harry Allen in nine rounds and won over Pietro Corri. George Panka outpointed Roy Clark.

Maxey Rosenbloom, ruler of the light-heavies, scored a knockout over Dick Daniels in the seventh round. Daniels whipped Con O'Kelly. Billy Jones disposed of Joe Banovic in seven rounds. Bob Olin whipped Willie Bush. George Nichols whipped Snowflakes Wright. Bob Godwin defeated Battling Bozo and kayoed Jimmy McDuffie. Dave Maier stiffened Johnny Saunders in eight rounds. Owen Phelps kayoed Fred Lenhart in the twelfth round.

Harry Ebbets defeated Buck Easterling. Charley Belanger whipped Tony Cancela and Tony scored over Muggs Kerr. Patsy Perroni defeated Chuck Burns, Primo Ubaldi and kayoed Ubaldi in eight rounds. Yale Okun whipped Don Petrin. Tom Patrick won over Terris Hill.

The middleweight title is still vacant. Dave Shade heads the list of contenders through his victory over Ben Jeby. Marcel Thil knocked out Tom Benjamin in eight rounds in Paris. Vince Dundee whipped Johnny Peppe and stopped Solly Krieger in eight rounds. Harry Smith was stopped by Jimmy Hannah, a light-heavyweight, in San Francisco in the tenth round. Frankie O'Brien scored a surprise knockout victory over Angel Cliville in the ninth round.

Gorilla Jones disposed of Johnny Roberts in three rounds. Benny Miller whipped Jackie Aldare. Frankie Battaglia scored knockouts over Charley Long and Joe Ruggozoni in three rounds each. Henry Firpo kayoed Gary Leach in two rounds. Leach scored over Johnny Burns.

Paul Pirrone kayoed Jimmy Taylor in five rounds. Pete Suskey scored over Sammy Baker and Mike Collins. Hans Mueller finished Marty Roth in two rounds and defeated Billy Tosk. Benny Leonard stopped Pal Silvers in the second round. Enzo Fiermonte captured the Italian middleweight title by defeating Mario Bosisio. Ray Tramblie kayoed Matthews in the first round. Joe Zelinsky disposed of Henry Goldberg in three rounds and Roscoe Manning scored over Joe Gorman.

The welterweight title changed hands when Lou Brouillard won decisively over Young Jack Thompson. Thompson finished Tommy Jones in three rounds. Jackie Fields whipped King Tut in Detroit. Billy Townsend whipped Earl Whitehead, Eddie Ran and drew with Paulie Walker. Bucky Lawless won from Young Harry Wills. Jackie Brady kayoed Duke Trammel in two rounds and drew with Eddie Shapiro. Gaston Le Cadre whipped Madison Dix and drew with Andy Di Vodi.

Eduard Duarry, hard hitting Cuban, kayoed Eddie Elkins in two rounds, but was beaten by Vincent Hambright. Sammy Mandell drew with Joey Harrison. Battling Dozier drew with Eddie Murdock and scored over Gaby Bagdad. Gaby kayoed Leo Hause in five rounds. Morris Sherman won from Tug Phillips.

Jackie Horner defeated Pete Petroskey. Emil Rossi drew with Phil Rafferty. Charley Cobb kayoed Bobby O'Hara in five rounds. Relampago Saguero whipped Joe Cortez. Al Rossi kayoed Pinky Kaufman in seven rounds. Jack Purvis defeated Art Champaign. Harry Wallach won from Ole Nesheim and Jackie Phillips defeated Billy White.

Manuel Quintero heads the list of active junior-welterweights. During the month he kayoed Tony Sattelo and Walker Miller in three rounds apiece and whipped Felix Thomez. Tony Herrera whipped Babe Herman, Harry Carlton, Joey Goodman and Young Firpo. Goodman defeated Tony Lombardo and Firpo scored over Pat Igo. Steve Haliako kayoed Lud Abella in three rounds and Lou Petrone in seven.

Mickey Cohen scored victories over Harry Dublinsky and Herman Perlick. Joe Glick was beaten by Andy Saviola and Mike Payan. Ralph Lenny won from Howard Mitchell but was beaten by Lew Raymond. Tommy Grogan whipped Billy Hoon. Freddy Haverlak won from Henry Perlick. Jack Portney defeated Mickey Diamond. Herman Folins out pointed Willie Garafola and Joe Trabon kayoed Frankie Smirl in eight rounds.

Louis Kid Kaplan was the most prominent of the lightweights in action. Lew kayoed Pancho Villa in nine rounds. Ray Miller flattened Solly Ritz in one round and Georgie Day in three. Wesley Ramey whipped Erwin Berlier. Johnny Jadick drew with Lew Massey. Prince Saunders scored over Babe Herman and Eddie Shea but was beaten by Mike Dundee and Jimmy Alvarado. Billy Wallace defeated Louis Severo.

Frank Bojorski disposed of Lew Paluso in five rounds. Tod Morgan scored two victories over Sammy Santos. Johnny Gaito won from Mike Sarko. Bobby Pacho defeated Cyclone Frakes and lost to Cecil Payne. Battling Gizzy kayoed Jackie Dugan in five rounds. Barney Ross defeated Glen Camp. Patsy Pasculli drew with Al Santora and lost to Eddie Cerda. Ernie Ratner defeated Tommy Crowley.

Kid Chocolate is showing some action in the junior-lightweight class. He kayoed Al Rube Goldberg in three, Joe Scalfaro in one and defeated Steve Smith. Joe Ghnouly defeated Davey Abad, Tommy Dell and Lou Terry. Joey Costa scored over Lew Feldman. Maurice Holtzer whipped Desnoult in Paris. Santiago Zorilla won from Cecil Payne. Miki Gelb defeated Charley Raymond and Johnny Kaiser kayoed Harry Forbes in four rounds and Joe Paglina in two.

Battling Battalino was beaten by Roger Bernard and Bushy Graham but both matches were over the featherweight limit. Graham is a featherweight and Bernard proved that he is still a junior-lightweight by weighing 129½ pounds. Earl Mastro whipped Billy Shaw. Kid Francis won over Claude Varner. Fidel La Barba won from Joe Guerrero. Andy Martin whipped Pancho Villa and was beaten by Tommy Paul. Paul also whipped Johnny Farr. Nel Tarleton won the British featherweight title from Johnny Cuthbert in a fifteen-round bout.

Johnny Pena scored over Lew Pacion and Carl Mazzolo. Frankie Wallace whipped Johnny Datto and Jackie Rodgers. Datto kayoed Jackie Wilson in three rounds. Pete De Grasse was beaten by Stanley Winneryk and Ernie Mandell. Hymie Wiseman whipped Solly Schuman and Glen Kid Lehr. Paul Wangley knocked out Eddie Smith in five rounds. Raymond Montoya drew with Ray Butler.

Al Brown, bantamweight title holder, knocked out Ginger Jones in nine rounds. Eugene Huat scored over Newsboy Brown in Montreal. Willie Davies and Ross Fields split a pair of decisions. Mose Butch whipped Johnny Datto. Jimmy Thomas won over Pinky Silverberg. Sammy Farber defeated Cris Pineda. Dick Welsh whipped Tony Barbaria. Ernie Peters won from Young Kosky and lost to Young Nationalista. Jimmy Sayers scored over Frisco Grande. Britt Gorman whipped Frankie Donnelly and Petey Hayes defeated Artie Weinberg and Conrad Conde.

Midget Wolgast, flyweight champion, is going great on the Pacific Coast. Wolgast defeated Speedy Dado, Chato Laredo and kayoed Tony Russell in three rounds. Frankie Genaro won from Valentin Anglemann in Paris. Jackie Brown, English flyweight leader, kayoed Ottavia Gori in eight rounds. Little Pancho whipped Joe Connell in the Phillipines.

The ten best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Lew Franklin, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bantamweight—Allen Foston, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Featherweight—Tony Catalano, Providence, R. I.

Junior-lightweight—Benny Whittler, Baltimore, Md.

Lightweight—Louis Jallos, Cleveland, Ohio.

Junior - welterweight — Charley Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Welterweight—Al Rossi, Newark, N. J.

Middleweight—Jack Carroll, Australia.

Light-heavyweight—Ed Bennett, Newport, Ky.

Heavyweight—Vincent Parrila, Argentine.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH ENDING OCTOBER

The following are my ratings for the month ending October 24:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
World's Champion Max Schmeling	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	Title Vacant	World's Champion Lou Brouillard	World's Champion Jack Kid Berg
1—Jack Sharkey	George Manley	Dave Shade	Jimmy McLarnin	Billy Petrolle
2—Tommy Loughran	Billy Jones	Marcel Thil	Young Corbett	Manuel Quintero
3—Ernie Schaaf	Lew Scozza	Vince Dundee	Jackie Fields	Tony Herrera
4—Mickey Walker	Ace Hudkins	Harry Smith	Young Jack Thompson	Steve Haliako
5—Primo Carnera	Jimmy Slattery	Young Terry	Johnny Indrisano	Mickey Cohen
6—Young Stribling	Al Gainer	Ben Jeby	King Tut	Joey Goodman
7—Tuffy Griffiths	Bob Olin	Frankie O'Brien	Billy Townsend	Billy Lynch
8—Charley Retzlaff	Joe Banovic	Gorilla Jones	Paulie Walker	Young Firpo
9—Vittorio Campolo	Bob Godwin	George Nichols	Baby Joe Gans	Mike Payan
10—Paulino Uzcudun	Jimmy Hannah	Benny Miller	Teddy Yarosz	Andy Saviola

Lightweights	Junior-Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	World's Champion Battling Battalino	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Billy Petrolle	Roger Bernard	Bushy Graham	Pete Sanstol	Midget Wolgast
2—Louis Kid Kaplan	Benny Bass	Earl Mastro	Eugene Huat	Frankie Genaro
3—Ray Miller	Tracey Cox	Kid Francis	Newsboy Brown	Phil Tobias
4—Wesley Ramey	Mike Dundee	Tommy Paul	Archie Bell	Speedy Dado
5—Sammy Dorfman	Petey Sarron	Fidel La Barba	Vidal Gregario	Young Perez
6—Al Singer	Joey Costa	Freddy Miller	Ross Fields	Jackie Brown
7—Sammy Fuller	Joe Ghnouly	Eddie Shea	Willie Davies	Steve Rocco
8—Johnny Jadick	Santiago Zorilla	Claude Varner	Lew Farber	Young Pancho
9—Lew Massey	Miki Gelb	Nel Tarleton	Emile Pladner	Valentin Anglemann
10—Frank Bojorski	Lew Feldman	Johnny Pena	Mose Butch	Victor Ferrand

Along the Great Fite Way

EDDIE BORDEN

NEW YORK was treated to plenty of excitement with the thrilling fifteen-round battle, Jack Sharkey vs. Primo Carnera at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn, and the mystery was finally solved as to the merits and future possibilities of the Italian Gondolier.

Sharkey fought the first fight he has staged in some time and regained much of the prestige that he lost in the Mickey Walker affair. His boxing and all-round skill was in evidence on all occasions and he was almost credited with a knockout in the fourth round but for a slight technicality that arose.

Carnera went down from a left hook on the chin and made a motion to arise at the count of six but went down again when he saw Sharkey come to him. Sharkey made frantic gesticulations to Referee Gunboat Smith to count him out but the Gunner refused and continued the count.

This was the last open air show of the season and Jimmy Johnston's last enterprise before he stepped into the Garden.

The receipts hit over $106,000 net which was good considering the lateness of the summer season, but ordinarily Sharkey and Carnera would have been good for $200,000 at the very least.

Benny Leonard made his long awaited "comeback" at the Queensboro Stadium and it is to be greatly regretted that the debut was far from a success. He was pitted against Pal Silvers and Benny was credited with a knockout in the second round. Benny received much criticism following this affair but was not discouraged and thinks that he will make his way on the comeback path.

Madison Square Garden took cognizance of the rivalry offered by Jim Johnston and after a series of conferences with Bill Carey, Jimmy was appointed Vice President of the Garden and also general manager of the fistic enterprises. Following Johnston's appointment, Matchmaker Tom McArdle immediately turned in his resignation. Johnston appointed Sam McQuade, long connected with his office, the official matchmaker but it is taken for granted that Jimmy will be "Johnny on the spot" when any match is made.

A match that was made long before McArdle stepped out—Primo Carnera and Paulino Uzcudun—was squashed by the Commission when they decreed that Paulino was entirely too small for Primo in stature—The Elks Lodge No. 22 of Brooklyn was given a license to stage professional boxing and wrestling shows in its auditorium which seats over 5 000 people—It will be the only big clubhouse staging shows in Brooklyn and that borough is big enough to support a club of that size—Young Stribling returned to action when he kayoed Salvatore Ruggirello, hard hitting Italian in two rounds—That will quiet the rumors that Schmeling finished Stribling with his heavy body blows.

Jimmy Johnston closed a great match for his opening show at the Garden when he secured Tony Canzoneri to defend his lightweight title against Kid Chocolate. This is about the best match around for small fellows and should create plenty of interest—If the weight contract reads 135 pounds and Tony comes in under 130, he will be fighting for both junior-lightweight and lightweight titles—Jimmy Johnston, Jr., a youngster of 26, will handle the matchmaker reins at the St. Nicholas Rink, the second best club in Greater New York City—With the assistance of Charley Johnston, they should be able to give the fans some good scraps—Joe Sekyra got the worst of a very poor decision when they gave King Levinsky the verdict over him in Chicago recently.

Matty Mario of Staten Island, who is making a fine comeback after a long layoff, left handed his way to a one-sided victory at the Odd Fellows' Hall of Albany on October 23 over Frankie Petrolle. The first was the only one in which Mario was unable to click. The rest was an easy task.

Jackie Fields evened up for the Young Terry defeat by whipping King Tut—Fields will be doing good if he stays in the welterweight class—All those who can whip him in that division can be counted on one finger—Billy Townsend arrived in town unknown and unheralded and caught the fancy of the New York fans with his colorful fighting—He whipped Eddie Ran in a scorching bout after being on the floor in one of the early rounds and followed up with a clean-cut victory over Paulie Walker but only got a draw for his trouble—A few more fighters on the Townsend order will soon eliminate depression in the boxing game—Ed Willard in Chicago challenges all the leading middleweights in the East on behalf of Ray Tramblie, his Chicago middleweight.

Jimmy O'Grady, who formerly trained and managed fighters in Grand Rapids, is now running a gym in Traverse City, Mich.—Heinie Martin, of the Grand Rapids *Herald*, is one of the most devout admirers of Wesley Ramsey, home town lightweight, and he expresses his admiration in emphatic terms—To prove that there is always reward for the courageous is shown in the story surrounding Max Hoff of Philadelphia—He purchased the contract of Roger Bernard from Mike McNulty immediately after the former was kayoed by Prince Saunders in two rounds—His faith was vindicated three weeks later when Roger pounded out a clean-cut victory over Battling Battalino in an overweight bout. Bernard weighed 129½ and looked great in victory.

Moe Fleischer acted as trainer of Kid Chocolate and also managed Jimmy Slavin about this time last year—Slavin went through a series of great victories and Moe had an idea that Slavin would eventually prove the superior of the Cuban Bon Bon—Later events proved that Moe was wrong so he is now training Chocolate and doing a good job of it—Phil Bernstein is going to make a comeback in the boxing game with Izzy Schwartz, Emil Paluso and Murray Elkins—Harry Smith suffered some bad luck when he was kayoed by Jimmy Hannah in the last round after winning all the way—Smith came back to New York but is going back to meet his conquerer some time in the near future—Gabe Kaufman and Frankie Gatto have doubled up in boxing activities at Convention Hall in Kansas City.

Benny Miller, Pacific Coast, whipped Jackie Aldare and went back to the Coast for a brief sojourn—Benny got off to a bad start losing to Young Terry but came back with victories over Marty Sampson, Jack Rosenberg. Miller has a good style and was well liked by the fans—Joey Costa and Lew Feldman staged ten rounds of fireworks in the Garden with Costa nosing out the decision—Dave Shade proved too smart for Ben Jeby in their ten-round fray at the Garden—Shade stands out at the top of the middleweight division—Lew Sangor, brother of Joey, is now handling Dave Maier, hard hitting Milwaukee light-heavyweight—Battling Battalino again showed his indifference at fighting over the weight when he was beaten by Bushy Graham in Cincinnati—Battalino is a peculiar type but a good man to bet on when there is something at stake—Johnny Kaiser, veteran St. Louis featherweight, is fighting in the best form of his career—Jack Callahan is doing good work with his charge.

Joey Medill and Dan Gasparo, two former fighters belonging to the Sam Pian and Art Winch stable, retired from the ring some months ago—Medill and Gasparo have doubled up in the management of boxers, their first charge being Dave Day, a promising featherweight—Medill will do the managing and Gasparo the training end—Harry Ebbets and Babe Herman have settled around Chicago—Tracey Cox and Manager Bert Rumer have spent several weeks in New York looking at the sights—Joe Sekyra outpointed Jimmy Braddock in the Garden but was far from impressive—Joe seems to be suffering from overwork—Joey Green, brother of the infamous Mack, has started his professional career and looks highly promising.

Frankie Hughes of Clinton, Ind., has shown winning form and seems to be headed for bigger things—Solly King, former amateur lightweight, is being groomed for a pro career—Some time ago we mentioned about George Kid Taylor, a promising youngster, coming from Waukegan, Wisc.—Dave Robinson, his manager, corrects us with the information that Waukegan is located in Illinois and not Wisconsin—Al Minnahan, Irish light-heavyweight, is still bowling them over in New York—Charley Bennett is handling Minnahan and if he takes care of his protege, Minnahan may develop into another Jim Coffey, minus the glass chin—Sam Pian came eastward to handle Earl Mastro against Midget Mike O'Dowd in Hartford—Willie Gilzenberg is running shows at the Armory and Laurel Gardens in Newark.

An inside story on how some matches are made—Harry Bloomfield, promoter for the Columbus Sporting Club of Yonkers had trouble in closing a match with Harry Garsh—Bloomfield, besides being promoter, is also manager of the Equity Theatre Ticket Agency—After much dickering between Garsh and Bloomfield two front row seats for the Ziegfeld Follies settled the arbitration—Garsh insisted on the seats before he would clinch the match—Lew Stillman refused to allow Ted Healy, the comedian, to crash his gymnasium to see Jack Sharkey train unless he paid the admittance fee—Ted fooled him by not entering the place.

Wilbur Wood of the *Sun* has fun with fight managers who are guilty of misusing the English language—Here is one that he missed—A certain promoter was persuaded to stage a wrestling show much against his will—As it happened, they failed to draw any money and he was explaining "Gee, I had a prenomination that those wrestlers were no good."

A testimonial dinner was tendered to Jimmy Johnston by Bill Carey with several hundred guests invited—Plenty of celebrities were present and it was a night for singing the praises of the new Garden matchmaker—Jimmy has the chance of a lifetime—He can bring the boxing gave right out of its slump—No man was ever given more power—Jimmy has the ability to make good use of that power and we hope that he is the man who will bring back those wonderful houses—He makes good copy and is one of the very few individuals who can dominate the sporting writers with the sheer force of his personality.

Tom McArdle, who resigned his duties as matchmaker, is comfortably fixed and can retire from the boxing game for the balance of his life—Lew Brix and Nat Rogers, his assistants, will remain managing various boxers—Brix handles Paulino Uzcudun, while Nat looks out for Lew Farber, a good little bantamweight—Toots Sullivan and Warren Murray will take their places as aides in the matchmaking department. The shakeup has given the boxing game a new lease on life.

John Murray, Editor of the English Magazine "Boxing" for twenty-two years, severed his affiliations with that organ, when new owners took it over—Sol Gold and Frankie Jacobs are contemplating Jeff Dickson's offer to engage in several bouts in England and Paris for Jack Kid Berg—Berg is still undecided whether he will remain in the running or not—Berg's kid brother, Teddy, is coming along rapidly over in England—He has scored twenty-two straight victories—Sammy Dorfman, another of the Goldie-Jay stable, is just as good as he wants to be—Dorfman, if properly trained, is one of the country's best lightweights.

A bad decision was rendered in Cleveland last month when Ross Fields, promising bantam, was given an undeserved verdict over Willie Davies—Jim Buchanan sends along clippings to prove that Davies won five of the six rounds—Bill Gore and Warren Murray are partners in the largest boxing club in Miami—Gore is down South while Warren is connected with Jimmy Johnston—They are also handling Gilbert Castillo, one of the South's best featherweights—Harry Wallach continues his winning streak and numbers nineteen consecutive triumphs—Joe Lewis is running shows at the small hall in

Cleveland's Public Auditorium—Two championship tilts were held during the month—The welterweight match in Boston and the featherweight scrap in Chicago.

Chick Devlin, Pacific Coast middleweight, is in New York and will be handled by Charley Johnston—Frankie O'Brien created a big upset in Milwaukee when he kayoed Angel Cliville in nine rounds—The tournament was coming along nicely and the two likely favorites were Cliville and Gorilla Jones—Gene and Glenn, radio stars of Cleveland, are the actual managers of Paul Pirrone, with Eddie Mead handling the business negotiations—The miracle of miracles finally happened—Maxey Rosenbloom scored a clean cut knockout—Dick Daniels being the victim.

CONNECTICUT NOTES
By STEVE KELLY

AT Stamford, Rudy Marshall, rated New England middleweight champion, faced a substitute in Gilbert Payne, of Bridgeport, and Payne lost via the technical kayo route. Payne was also stopped by Solly Angelo in three rounds and Angelo is only a beginner.

Gene Bryant, Norwalk, stopped by Jack Keller, Holyoke battler.

Willie Lewis, Stamford junior-welterweight, stopped Frankie Smith, in six rounds. Lewis is about the best fighter of his weight in Connecticut.

Tommy Donahue, Greenwich Irishman, beat Roy Sweppie Malbon, of the Pickel stable, in four rounds.

Silent Barrett, Stamford deaf mute lightweight, keeps up his winning streak and easily beat Mickey Donato of Mamaroneck.

Billy Bridges, up and coming Norwalk battler, handed a shellacking to Sammy Manley, of the Pickel stable, in a return match.

Irish Tommy Donahue, Greenwich, lost a hard fight to Young Firpo, of Portchester.

Battling Nelson, of Norwalk, lost to Mickey Donato, of Mamaroneck.

Solly Angelo, Stamford, won via the technical kayo route over Gilbert Payne, of Bridgeport, in three rounds.

Mike Esposito, Stamford featherweight, has moved to New York and joined the National Guard.

Frankie O'Brien, Hartford middleweight stopped Angel Cliville in the N. B. A. tournament at Milwaukee, and is looked upon as a favorite to win the world's middleweight title.

In response to a lot of queries the writer would like to inform his readers that Lou Brouillard, leading welterweight, is a native of Danielson, Connecticut, and is not from Worcester, Mass. He has whipped Rudy Marshall and won on a technical kayo over Marshall, New England's middleweight champion.

Pat Lyden, of the Norwalk Armory, is off the "controlled amateur fights," and will put in wrestling shows instead.

Promoter Joe Chimbole, of Stamford, staged the greatest action show seen in the state in many moons and played to a five-hundred-dollar house.

Al Caroly, of Walnut Beach, and New Haven Arena, will promote bouts at the Greenwich Armory.

Danbury will have fights during the indoor season.

Kayo Morgan is about to return to the wars, after a long lay-off. Morgan is looked upon as New England's bantamweight champion.

Here is a list of the leading boxers in Connecticut in their respective clases:
Heavyweights—Buddy Howard, Al Boros.
Light-Heavyweight—Al Gainer.
Middleweights—Frankie O'Brien, Leo Larrivee, Rudy Marshall.
Welterweights—Lou Brouillard, Eddie Moore.
Junior-welterweight—Willie Lewis.
Lightweights—Kid Kaplan, Jackie Pilkington, Eddie Lord, Bobby Mays.
Featherweights—Bat Battalino, Mike Esposito.
Bantamweights—Kayo Morgan, Joe K. O. D'Andrea.
Flyweight—Jackie Harmon.

With Al Caroly promoting in Greenwich on one side and Pat Lyden, in Norwalk, on the other, it looks like Stamford, with Joe Chimbole, will have to produce real fights to offset the opposition.

Willie Angelo, Stamford middleweight, is the best club-fighter in Connecticut, but is not seen in action often enough.

Well, managers, promoters and fans, this is your column, send in your news before the fifteenth of each month to 42 Cedar Street, Stamford, Conn.

MAINE BOXING
By FRANKIE BREARD

YOUNG STANLEY KETCHELL, Bangor welter, whom the Ring experts considered as the best prospect in New England last year, is living up to expectations. Recently he defeated Bud Fisher, of Dexter, at Presque Isle. Ray Burnett, Presque Isle, knocked out Killer Carter, Hampden, in three and Tommy Lowe, Bangor, lost to Sniper Palmer, of Canada.

Joe Zelinsky, Binghampton, N. Y., light-heavy, earned a kayo over Harry Allen, Brockton, Mass., in the tenth at Portland. Jack Baggett, Texas cowboy, put a stop to Laddie Lee's comeback by KOing him in the first. Red Grange, Portland, KOed Steve Belamy, Boston in three and Johnny Miltzos, Bath, beat Jules Zachow, Portland.

Freddy Amero, of Milo, had the better of Joe Mandell, Bangor, in the main bout at Milo. Frank Stanchfield, Milo, drew with Peanut Dubay, Old Town; Pat Cormier, Old Town, shaded Kid Ferguson, Howland and Big Boy Sullivan, Old Town, KOed Babe Caron, Brownville, in three.

Young Dempsey, Woolwich, drew with old Sailor, Utah, Bangor, at Lincoln. Tony Brennan, hard working Bangor youth, gave Kayo King, Bath, a shellacking, and Jimmy Smith, Bangor, KOed Ned Ferris, Bath, in three.

Andy Callahan, of Boston, gave Joe Canamare, Lewiston, such a severe beating at Lewiston, that the bout was stopped in the sixth.

Paul Junior, Lewiston, regained the Pine Tree lightweight championship, when he defeated Ted Kid Drew, of Bidderford, at Portland. In the semi-final, Rocky Knight, Montreal's veteran Negro heavyweight, beat Rosey Botout, Lewiston giant.

Bobby Mainfort will run weekly wrestling shows in Bangor this winter.

Johnny Buckley, who manages Jack Sharkey, Ernie Schaaf and other leading pugilists, has purchased Paul Junior's contract from "Tex" Weisman, of Lewiston. Junior is one of the best boys here. He is a lightweight.

Kayo Stevens, Dexter, was defeated by Freddy Amero, Milo, in their slug-fest at Sangerville's first show of the season. Pat Pinette, Milo, made it five wins in a row by licking Young Stevens, Dexter; Young Bonsey, Dover-Foxcroft, KOed Kid Mayheu in two, and Young Bragdon, Sangerville, beat Mike Duffy, Brownville.

George Paulin, of Bath, has made rapid progress. He is making a strong bid for a match with Art Geroux, of Portland, present claimant of the state flyweight title.

WESTERN RHODE ISLAND
By A. SOLOVEITZIK

HOOKIE JACKSON, hard-hitting Westerly middleweight, was the busiest fighter in this section during the past month. Hookie engaged in three fights, winning two and drawing in one.

He fought a six-round draw with Karl Lautenschlager, of Germany, at Providence in his opening bout of the month. A rally in the last three rounds, after he got off to a slow start, gave the Westerly boy an even break. In his next engagement Hookie beat Bull Davis of the New London Coast Guard, in six frames. Hookie was hard pressed to win this fight, but a last-round rally gave him the verdict. His final bout of the month was his clash with Al Paladino, of New York, whom he bested in six sessions. Jackson scored three knockdowns in the first round, and after this frame coasted through to the finish.

Following his fight with Paladino, Jackson was hired by Young Jack Thompson, welterweight champion of the world, to help him train for the latter's fight with Lou Brouillard, of Danielson, slated for October 23. The Westerly boy acquitted himself creditably in his sparring sessions with the champion.

Nick Falcone was the only other Westerly boy to see any action during the past month, and he failed to last long against Stanley Bethke, of New Haven, going down for the count in the opening session of a four-rounder.

HOLYOKE, MASS., NEWS
By GEORGE "KID" ROSS

THE Kid Chocolate vs. Tommy Crowley bout which was to have taken place in the Valley Arena at Holyoke, was banned by Eugene Buckley, the state boxing commissioner, ruling that Crowley was not a fit opponent. This is the second time within a month that the commissioner has failed to sanction bouts in Western Massachusetts. The result of Tommy Crowley's last two fights in Western Mass. was loss of a close decision from Louis Kid Kaplan and a k. o. win over Johnny Gaito, of New York.

In the main bout of ten rounds, in the Valley Arena, of Holyoke, Louis Kid Kaplan, of Meriden, Conn., knocked out Pancho Villa, of New Bedford, Mass., in the ninth round.

Meyer Cohen, of Holyoke, a former first rate fighter, in the welterweight division, made a comeback. In a six-round bout gave Tony Costa, of New Bedford, Mass., a licking all the way.

Billy Herman, of Springfield, Mass., fighting under the name of Charlie Pepe, beat Billy O'Brien, the fast clever boxer of the North End, in a bout full of action.

Unknown Winston, Negro boxer, of Waterbury, Conn., knocked out Jerry Garfield, of New York, in the second round. This was Winston's third straight k. o. here.

The other ten-round feature, between Pete DeGrasse and Stanley Winneryk, of Boston, Mass., stole the show. This bout was a great exhibition of boxing, with Winneryk winning the decision.

Johnny Fitzpatrick, of New York, hit Frankie Millerick, of Somerville, Mass. on the jaw with a solid left hook that floored him for the count of four, in the second round, but as Millerick was out on his feet walking to his corner, Fitzpatrick hit him again, and the referee, Jack Dekker stopped the bout.

Pittsfield: Johnny Pena, of New York, won a decision over Lew Pacion, of Waterford, N. Y., in a main bout of ten rounds at the Berkshire A. C. Frankie Martin, of Pittsfield, Mass. won a decision over Jimmy Russo, of Bridgeport, Conn. in eight rounds.

Lew Farber, of New York, won over Chris Pineda, of Waterford, N. Y., in ten.

Jerry Emard, of Holyoke, Mass., stopped Connie Mello, of New Bedford, in the third, when he cut Mello's eye and the referee halted the bout.

CENTRAL AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS
By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

LOU BROUILLARD, Worcester welterweight and holder of the New England titles in the welter and middleweight divisions, was crowned champion of the world before 18,500 frantic fans when he decisively defeated Young Jack Thompson at the Boston Garden.

"Dynamite" Lou carrried virtually every round from the very outset. In the sixth he dropped Tiger Jack. Thompson claimed foul but the referee continued counting and the fight went on. In the tenth Lou dropped Thompson for nine and again in the thirteenth. Thompson took a beating all through the fifteen rounds which was a replica of the previous non-title fracas in which Lou took all but one round.

Boxing is slated for a comeback locally. After a dead summer season during which only three shows were staged, a card has been arranged to open the indoor season. Wrestling with its record crowds of 10,000 during the summer and huge crowds during the winter started off the indoor season with a bang.

Jim Browning, powerful-legged Missourian, disposed of Lee Wyckoff in a two out of three fall match. In the semi-final, the elusive Count Zarynoff wrestled evenly for 30 minutes with Frank Judson. Archie Golembeskie, Providence College football coach, pinned Elmer Saunders of Boston. It was a great card, packed with thrills and is only an appetizer in comparison to what is in store for the fans according to Maestro Jack McGrath.

Billy George, popularly prominent local sportsman and boxing referee was tendered a banquet by his many friends during the month, before he joins the ranks of the benedicts.

Worcester's most promising fighters for the winter season are Tony Benito and Tony Celli, middleweights; Vic Bernard, light-heavy and Billy Gonyea who will soon be a light-heavy. Jack Perry as a heavyweight. Harry Alexanian among the lightweights. Junior-lightweights are plentiful with Art Bergeron looming as the most promising lad in any class since the arrival of Lou Brouillard, heading the '30 pounders. Bergeron has not been taken seriously by many although he has won six straight, the last two ending in knockouts. Watch this lad! Other junior-lightweights are Johnny Yagjian, Pete Savageau and Harvey Peete. Your scribe hopes to compile the semi-annual rating of New England's fighters in the next issue. Watch for it.

The only main bout fighters to withstand the dead summer are Vernon Cormier, featherweight; Joe Belair, junior-lightweight; Harry Devine, lightweight, and Billy Gonyea, middlewegiht. Lou Brouillard has outgrown the seating capacity of Mechanics Hall.

In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

THE Chicago Stadium had to pass up a date but that was because of the Earl Mastro-Bat Battalino featherweight championship battle last month. Matchmaker Nate Lewis would like to pass up a few more dates to get those kind of matches. The bout figured to pack the Stadium building to the rafters. And that's quite a feat because it was never done before at a professional show. The arena seats 23,000.

The match was over a year in the making and when ringworms gave up hope of ever seeing the contest it was closed by Matchmaker Lewis in New York, like rain out of a clear sky.

The outstanding thing about the combat was the fact that if Mastro won he was the first Chicago born and bred boxer who won a title in 37 years. At that time Jimmy Barry won the bantamweight championship. Jackie Fields, ex-welter monarch, was born on the west side but he learned his fisticuffs in Los Angeles.

Brown's loop gymnasium and Kid Howard's Arcade Gym are doing a big business and Proprietors Joe Brown and Howard Carr are smiling once more. Previous to the Mastro-Battalino and Schaaf-Griffiths bouts, things pugilistic were very quiet here and as a consequence both downtown gymnasiums didn't do much business. However, things have perked up considerably and a good winter is in store for all.

Here's how local experts scored the disputed decision Ernie Schaaf was awarded over Tuffy Griffiths:

Mike Murphy, *Daily News*—Five rounds for Griffiths, two for Schaaf and three even.

Lou Diamond, *Daily Times*—Five rounds for Griffiths, three for Schaaf and two even.

Clair Kelly, *Evening American*—Four for Griffiths, four for Schaaf and two even.

Harry McNamara, *Herald-Examiner*—Seven rounds for Schaaf, one for Griffiths and two even.

Wilfrid Smith, *Tribune*—Five rounds for Schaaf, two for Griffiths and three even.

Larry Fitzgerald, *Evening Post*—Four rounds for Schaaf, three for Griffiths and three even.

Fourteen thousand, three hundred and nine persons paid $41,115 to view the Schaaf-Griffiths scrap.

Sonny Lloyd, former Chicago favorite, is returning to the ring wars following a period of one year on the sidelines. He has been in town for seven months and will be ready to fight any bantamweight in the country next month. Sonny is 26 years old and his comeback is a necessity. He has been hustling newspapers since he arrived here.

Harry Dillon, who is considered through as a ringman at the age of 27 years, blames it on his marriage which took place 18 months ago. He doesn't think it is permanent, however, as he finds himself rounding back into the condition of yore. He is doing his own business and is located at the Arcade gymnasium.

Bill Miller, author of "To You I Tell It" and nifty publicizer of the Coliseum A. C.'s cards, is a great writer but couldn't break into movie studios as a scenario writer because he didn't have the right connections. Miller is a dandy dialogue writer and his latest story, about 3,000 words, is named "Fisticusses" and several high class magazines have received it. Bill, whose right name is Horwitz and is Jewish, was sports editor of the Manila *Bulletin*, the largest newspaper in the Far East. He was co-partnered with Churchill and then Bronson as publicist and mentor. Mrs. Miller is in Los Angeles with their two sons, and will come to the loop if Bill makes the grade with the Coliseum A. C. He is located at 507 Burnham Bldg., Chicago.

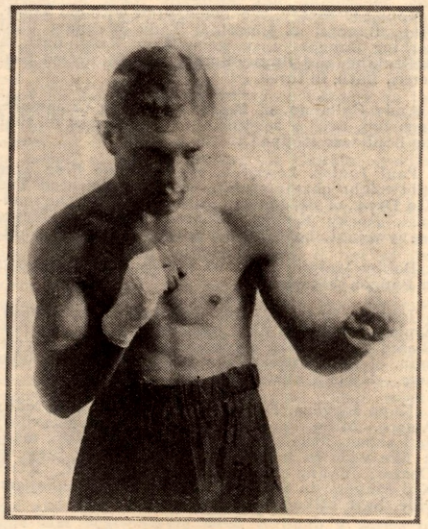
Mickey McLernon, former Chicago 147-pounder, is boxing instructor at the New London Naval Academy. He was managed here by George Oswego, George DuBray and Sig Hart. McLernon has a training camp at Tomahawk, Wis., where Otto Von Porat, Mickey Patrick and a flock of others condition themselves for tough fights.

Robert (Bibber) McCoy, a former collegian, was born at Cambridge, Mass., where he still makes his home and is 24 years of age. . . . George Calza, who went to Trieste college, was a swimmer, a high diver, an oarsman and an expert mountain climber before he took up grappling in 1918. . . . Don DeLonge, the Utah Frenchman, weighed 118 pounds at the age of 22 and in four years has acquired over 60 pounds . . . He wrestled in the 126, 135, 147, 160, and 175-pound divisions before mingling with the heavyweights.

Few fistic followers know the real reason behind Tom Ford's absence from the game for the past four years. It isn't because he didn't have good battlers and he is not well liked but because his wife is suffering the after effects of dieting, with a nervous breakdown. Mrs. Ford weighed 157 pounds and went down to 109. She is on the upgrade now and scales 133. It will be good news to Tom's many friends. Al Miller's been caring for Ford's boxers.

Police Commissioner Alcock's twenty-three-year-old son, Tom, trains daily at Brown's gym and observers say he has the foundation for a brilliant ringster. He weighs in the neighborhood of 175 pounds and is close to six feet tall. He is a Harvard University graduate and a law student.

Wrestling rumbles—Buss Halbriter, Los Angeles business man, was Joe Savoldi's first manager. . . . Prof. Bauer, the Masked Marvel of France, introduced Graeco-Roman wrestling in this country in California, 1870. . . . The only match that has a chance to equal, or better, the Frank Gotch-George Hackenschmidt $87,000 house here would be a renewal of the Jim Londos-Ed (Strangler) Lewis feud. . . . Frank Judson's right name is Frank Jedlewski.



Tracey Cox, hard hitting Indianapolis Junior-lightweight, now campaigning around New York

Fistic chips—Jack McCarthy is now janitoring on the west side . . . Clyde Hull journeyed all the way from Omaha at the request of "Silent Jack" Tierney to battle Jerry Crano a draw and Tierney ran off with the payroll . . . Jimmy Gardner, who is 47 years old, is living on the money in escrow while Jimmy Clabby, an old rival, is five years younger, but is up against it . . . Bud Saltis, one punch knockerout of Ted Ross, is a Minneapolis boy but lives on the north side with his pilot, Charley Cutler. Saltis is sweethearting for 8 months.

Jimmy Flynn, born James Christopher, and Billy Finnucane, ward committeeman, joined forces in the management of a string of boxers. Flynn has been actively interested in boxing ever since he was 11 years, beating the best boys in James Otis school near Grand Ave. He entered the ring when 14 but had to quit shortly after because of his mother. Jimmy, who is a milkman when not in the gymnasium developing his and Finnucane's proteges, seconded Earl Mastro in many of the latter's amateur bouts. He has been trying to develop a top-notcher for over ten years and in Johnny Lullo he seems to have one. Finnucane has a training farm at St. Joe, Mich., and opens it each summer. Besides Lullo, Finnucane and Flynn manage Mickey Joy, Rudy Sterbenz and Mike Triola. Both Finnucane and Flynn are a credit to the game. Let's have more of them.

Dave Mearns, who doubles as a ring mentor and radio announcer, seems to have an embryonic champion in Johnny Baima. Mearns, who was a fighter himself a decade ago, also guides the ring destinies of Kid Irish, an Italian featherweight.

Inside stuff—Rex Beach used Frank Churchill as a leading character in his "The Spoilers," a story of the Alaskan gold rush. Beach and Churchill made the trip together to the Alaskan gold fields in 1898.

Jack Peppin, Winnipeg, Man. fisticuffia man, letters some sad and interesting news. Quina Lee, southern bantamweight who made several starts here, left the hospital following a motor accident, with his left arm removed at the shoulder. Peppin also writes to say Laurie Peppin, claimant of the Canadian middleweight title, recuperated from an automobile accident but will not fight until late December or early January. Right now Jack is concentrating his attention on a heavyweight, Trojack, a big lumberjack who knocked out Tommy Haven with a punch.

Cecil (Seal) Harris, south side 220-pounder, lost a close decision to Joe Doctor of Buffalo at Toronto, according to Barney Abel. Abel handled Harris in that fight but he is dickering with Jimmy Daugherty, Leiperville, Pa., pilot, and may sell Harris' contract to the latter for $750.

Karl Ogren, who was never defeated as an amateur, is in Stockholm, Sweden for his combat with Ed Hultgren. If he wins he will face Heinie Domgorgen for the Swedish middleweight title. Ogren is back under the management of Ed Stevenson.

Dick Curley does not think he was treated fairly in the matter of the King Levinsky-Jimmy Slattery combat at Detroit. Curley, who is promoting at the Coliseum here, had the promise of Slattery to fight Levinsky for him but King signed with Floyd Fitzsimmons of Detroit thinking he could draw more money. Inasmuch as the Chicago Coliseum has a seating capacity of 12,000 and Curley had given Levinsky the chance to acquire that Joe Sekyra win Dick thought he deserved King's services with Slattery.

Hot off the griddle—Harry Fierro, local 122-pounder, is celebrating the arrival of a 7-pound, 12-ounce baby boy. He named the youngster Harry Jr. When the babe was born Fierro was on the sidelines for six weeks, his last contest being a victory over Marty Gold at Pittsburgh. He'll have to fight more often than that with the additional mouth to feed.

Prince Saunders, Cuban junior-lightweight of Chicago, challenges any boxer his weight in the country following his ten-round newspaper decision over Eddie Shea at St. Paul. For the second time Saunders went to the post at St. Paul on the wrong side of the fence but upset the apple cart and won each time. His other notable feat in the Twin Cities was a two-round kayo of Roger Bernard. The Shea bout was even going into the ninth round.

A Chicago promoter tells a story on Harry Miller, detective-brother of Dave, the well-known referee. He says:

"Harry saw a man astraddle another and knifing the man murderously, landing and withdrawing the stiletto from the latter's chest in quick succession. The fellow receiving the knife thrusts was moaning, 'Mamma mia.' Miller grabbed the knifer who got scared and blurted out 'me no kill . . . this my fr'en' . . . Man run 'way . . . I save my fr'en' . . . me take knife out.' "

Izzy Marks, one of the veterans of the ring in this city, has the following boxers under his managerial wing:

Lee Blackburn, Bill Matievich, Matty Matthews, Husk Johnson, Kelly Kulac, Paul Dempsey, Joey Lunetto, Jimmy Lamberson. According to Izzy, Lamberson was greater than Art Shires until he was beaten in the Golden Gloves tournament of 1929.

Tom Scott, manager of Tom Patrick, sends a bulletin telling of his Los Angeles light-heavyweight's most recent win. Harry B. Smith, San Francisco fight writer, tells the story in the first sentence of his one-half column story of the fight between Patrick and Terris Hill. He wrote:

"Tom Patrick threw too much leather at Terris Hill, the Los Angeles colored light-heavyweight, last night at Dreamland rink and took a ten-round decision." Patrick made many friends in contests here last summer.

Some of this and a little of that—Don Curley, former local manager, is at South Bend, Ind., promoting shows for the Big Bend A. C. . . . Charlie Bartlett, pinch hitter on fights for Wilfred Smith, wrote all of the stuff that appeared in Darby Kelly's Chicago Gong in 1926. Darby is Bartlett's uncle . . . Eddie Long's Johnny Sylvester made a hit while winning over Tony Cappa-relli here . . . Ray Tramblie, Ed Willard's middleweight ace, lost only five bouts in 37 since leaving the amateur ranks two years ago.

Johnny Burns, west coast 160-pounder who made a host of followers in this city a pair of semesters ago, is fast reclaiming them. He beat Haakon Hansen, Ted Ross and lost to Harry Ebbets. Johnny returned here from California six months ago and is back in his former stride. He is 23 years old. . . . Ed Purdy, Illinois athletic commission referee, is head house detective at the Morrison hotel. He has a five-year contract with the manager of the big Clark and Madison hostelry and plans on selling his Miami Solarium and outdoor gym.

Paul Dye of Olivet, Ill., wants to know if a guy like him could come to Chicago broke and make expenses until he gets more advanced in fighting. You sure can, Paul, but it's a hard grind. . . . Kid Francis, New York featherweight, made a tremendous hit while defeating Claude Varner at Los Angeles. Sid Ziff, California newspaperman said: "Claude Varner was pitifully outclassed by Kid Francis, the perpetual motion machine of pugilism, last night at the Olympic."

Detroit and Vicinity

By RAY POWERS

THE King Tut-Jackie Fields battle at Olympia last month held most of the sport spotlight for Detroit fans. Both Jackie and the King gave the 8,000 and some odd fans a great thrill when they put everything they had into the first four rounds of the ten-frame event.

Field's ability to hold off his opponent gave him the decision from Referee Elmer "Slim" McClelland.

Promoter Floyd Fitzsimmons dropped about $1,000 on the program but plans to pick it up later in the fall. Fitz made the grave error of sticking a five-dollar top on the show. His next pageant, he says, will go for a three-spot, and the officials of Olympia must lower that 17 per cent cut.

Fields went one pound over the limit and was forced to kick in his $500 to "Shylock" Leo Leavitt and Ernie Fliegel.

Frankie Battaglia, foremost contender for the empty middleweight throne, displayed his dynamite punches to the fans when he knocked out Joe Rugguzoni, rugged Detroit Italian, in the third stanza of their eight-round semi-final joust. Frankie showed considerable improvement since his last showing here and the fans gave him a big hand. He looks like the real McCoy.

Jackie Horner decisioned Pete Petroskey in another fast match on the supporting card. Horner is the tough little battler who crowned King Tut during one of the sparring sessions prior to the Fields bout. Jackie planted one of his hard rights on the regaled one's chin and the King went down like the price of crude oil.

Eddie Edelman, Eddie Meade's fighter from Cleveland, won a technical knockout over Andy "Kid" Brown, Detroit colored slugger, after the latter had battered the Cleveland southpaw with everything but his knees.

Mickey Balabon decisioned Jack Banchiu in a six-rounder. Eddie Dorain beat Soldier Turk in the opener.

Promoter Looie Newman still stages his weekly cards at the Arena Gardens but to date has been unsuccessful in hurdling the red ink stains. If he can manage to stick it out a little longer the local gentry will flock into the place willingly. He knows his matches and puts on a good card every time.

Jimmy Alvarado, the sun-kissed Californian who is the favorite at the Gardens, gave the fans a thriller when he slashed his way into a long decision over Eddie Koppy.

In the other half of the double windup, Wilbur Chevalier, Bay City lad, won over Joe Palazzola, former state amateur champ.

Morrie Sherman, state welter title holder evened the score with Tug Phillips, Erie, Pa. flash. It was Sherman's first battle after being reinstated to the ranks due to a long layoff. Both boys seemed sluggish but forced the fight.

K. O. Jack O'Dowd was reinstated by the comish recently and will be back in togs soon. His manager, Jack Clancy, also was given his rights again.

Scotty Monteith is giving the game another try. He will open the season at Olympia with his inimitable "Beef Trust" carnivals, and plans to stage one every other week. Prince Saunders and Jimmy Alvarado are booked to headline the first program, sharing a little of the honors, if any, with Carl Mazzola and Johnny Pena. Six other bouts in the "carnival" will serve as a prologue.

Hamilton, Ont., champions including Alf Sakens, Jackie Callura, Ray Cook, Harley Stonehouse, Blondy Peterson and Carlin Rowe, were teamed against Detroit's best. Jakie Swartz, Charlie Mitchell, Alex Stewart, Joe Stanlas and Billy Marrone, last year's semi-finalist champ, comprised the local team.

Other clubs in and near Detroit started their strenuous training season in preparation for the coming schedule.

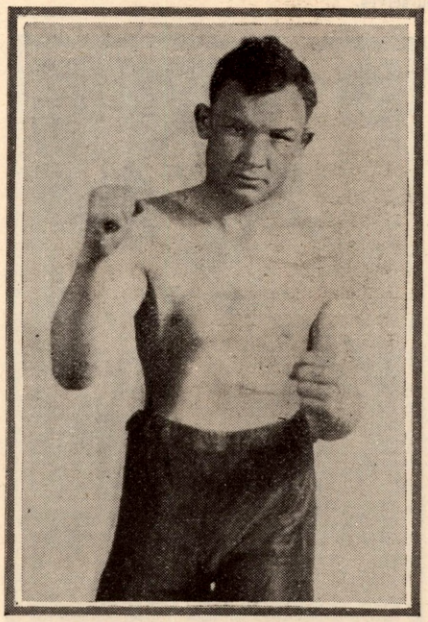
The sports department of the Detroit *Mirror* is planning on starting its Golden Gloves contest about the first of the year. The local winners will meet teams from Chicago and New York.

The amateur card staged for the benefit of the American Legion here recently drew the largest crowd ever to witness an outdoor affair. Joe Belsky of Benton City beat Eddie Matchmay, Detroit; Joe Skeegi, Detroit, beat Walter Stanley; Ray Cook, Hamilton, beat George Riley, Detroit; Billy Stewart defeated Clyde Carnegie; Billy Marrone won over John Houart; Jakie Swartz kayoed Cyril Horner; John Herron beat Gene Stanley; John Miler won over Walter Smeltkop; John Slater beat George Sheilds and Alex Stewart beat Manuel Canterra.

Billy Bulley, Mt. Clemens, welter, defeated George Fallis, Detroit, at the former's home recently. In the remaining bouts on the same card; Stan Sabin, Detroit, stopped Lou Sullivan, Detroit, in the second frame; Andy Ageleo drew with Pete Rettick; "Wild Bill" Clemens kayoed Bill Young, second round; and Paul Neimeyer stopped Billy Stewart, Mt. Clemens welterweight, in the second.

In the other cards at the Arena A. C. in the Bath City, Benny Deathpain, Detroit colored comer, kayoed Bob Albretch, Utica, Mich. lad, in the seventh stanza of their 10-round main go. Spike Neilan, River Rouge, was awarded a decision over Frankie Kolack; Jackie Russell, Toledo, shaded Milo Korry; Chato Flores, Mexico, drew with Walter McGrais, and Young Miller, Detroit, outpointed Harold Anthony, Detroit, in four rounds.

Mickey Balabon, welter, was awarded Referee Harry Tuthill's nod over K. O. Harold Anderson, Flint, in the 10-round main go at Mt. Clemens on the 14th. Johnny Mitchell, Detroit, beat Art Decker, Wyandotte; Guy Muldoon and Frankie Nagy, both of Detroit, drew; Sammy Slinter, Pittsburgh, outpointed Sammy McCauley, Detroit; and Hank DeGrove, Mt. Clemens, beat Young Miller, Detroit, in the remaining bouts of the card.



Chuck Minella, tough Detroit welterweight

At Saginaw recently, Buddy McArthur, local light-heavy, celebrated his return to the ring after more than a year's absence, by defeating Chuck Doris, Detroit, in the 10-round main event of the show.

The Muskegon promoters staged a good program last month when Emmett Curtice, Fremont light-heavy, stopped Leon Jaininski, Grand Rapids, in the second frame of the 10-round main event. Ruben Edmannds, Muskegon, decisioned Johnny Mellow, Detroit, in the semi-final scrap.

Morrie Sherman and Billy Brophy, both of Detroit, featured the inaugural indoor card of the Ypsilanti club last month. Sherman won the nod from Referee Allie Day. Leo Shneider outpointed Johnny Horn in the semi-final bout. In the supporting bouts, Red Hill, Detroit, bested Johnny White, Milan; Jimmy McLain and Lew Ferris drew, and Ernie Maurer, Dearborn, beat Kid Carter, Ypsilanti.

The Pontiac clubs, through the good matchmaking of Frankie McGinty, have been packing them in during the last few weeks. Jackie December, Eddie Wells, Dave Runyon, Peter Mann, Chick Emery, Johnny Thomas, Eddie Dialo, Ernie Marshall, Young Moran, Ray Van Hook, Dick Berger, Frank Kantasy, Woody Davis, Stan Sabin and John Nardoni are some of the lads who have been featured on the cards.

The Hazel Park outdoor arena still manages to keep its patrons warm enough to watch the best of the Detroit boys battle it out. Teddy DeFrancis, who skyrocketed from the bottom to the top in his four months of professional fighting headlines most of the shows.

The heavyweight rasslers, headed by Jim Londos, trouped into town the day after the Fields-Tut fracas at the Olympia and cavorted, bounced and boomed to a surprisingly small house.

The state law forbidding wrestling after midnight gave our Jimmy a little work after the first fall had been won in 30 some minutes. Londos returned to the mat to toss Frank Brunowicz in 7 minutes . . . just 4 minutes to midnight. It brought a good laugh.

Nick Londes, promoter, said he made just about enough money to buy a second hand stamp. The following week he failed to clear that much. He featured Brunowicz, Don DeLaun, Szabo, Calzas, Victuroff and two new faces.

Adam Weismuller, still making "coffee and" money by staging his middleweight and welterweight tourneys at Arena Gardens, has his feature wrestling bouts mostly between his favorites Walter Achiev and Tetsura Hygami, Chinese and Japanese respectively. The international affair packs them in.

Jack Reynolds, Des Anderson, Ben Stefanski and five or six other local boys always give a good show.

Ed "Strangler" Lewis, boss of the Sandow trust, made his first Detroit appearance in several years last month when he tossed the Boston Bull, Joe Komar, in one hard fall. The boos from the crowd re-echoed for ten minutes. In the novelty match, Jack Leavitt, Georgia man-mountain, sat on Marty Kutler to win his match in seven minutes. Leavitt toddles around with a mere 310 pounds avoirdupois attached.

Information for this column should be sent to the writer at the Detroit *Mirror* before the 15th of the month.

MICHIGAN MITTS

By BILL PERRY

A LARGE crowd turned out at the Olympia, Detroit, to see Jackie Fields, former welterweight champion, win the decision over King Tut, of Milwaukee, in ten rounds. Fields' condition and boxing skill were big assets in his winning. Floyd Fitzimmons promoted the show.

In the semi, Frank Battaglia, hard-hitting middleweight from Winnipeg, knocked out Joe Ruguzzoni, of Detroit, in three rounds. What a puncher Frankie is.

Roger Bernard, featherweight boxer, of Flint, has changed managers. Max "Boo Boo" Hoff, of Philadelphia, has purchased Bernard's contract from Silent Mike McNulty, Bernard's former manager. Bernard now holds two wins over Battling Battalino, world's featherweight champion. Bernard was handed his first defeat by a knockout recently by Prince Saunders, colored boxer from Chicago.

Jack Thompson, welterweight champion, knocked out Tommy Jones, of Tampa, Florida, in three rounds at Flint; Britt Gorman, of Minneapolis, flyweight, outpointed Frankie Donelly, of St. Louis, in eight rounds.

A large crowd turned out at Muskegon to watch Emmett Curtice hang the K. O. sign on Leon Jasinski in two rounds. Curtice appeared to be the old puncher of old, slamming his opponent to the floor three times in the first round, and after one minute of fighting in the second round Curtice flashed over a hard right that ended the evening's entertainment. They are light-heavies.

In a ten-round semi-windup, Ruben Edmunds, Muskegon welterweight, outclassed Johnny Mellow, of Detroit. The Muskegon boxer won nine out of the ten rounds. Pete Petroskey beat Tony Lombardo, Ohio welterweight, in six fast rounds.

Scotty Monteith, Detroit promoter, plans on running his Beef Trust Carnival again this season. His plan calls for nine three-round bouts in this class.

Muskegon now has a place for boxers to train: the Casino Club opened recently with Art Anderson as its director. New equipment has been installed, including a ring. It has a seating capacity of about 600 and bouts will be put on weekly. The plans call for seven bouts of four-round duration.

Morrie Sherman, state welterweight champion, defeated Tug Phillips, of Erie, Pennsylvania, in ten rounds at the Arena Gardens, Detroit. Sherman was much too fast for Phillips and piled up a commanding lead on points. Phillips is the only one who has ever knocked out Sherman, and Morrie's victory more than evened the score.

Promoters may find it profitable if they would adopt the plan that has been successfully worked out by the Muskegon Club. A limited number of $1.00 seats are placed on sale for $.50 for one day only prior to the attraction. The attendance and receipts have mounted considerably and many new boxing fans have been unearthed, especially among the fair sex.

The writer's address is 1527 Sixth St., Muskegon, Michigan.

Timely Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

THE much-discussed battle between Teddy Baldock and Dick Corbett, the East-End rivals, brought out a banner gathering of 35,000 persons who were treated to a lively tussle in which, as was expected, Corbett gained the verdict. This bout, which has been hanging fire for many months, proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that Corbett is Baldock's master. Dick's left hand proved his greatest asset. The plucky Baldock gave all he had, but that was not sufficient to stave off defeat. He felt so keenly over the loss of that battle, that he informed several of his friends that he would probably retire.

Now that Corbett has proved his superiority over Teddy, there is a movement on foot to arrange a fight between him and Al Brown, the recognized bantam king. What a fight this would be. It is predicted here that if Brown and Corbett can be brought together, Jeff Dickson, who did so nobly in the promotion of the Corbett-Baldock affair, will be the promoter.

Harry Crossley, the British Cruiser Champion has for some time been breathing defiance to all the heavyweights, natives or visitors alike. Harry witnessed Don McCorkindale defeat Jack Stanley at Leicester recently, and apparently thought very little of Don's performance and sought a meeting with the South Africa heavy. They finally clashed and Crossley fell victim to McCorkindale's hard hitting in the third round.

Teddy John, the son of Mr. Augustus John, the eminent painter, took part in his third professional encounter at the Croydon Stadium, his opponent being Jack Delaney. John showed marked improvement and succeeded in outpointing his more experienced opponent.

Johnny King, Northern Area Bantam Champion got a points decision over Petit Biquet, Belgian bantam champion, at Manchester, although there were many present who disagreed with the verdict.

No doubt there will be many Welshmen who will be interested to learn that Billy Moore the Welsh ex-lightweight champion is now the licensee of the Gethin Hotel Penygraig, South Wales.

Since Premierland closed down for demolition, East End fans have been without a home, but a movement is on foot to remedy this for a syndicate has been already formed, and arrangements have been definitely made to run boxing tournaments at the Pavilion Theatre, Whitechapel Road. "Young" Joseph, the first Lonsdale Belt holder in the welter class, will officiate as manager and matchmaker.

Dom Volante had to cry off his bout on the Corbett-Baldock, owing to a damaged eye which he contracted during his training. Dom was muchly disappointed as he had looked forward to showing his wares in the East-End which is Al Foreman's particular preserve, and Volante badly "wants" Foreman at any price. Dom and his bosom pal, Nel Tarleton are hot on the Lonsdale Belt cult.

Boxing followers here were sorely disappointed when they heard that Kid Berg had fallen a second time to Canzoneri. It may be that the Kid is nowadays finding it difficult to make the lightweight limit.

The re-constructed and muchly improved "Ring" at Blackfriars re-opened its doors a few weeks ago and the spectators were vastly pleased with what had been done for their comfort. An interesting item on the programme was the first public appearance, since returning from America, of Johnny Peters who engaged in a 3-round exhibition.

Larry Gains set off on a flying visit to Canada where he defeated Jack Renault in Toronto.

Popular George Cook who has once again become the heavyweight champion of Australia, is due back in England within a few days. It is said that he wants a third "go" with Larry Gains. Each has won and lost a fight.

The town of Leicester which has lately been competing with London for some of the boxing "plums," is shortly to launch another promoting enterprise. The Boulevard Rink has been leased for the purpose and providing the fixtures do not clash with the existing concern, there is no reason to prevent it proving a success.

Fred Webster, ex-lightweight champion, and Harry Corbett a former featherweight champion provided the top-line attraction at the Blackfriars "Ring," they had contracted for a 15-rounder at 138 lbs. Webster looked better and boxed better than when he fought Solly Schwartz a short while back.

Douglas Parker, who so unexpectedly defeated Johnny Cuthbert, has been matched up with Seaman Watson in a side-stake match at the featherweight limit. The contest will be staged in Newcastle where Parker is a big favourite, and as Watson has recently become a licensee of an hotel there, it will be a hectic tussle for local favours.

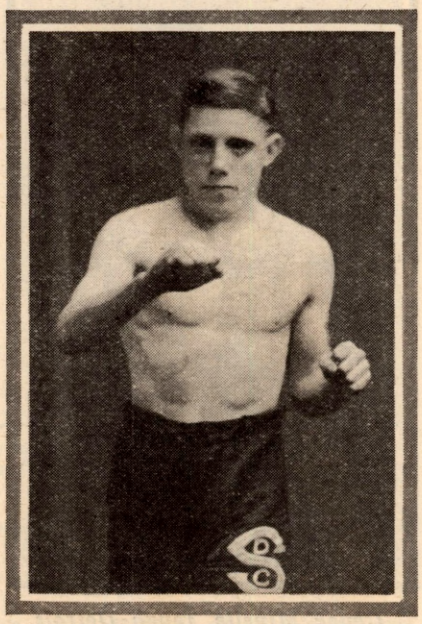
The Stadium Club, Holborn, opened its season on Sept 21st and offered a good programme to the members, the top-liner was a 12-round bout between Jack Delaney and Fred Smith which ended in a points victory for Delaney.

John Mortimer will stage bouts at The Connaught Drill Hall Portsmouth. He has already secured several of the leading men in the mitt-slinging "perfessh."

Al Brown, after defeating Ginger Jones, will now hie himself off to Gay "Paree" where he is due to meet "Spider" Pladner under the auspices of Jeff Dickson. What a contrast the pair will make.

Benny Caplan, the brilliant A. B. A. featherweight champion, has decided to desert from the ranks of the unpaid, and will emerge as a full fledged pro at the Pavilion Theatre, Whitechapel shortly.

George Cook has brought with him to this country, Leo Bandias, the Australian cruiserweight champion, and George vouches for his excellence. He should not have to wait long for a customer so that we can then judge his worth for ourselves.



Dick Corbett, British bantam, who proved his superiority over Teddy Baldock

The old Pavilion at Mountain Ash, South Wales, again came to life when 7,000 spectators turned up to witness the 15 round contest between Al Brown, the world's bantam champion, and Ginger Jones, the Welsh feathers champion. The contest was a good one, and Ginger surprised the negro with his game display; in the 9th round the Welshman went to the boards from a hard punch to the body and there were loud cries of foul, but these the referee ignored, and counted Jones out. This fight attracted the biggest crowd for an in-door show in South Wales, since the days of the late Freddie Welsh.

Don McCorkindale had no difficulty in ending the aspirations of Donald Shortland when the pair met at Nottingham. In every round Shortland was forced to take counts until the eighth round when the towel was heaved into the ring to save him from further punishment

There was a big night at Belle-vue Manchester when Frank Markey, Scottish bantam champion, opposed Bill Lewis, the Southern Area Champion, in a 15-round eliminating bout. Both men suffered from over eagerness which caused the contest to fall below expectations, however, at the close the referee correctly gave the verdict to Markey.

In supporting bouts, Jim Winters, welter champion of Scotland, stopped Alf Howard, the Liverpool thunderbolt, in 8 rounds and Dick Burke, a menace to all bantams, K. O. Tom Cowley in the 1st round.

The death of Jem Smith in a London Hospital marks the passing of the last Heavyweight Champion of England to fight under prize-ring rules. Smith's greatest performance was his 106-round draw with Jake Kilrain with bare knuckles in 1887. This fight was held on the banks of the Seine and increasing darkness prevented the fight continuing further. In 1888 the famous Pelican Club gave a purse of 5,000 dollars for a glove fight between Smith and Peter Jackson which was staged upon its famous premises. Jem lost to Jackson on a foul in the 2nd round. A month or so later, Smith fought his last fight with the raw-uns, his opponent being Frank Slavin.

A notable addition to the professional ranks, will be Jack Peterson of Cardiff the A. B. A., light-heavyweight champion. He is due for his first money fight this month in London and is a likely customer to make good in his new sphere. His father, Professor Jack Peterson was one of the cleverest exponents of the noble art in South Wales. Bob Downey, who sponsored the late Jim Driscoll, is taking a lot of interest in young Peterson.

Johnny Cuthbert, who has earned the reputation of being an in and out performer when he engaged in odd weight matches with nothing at stake, is in training for his title bout with Nel Tarleton.

The Blackfriars "Ring" management were hoping to present their patrons with something of a fistic treat when they fixed up with Solly Schwartz and Fred Webster to travel 15 rounds at the lightweight limit, and a great crowd were rewarded with a very poor bout.

A South African sportsman resident in London, has offered to find £1,000 backing for Don McCorkindale to beat any heavyweight here, and it is reported that this offer has been accepted on behalf of Charlie Smith and all that is now required is a promoter to stage the bout.

Harry Mason and George Rose have apparently agreed to meet in order to decide who shall oppose Jack Hood for his title.

Al Foreman the British lightweight title holder, is reported to have expressed willingness to meet Dom Volante for the title just as soon as Al is satisfied that he is completely restored to health.

Whether or not to send a team of British amateur boxers to the next Olympic Games was the main question before the annual general meeting of the A.B.A. in London. On the proposition of the chairman, the meeting agreed to the sending of a team, subject to the approval of the A.B.A. Council.

BRITISH BOXING RESULTS

Clapton Stadium—Dick Corbett easily defeated Teddy Baldock in the top-liner here, the supporting bouts resulted as follows—Tommy Hyams and Kid Farlo boxed an 8-round draw, Tommy John outpointed Seaman Fred Barry in 8 rounds, Jack Hyams beat Tom Benjamin on points.

The Ring—This popular resort in Blackfriars, re-opened its doors after extensive alterations and is running 3 shows weekly. Tommy Hyams beat Lew Pinkus in the 11th round, the latter earning disqualification for a low "dig," Evan Lane outpointed Tommy Little in 15 rounds and Stoker Reynolds stopped Jack Alder in the 5th round. Two of our foremost flyweights, Dave Crowley and Boy Edge, engaged in a 15-rounder, the decision going to Crowley. Len Beynon defeated Harry Connely on points over 15 rounds; Tom Upton beat Bud Walley by a big margin of points; Solly Schwartz was lucky to get a draw against Fred Webster in a 15-rounder and Charlie Ward and Johnny Thornton boxed a draw.

At Edmonton—Tom Benjamin K. O. Chris Gorman in the 2nd round, Sam Walters out-pointed Johnny Clift in a fast and furious 15-round contest. Tom Benjamin beat Lauri Raiteri on points in a hectic 15-rounder.

At Croydon Stadium—Teddy John clearly beat Jack Delaney on points, Billy Palmer beat Frank Hepton on points in a 12-rounder, Harry Barrett and Newsboy Kirk boxed a thrilling 8-round draw, Ted Giles outpointed Albert Burkinell in a good 12-rounder, Harry Paulding scored a points win over Battling Butcher, and Jimmy Lindsay defeated Billy Reynolds in the final of the £100. featherweight competition, on points.

At Southport—Nel Tarleton stopped Albert Barker in the last round of a 15-round contest. Paddy McGrath won over Aldo Spaldi (The Italian Shepherd) in the second round owing to Spaldi being disqualified. Bob Nelson and Young Taylor boxed a good 10-round draw. Dick Burke, the coming Liverpool bantam, K. O. Terence Morgan, the Welsh champion in the 10th of a 15-round contest. Ginger Foran outpointed Ivor Drew in good style over 15 rounds, Foran has an unbeaten record up to the present. Jack Mallon stopped Johnny O'Connor in round 7.

At Manchester—Johnny King narrowly beat Petit Biquet on points, Harold Ratchford outpointed Aldo Spaldi (Italy) over the 15-round journey, Jock McAvoy K. O. Jerry Daley (the Welsh Middles Champion) in the 2nd round. Jack Casey stopped Glen Moody in round 4.

GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

By SPARROW ROBERTSON

THE opening boxing contest for Jeff Dickson's new Paris Palais des Sports was a title match between Frankie Genaro, the National Boxing Association's world's champion and Valentin Angelmann, a young French lad who took the place of Young Perez, who was matched against Genaro, but was taken ill one week previous to the holding of the contest. The fight, which went the full scheduled fifteen rounds, was one of the best witnessed in Paris in months, with Genaro the victor.

On October 26th, Young Perez, French flyweight, scored a surprising two-round knockout over Frankie Genaro of New York at the Sports Palace to win a claim to the N. B. A. world flyweight championship.

Perez rated as a 5 to 8 underdog against the champion, took the play from Genaro at the opening of the scheduled 15-round contest. He chased the New Yorker about the ring during the first and gaining confidence, went out to slug his way to victory in the second.

The new Palais de Sports of Paris is one of the finest sporting arenas in the world, if not the finest. Over the ring during the boxing bouts there are four clocks which toll off each second during the rounds, and they also record the times for knockdowns. At each writer's table there is a telephone which is connected with the writer's office. The ice surface for hockey and skating is the biggest artificial frozen surface in the world. Ice hockey has caught on great with the French public and the games are being played to big houses.

Jackie Brown, of England, who gave the European champion a good lacing in a bout held in Manchester, both being inside the limit, failed to get the European title over his victory as the International Boxing Union rules were not lived up to in the running of the match.

The British Boxing Board of control is not affiliated with the International Boxing Union, the rules of which call for a referee from a neutral country when a championship of Europe is contested. The British Boxing Board of Control, like the New York State Athletic Commission, considers that it runs the boxing works of the earth, therefore Brown lost out on his opportunity of being crowned the European flyweight champion through the pig-headedness of the British Boxing Board of Control members.

The crop of European flyweights is a rich one this year. There is Young Perez of France; Jackie Brown, England; Victor Ferrand, Spain; Valentin Angelmann, France; Sili, Italy; Anton Kocsis, Hungary, and a few other excellent ones at the weight. The latter was once the amateur champion of the world, and he stands undefeated as a professional. Jeff Dickson will do his best to find the top notcher of the lot during the winter months.

As one of the preliminaries to the Genaro-Angelmann fight, lightweights Guillermet and Landry put up a slashing six-rounder, which went to Guillermet on points.

French boxers are making great progress, especially in the lightweight poundage classes, and within a year or two, some excellent material should materialize out of the present crop of battlers.

Lucien Popesco, the Roumanian bantamweight won the European title from the former holder, Carlos Flix of Spain, in a bout which was held in Bucharest. It was a point decision after fifteen rounds. Popesco had a comfortable margin of points at the end of the sessions.

Nekolny, the welterweight champion of Tcheco-Slovaque was held to a draw by Kid Nitram of France in a ten-round bout in Prague. Nitram, who was champion of France two years ago was compelled to lay off boxing for some time owing to a badly smashed hand.

Nitram has gone out of his class many times to get on fights. He gave Tommy Milligan a hard fifteen-round fight when the latter was good. Two years ago in a scheduled fifteen-round fight against Len Harvey, he met with disqualification for some infringement of the rules in the fourteenth session.

At the present time there is no opposition to promoter Dickson in the Paris boxing field. Last season many bank rolls went west trying to buck the young American promoter.

It took Gustave Humery, the French lightweight, a little inside of four rounds to finish the English battler Albert Barker, in a scheduled ten "threes" which was held in the Salle Wagram. A year ago Humery was known as the French knockout king. He had to take a long lay-off on account of a badly broken hand.

He came back this season under the management of General Descamps, the former manager of Georges Carpentier, and he has been going along in fine shape. The little wizard manager has taught Gustave lots of tricks of the trade which he did not know under other management.

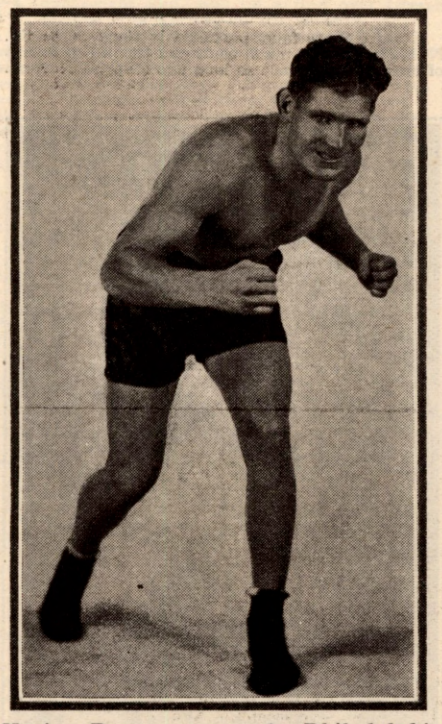
At the Humery-Baker contest in the preliminaries, Marthon defeated featherweight Chevrin in the third of a scheduled six-rounder, and at the same poundage, Zaccharian defeated Brisbare on points after six sizzling sessions.

The Greek champion heavyweight Volgaropoulos was given a spin by Jeff Dickson as a supporter to the Humery-Barker contest. His opponent was a French heavyweight named Franck Hubert. The latter was stopped in the sixth session after receiving some hard punishment. The Greek who is dubbed the mountain of Greece, not grease, is a youngster of 21, weighs 245 pounds and stands about 6 feet, 4 inches.

Dickson has several big fellows under cover who are being groomed up for spinning later in the season. All of them are over 6 feet, 3 inches and scale over 230 pounds.

Herzo, the former Russian Rugby player, weighing 235 pounds and standing 6 feet, 3½ inches was knocked out in 1 min., 50 sec., by the German heavyweight M. Jaspers, in the first round at Jeff Dickson's Salle Wagram, which is known as the "Home Sweet Home" of boxing in Paris.

Herzo started out as a professional fighter a year ago and he made a fine record by knocking out his first five opponents in the first rounds, one of whom was Luigi Buffi, the former Italian champion heavyweight. From now on Herzo has decided to attend strictly to his dry-goods shop in Paris.



Natie Brown, rugged Philadelphia heavyweight, managed by McCarney and Jacobs

At the same entertainment, Seatta, of Italy knocked out a lightweight Russian by the name of Sitnichenko in 25 seconds. Other international bouts attracted a crowd to the arena which caused the doors to be shut by the police department long before the main bout was started. Hundreds were turned away unable to gain admittance.

The Paris Ring has opened up for the winter season in Paris. It is a very cosy little arena and splendid bouts are put on, and the admission to same runs from twenty-five cents to $1.25. Bouts are run off there twice each week.

Dave Lumianski, the manager of Al. Brown, has started suit against promoter Jeff Dickson for half a million francs for what he calls violation of contract. Al. Brown was signed up to meet "Spider" Pladner at the opening entertainment of the Palais des Sports. A switch was made and Genaro and Perez were substituted, and Brown and Pladner were shifted to meet a later date in October, which Lumianski first had agreed to and later turned down.

Lumianski is not making many friends by suing Dickson who has a reputation second to none as having been a promoter absolutely on the level. The boxing game is not going any too strong in any country at the present time and such an act as Lumianski has started will not do same any good.

Anacteto Locatelli, the clever Italian lightweight, in a ten-round contest held at the Salle Wagram arena, defeated Baudry, the French champion lightweight on a point decision after some fierce fighting. The judges awarded the Italian six out of the ten rounds and my score card agreed with the judges. For the first four sessions Baudry had a shade the better of the milling which was fast and furious from bell to bell of each round.

The Central Sporting Club of Paris run entertainments twice and sometimes three times a week, it is known as the nursery of boxers. Many good boys have graduated from the "Nursery," into the big stuff at the Salle Wagram.

For the Genaro-Angelmann fight, uncle Joe Jacobs was in Paris along with his world's champion Max Schmeling; of course uncle was in Frankie Genaro's corner during the fight against Angelmann. Joe and Max are very well liked in Paris. The heavyweight champion of the world is such a mild-mannered and gentlemanly fellow that the French take to him like one of the natives.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

YE scribe has just returned from New York where he spent his annual vacation, and after enjoying his visit up north is glad to be back on the job again.

The glove game has improved here and the gate receipts have improved.

Martin Perez, veteran light-heavy, scored over Benny Malpica in a hectic eight-round bout. Malpica appeared to be out of shape but gave the old cook lots of trouble. Benny Rodriguez, the little Marianao southpaw, drew in the semi-final with Arthur Poey, while Joaquin Jorge defeated Pedro Vives.

Joe Arguelles, one of Cuba's niftiest boxers, outpointed Baby Marmon in a return go. Vicente Yince knocked out Paco Miro in two rounds.

Joe Coego, hard punching southpaw, outpointed Vicente Yince in a six-round bout. Coego is improving with every start. William Martinez, little blond flyweight, is just about getting over an injured mit, and will soon be seen in action.

Antonio Santana, sturdy southpaw flyweight, outpointed Divino Rueda and then beat Bill Dempsey. Frank Cruz knocked out Alfred Perez in two rounds, and Joaquin Jorge beat Pedro Vives.

Conrado Conde, crack Cuban bantamweight, now in New York, will soon be seen in local rings. Conde, as seen by the writer, has improved heaps, and should make a hit when he gets home. Baby La Paz outpointed Luis Kid Aguiar in a hot six-round bout, and Chocolate Reglano kayoed Jack Delaney in two rounds.

Rafael Maria Labra Club celebrated ye scribe's return to Havana with a splendid banquet. Mr. Luis Reynante, the President of the club, was toastmaster.

Tony Cuervo is back in the game and is now promoting at Miramar Gardens. His shows every Saturday night can't be beat for the price, and the fights are always corkers. Atta boy Tony—buena suerte.

Rafael Maria Club is the best place in town for training. Some of the boys training there daily are, Manolo Alvarez, Castor Fernandez, Joe Arguelles, Divino Rueda, Antonio Santana, Jim Valentino, Kid Montana, Kid Belmonte, Manuel Posse, Chico de Madrid, Jose Garcia, Fillo Echararia, Manuel Boquete, Jose Vazquez, Baby Morales, Pedro Proenza, Higinio Ruiz, Aquilino Gonzalez, Tom Barredo and many more.

Kid Chocolate will probably return here in December and meet some good American opponent at a new stadium which is being erected in this city, which will hold around 12,000. The Campolo Brothers, Ignacio Ara, Baby Joe Gans, Mel Aragon, Conrado Conde, all in Pincho Gutierrez's stable, will also show their wares in this city.

Willy Del Pino one of Cuba's prominent boxing men, is now in Florida. He has with him Henry Santos the popular "Baturrito," and Cuba's most logical contender for Kid Chocolate's featherweight title. Benny Malpica the Jack Dempsey of Cuba, and Jim Mirave of Asturias, Spain, are also in Willy's stable, and should make a hit in southern rings.

Rafaelito Valdes is a good flyweight prospect. He has everything to prove his worth as Black Bill's successor, and if given an opportunity should make good.

IN COLON AND PANAMA CITY, PANAMA

By ANTHONY CHARLES

KID ALFONSO and Young George Godfrey battled 15 rounds to a draw in a middleweight championship affair.

Hook Dawson, veteran featherweight, defeated K. O. Caballero in six rounds.

Young Hurtado and Kid Ureña battled four rounds to a draw.

Kid David defeated Speedy Mendoza by a wide margin in four rounds.

News and Gossip from Boston

By DOC ALMY

JOHN EMMET SHEEHAN, known to thousands as the "Veteran Referee," passed away on Septemger 28 at his home in Beachmont, a Boston suburb. Though desperately ill for ten long weeks, and in failing health for several years, he took it all like a brave old warrior with never a squawk nor a whimper at any time.

"I know I am a goner, Doc," he said to me a few days before the end, "but I have no fear. Bid goodbye to all my friends for me."

Sheehan was about 70 years old and in his death, boxing in particular, and sport in general, has lost a staunch friend and booster. From boyhood Jack played the game.

A referee for more than 40 years, he knew every angle of fisticuffs—was personally acquainted with about every ringster of note from the days of John L. Sullivan. It was his fortune to see many of the oldtime bare-knuckle mills under London rules, the coming in of the skin-tight gloves, these to be succeeded by the unpadded mitts and the present-day ring equipment.

In his prime he refereed in rings all over the country—was the third man in contests wherein participated such warriors as George Godfrey, George Dixon, Terry McGovern, "Mysterious" Billy Smith, Tom Sharkey, Young Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries, Young Erne and many others. At one time he was the editor of the old Police News of Boston, now defunct, and of late years he had been active in the sports department of the Boston *Post*.

Jack now rests in Holyhood Cemetery, Brookline, Mass., while his widow, Mrs. Julia J. Sheehan—now much in need as the result of the veteran's long illness—continues to reside at 236 Bellingham Avenue, Beachmont.

Jack McCarthy of Roxbury, now a member of the Buckley-Sharkey combination, whom many recently saw mingle with Pietro Corri at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, fought his first main bout in Boston at the Arena. What's more, he scored a 10-round victory over Ring Larsen of Quincy, in one of the best light-heavy contests seen here within the year. McCarthy's margin was not large. In the semi-final, Leslie Baker of Watertown, a busy performer in the welter division for the last two years, was the winner over Johnny Casper of Boston in eight rounds.

John Kelly, one of the local boxing managers, has a boy under his wing in Gardner Thomas of Revere, whom he feels has a real future. Since turning "pro" a few months ago, the youngster has mingled in eight contests without a defeat. Thomas certainly has plenty of fistic background.

He is the son of the late Joe Thomas of Lowell, Mass., who back in 1906 startled Boston by hanging the famous Honey Mellody over the ropes in 11 rounds at Chelsea. Also later on had four fierce fights with Stanley Ketchell, one of them going to 32 rounds. Harry Lewis, Dick Fitzpatrick, Sailor Burke, Jack "Twin" Sullivan, Hugo Kelly, Bill Pake and Frank Klaus were other ring playmates that came Thomas' way.

Gardner Thomas' mother was a sister of the famed fighting Gardner brotherhood of Lowell—George, Billy and Jimmy—chaps who in their ring prime were very much in the limelight. It was George Gardner who knocked out Jack Root, one of the first of the leaders in the light-heavy division, and who also whipped Marvin Hart, who passed out on September 17, in his home city of Louisville, Ky. Jimmy Gardner had one of the best left hands ever seen inside of ropes. He could snap it out like a whip or the strike of a rattlesnake—and do damage. As for Billy, while over-shadowed by the fame of his brothers, he was no slouch with his mitts. If blood means anything, young Gardner Thomas has all of the breaks.

"Admiral" Ray Cass of the off-shore fleet, has acquired a good protege in Dick Madden of Roxbury, the former 175-pound amateur star, who is soon to become a member of the cash-and-carry brigade. Madden is a good boxer, hard-hitter and shapes up as classy. All he seems to require is experience. Cass should do well with him.

Many fine reports are coming in concerning Jack Watson and his work as referee in up-state rings. "Watson knows what it is all about—gives all concerned a square deal—his decisions are honest and correct," is what is being said about him.

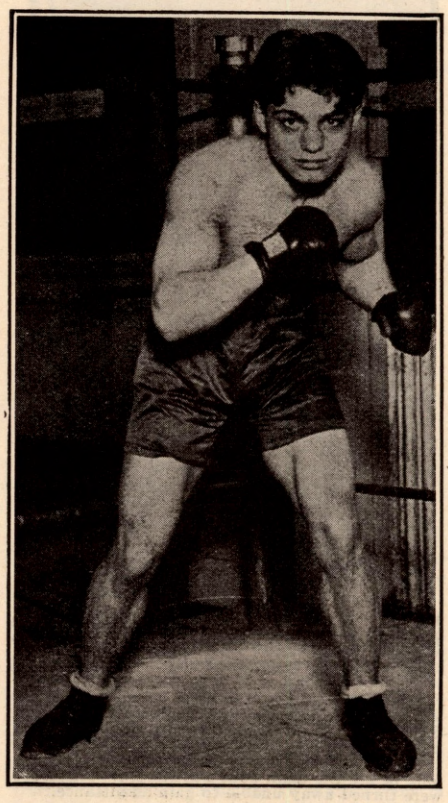
Georgie Ostrow of Revere, bright star of the George Carter-Nate Seigel stable of that city, unable to find any opponent to dispute his claim to the N. E. flyweight title, has announced himself as open to meet any up to 118 pounds who would argue the question with him of the N. E. bantam title. Another comer being brought along by Messrs. Carter and Seigel is Joe Ferante, an Italian boy, who as a feather in the amateur ranks is cutting a wide path for himself. In addition to other tournaments, Ferante battles about every Saturday night in the successful "Father" Bill Cuddy shows being staged in the Mechanics Building. He has yet to be returned a loser.

Andy Callahan was all slated and groomed to have fought Brouillard for the latter's N.E. welter title at the Boston Garden, the night of October 2, with quite a lot of cash up on the result. However, the fight failed to materialize. Two days before that set for the fray, Callahan had a final training tryout with Al Mello at Toland's gym in Friend street. They had been working but a few minutes when Mello struck Callahan in the mouth and six stitches were required.

Right atop of this bloomer for the Garden, one came the way of Eddie Mack, promoter of the Argonne A. A. The same week he was to have staged Vittorio Livan of Italy, middleweight in the Phil Buccola stable, against Benny Leonard. Eddie had his tickets going out and all arrangements completed for a big night when word was received that Benjamin had a lame leg and would be unable to go through.

Another Boston fight, several times set but still yet to be fought, was a muss between Ernie Schaaf and Jack Dorval, all slated for October 9, at the Garden. Schaaf, however, got a poisoned arm out of his fight with Tuffy Griffiths of Chicago, and on the night set for his bout with Dorval, was a patient at the St. Elizabeth Hospital, Brighton, where he was under treatment and observation for several days.

Granite State fans, particularly those of Berlin, N. H., are taking much pride and joy in Leo Salvas of that city, who not so long ago stopped Norman Conrad of Wilton, N. H., former welter champion of the state. Having put on poundage, he is no longer in that division. At the time of his upset, Conrad had 19 straight wins to his credit—not a blemish on his record therefore, when Salvas spilled him in three rounds, great was the delight in Berlin.



Sammy Fuller, who is on the warpath again under the management of Dan Carroll

A week later, Conrad outpointed Salvas in 10 rounds but, as on the night of October 16, Leo defeated Dick Twin Lopez of Boston in a tough muss staged at Keene, N. H., Berlin sticks with him. Salvas is not yet 20, but packs a mighty wallop in either hand.

Andy Martin of Boston, claimant of the N.E. feather title, unable to get bouts in that division in Boston, stepped up into the lightweight class, meeting Pancho Villa of New Bedford in a 10-rounder at the Boston Arena. The contest was staged by the Arena A. C., a new organization for which George Freeman, long connected with fistic affairs in Boston, is the matchmaker. Villa had height, weight and reach on Martin but was rushed repeatedly by the latter. To the amazement of the fans, the officials gave Martin the award, although he tired badly after the sixth and Villa had things to himself. The verdict was roundly booed. In the semi-final, Johnny Dixon, a former Boston College athlete, now being brought along by Solly Snyder in the heavy division, had another soft one handed him in "Iron Man" Hague of Quincy. It lasted but part of a round.

Big Dan Carroll has become the manager of Sammy Fuller, the North End lightweight, having purchased his contract for $3500 from Phil Buccola, mentor of the ringster for several years.

Oddone Piazza of Italy, Buccola's middleweight star, is back in Boston from a several months' visit to his home land. It is possible he may figure in the middleweight elimination tourney at Milwaukee where his name has been entered.

Stanley Winneryk of Lawrence, featherweight, scored his second victory in four days when he defeated Pete DeGrasse of New York in a 10-rounder at the Valley Arena, Holyoke. The previous Friday night he had beaten K. O. Costillo of Mexico at Lewiston, Me. We will say for the Lawrence boy, he is one of the best action fighters in the 126-pounds class in this section.

Efforts to bring together Paul Bowser and Ray Fabiani, the rival wrestling promoters, for the staging of a big tourney with Henri DeGlane meeting Jim Londos at the top of the card for a settlement of their championship claims, are not likely to result in anything. Such a tourney was originally proposed by Boston Lodge of Elks for its charity fund and later taken up by Mayor Curley of Boston. While the best of feeling prevails between the promoters, it is impossible to bring them together on any common ground. Champion DeGlane is under contract for several futurities, and is out of the question. Gus Sonnenberg, Bowser's next best, is in Honolulu enjoying a belated honeymoon. Bowser has offered to send Jack Sherry against Londos—has publicly stated that Sherry stands ready to donate his entire end of a purse to charity, also will add $5000 more to such a fund. As it is DeGlane in whom the Londos forces are interested, all of the talk and all of the challenging is merely noise.

Boston fans saw a fine fighting show at the Arena, with Leslie Baker, Watertown, and Charley Kelley, Newton, settling a feud of years in the main bout of 10 rounds. Kelley lost the decision but his opponent knew he was in a fight.

In the semi-final, Big Boy Rawson, the South Boston heavy, who for two years has been piling up a kayo record, knocked out Jack Dudley of Worcester in the second round. Another Rawson, Tommy of East Boston, son of the former star ringster of that name, got a surprise in one of the earlier bouts. He was pitted against Victor Lotti of Marlboro and was liked as a sure winner. In the fourth round Lotti dropped Rawson for the full 10 and "out" with a right hook to the heart, the blow cracking one of the youngster's ribs.

Nick Norris of Manchester, N. H., frequently in Boston's fistic news, has been appointed matchmaker for the White Sox Club of Keene, N. H., and thus far has put across two very successful tourneys there. The club hopes to keep going throughout the winter.

Paul Berlenbach, the former "Assassin," is seeking mingles with the Bay State light heavies but as yet has been unable to secure a match. Paul desires to take on Jack McCarthy, Ring Larsen, Joe Zelinsky, Harry Allen or Tony Shucco. These worthys, however, are battling among themselves and are not inclined to give "Oom Paul" a look in.

"Col." Bob McKirdy, who had planned to reopen his Commercial A. C., known as the "Home of Action," with a bout wherein Jose Santa was to have been one of the principles, has decided to defer coming back into the game until early next year. It will be of interest to many that the "Colonel's organization began its original activities in old Revere Hall, corner of Green and Chardon streets, which was the scene of Sullivan's second professional fight—his short-lived melee with Dan Dwyer in 1879. Even Bostonians had forgotten the fact.

The battle put up by Dick Lopez of the "Fighting Twins"—himself and his brother Ray, against Leo Salvas of Berlin, recently in a Keene, N. H., ring, he going the 10 rounds distance against a knocker-out, has given him a boost though he lost the award. In the melee—and it was just that—Lopez was twice on the floor, while Salvas was sent down once.

In response to a letter from Gen. John V. Clinnin of the Illinois Commission, citing the fact that Ed Lewis had put up $1000 with that body for a match in Chicago with Henri DeGlane, the world's mat champion, and asking what he proposed to do about it, Paul Bowser, the promoter here, forwarded a check for $3000. The money represents $1000 each for Malcewicz, Sherry and Dan Koloff. "DeGlane having beaten Lewis once, I see no reason for another immediate meeting," wrote Bowser. "When Lewis has defeated the three men I have named, and for whom I have covered Lewis' money, we then can consider the DeGlane issue."

MONTREAL TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

MONTREAL'S ring fandom has been witnessing some bang-up cards at the Forum under the directing genius of Promoter Armand Vincent. Eugene Huat, the Parisian bantam puncher who is piloted by Gus Wilson, clashed with Newsboy Brown, the rugged but lithe Californian, in the twelve-round headliner of Vincent's card for the right to meet Panama Al Brown for the world's title. The fight was a "wow" all the way with Brown showing the more effective work despite the fact that Huat was awarded the decision. The crowd, which numbered close to 9,000, took exception to the verdict.

That was about the only incident to mar the evening's fine entertainment as the remainder of the card pleased most of the spectators. The Brown-Huat fight, however, was a gruelling affair throughout. This was a return fight, Brown having won decisively in their previous meeting. This writer tabbed Brown for seven rounds, Huat three, and the other two even. This Brown can certainly battle and is all there with colourful action.

Charlie Ernst, a clever featherweight from Paris, pulled a lot of ancient fancy stunts on Robert Paulhus, the Sorel Socker, such as weaving and crouching with his head below his knees—and got away with it and the verdict too. Ernst made a hit with the fans with those antics and his sudden lunges which caught Paulhus by surprise.

After the fight, Ernst was taken to the hospital for what was thought to be a slight concussion of the brain as he had a sizeable bump on his head where one of Paulhus' terrific wallops had caught him. But the concussion proved to be a hemorrhage of the brain and the popular little Parisian died the next day. Something quite unusual here but it was proved that Paulhus was not responsible as the medicos declared that some of Ernst's blood cells were weak and it could not be blamed on anyone connected with the game. 'Twas a tough break.

Jimmy Thompson, local Irish youngster, dropped another decision when he was outfought and outsmarted by Joe Marciente, the experienced New York featherweight who used to be a popular favourite around here.

Willie Carruthers, Sam Gibbs' handsome lightweight protege, supplied one of the biggest thrills of the season. Willie was catching plenty from Al Gauthier, the Springfield lad who had kayoed Willie in a round a few weeks previously, and it looked as though Carruthers was beaten again when the fifth round ended, though the margin was slight. Anyhow, starting the sixth and last round, Willie walked out, shook gloves, then started proceedings with a looping right that popped Gauthier on the chin. Gauthier hit the canvas twice before being counted out and when he got up after the count he fell down again. Was he out? Oh no, just paralyzed. Needless to say, Gibbs flashed his famous smile.

More than 8,200 fans crammed into the Forum to pay over $10,800 for that card, and Promoter Armand Vincent looked pretty cheerful. Before this book comes out, Al Brown will have defended his title against Huat at the Forum. I look for Al to conquer his man. Bobby Leitham, Sam Gibb's great little Verdun bantam, gets his long awaited crack at Art Giroux's Canadian title in the semi-final ten-rounder. It should be a great fight with Leitham picked to dance away with the title in the closing rounds.

Vincent is certainly going to wind up the season in a blaze of glory. He is popular here.

The Levy brothers have several good fighters in their stable which the writer noted when down in New York during the fall. Bob's Chilean flyweight, Routier Parra, has regained his old time form and he is a guaranteed crowd pleaser wherever he performs. Then there is Bob's Cuban featherweight, Baby Face Quintana, whom the writer believes will be a sensation before long. He has two wins over Vidal Gregorio to his credit, and his style of fighting marks him as a comer.

Harry is looking after a Cuban bantam sensation in Young Panchon, who arrived in New York from Cuba while the writer was there and his first workout in Stillman's Gym was a revelation. His right name is Panchon Martinez. Then there is a brilliant French Algerian featherweight, Cless Mei Deig, who worked out impressively with Benny Leonard. The writer hobnobbed with Bob Levy, square shooting Broadway manager, and thus with Tommy Loughran and his manager, Joe Smith, as Levy is one of his handlers.

Al Foreman, the British Empire Lightweight Champion, will be hurling his lethal punches before this is read. His brother-manager, Harry Foreman, received a cable from England saying that Al was in the pink and that he had signed to headline at Holborn Stadium on October 29th against the heavy hitting Frenchman, Kayo Sion. Before the end of the year, Foreman will make up for his eight months of inactivity caused by illness by having a dozen fights or so. Watch him roll up the kayoes during the next few months.

Peter Jackson, the coloured New York bantam streak who made a big hit here, has gone back to New York to campaign for honours in the 126 lb. division. Jackson will be one of the speediest featherweight stars in the game when he gets going and his manager, Babe Denico, is ready to put him on with anyone from 122 to 126 pounds. The writer has seen Jackson in action and vouchsafes for the calibre of the little Negro speedball. His manager, Denico, is a clean-cut square shooter and can be reached at 36 West 37th Street.

Johnny Nemis, the Maritime star who holds the Eastern Canada welter and middleweight titles, is still going strong. Nemis is likely to come here during the winter and will make a hit with promoters and fans. An aggressive, two-fisted battler, Nemis is still punching as hard as ever and is a real contender for the vacant Canadian Middle title.

The writer can secure Nemis for bouts west of the Maritimes and anyone interested in using Nemis against any welter or middleweight should write me at 4838 Park Avenue, Montreal.

SHERBROOKE, CANADA
By H. RAPPAPORT

ALTHOUGH Rene Loubier, Sherbrooke's lightweight idol, won on a foul over Levy Duquette of Quebec in the seventh round, a fine evening of entertainment was had by all when the Sherbrooke's faithfuls turned out to witness one of the most hair-raising affairs ever seen in a Sherbrooke ring. Although Loubier went to the floor three or four times during the bout it did not seem to weaken him as he got up and time after time he had Duquette in trouble. Duquette lost in the seventh round when he hit Loubier when he was seated in his corner.

In the semi-final, a real surprise was caused when Eddie Arbery, a local boy, spilled Jack Petrolle, also of Sherbrooke, in the second heat. They are middleweights.

The preliminaries saw Tiger Ryan, sensational Sherbrooke bantam, score a clean three-round K. O. over Georges Lessard after plenty of action. Battling Perusse was starting to put a crimp into Jack Robidas in their six-round setto until he had the misfortune of breaking his right hand in the third round. Both are Sherbrooke lightweights.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

JIMMY SLATTERY is training again and promises his manager, Paul Carr, that he will be a good boy from now on. If Jim is sincere Carr can get him plenty of work for there is lots of dough ahead for the colorful Irish lad if he chooses to get in good condition.

Charlie Murray, aggressive Queensberry club promoter, wants a rematch between Slattery and Lou Scozza, Jim's home town rival. These boys boxed for the light-heavyweight championship of the world on Feb. 10, 1930, and drew an all time record house for Buffalo, the gross receipts totaling $69,000. Slattery got the decision but hit the canvas for a couple of nine counts and was all but knocked out.

Since then Bert Finch, who pilots Scozza, has been trying hard to get Slattery into the ring again. The rematch, if made, will draw a bumper gate, of course not anywhere nearly as large as the title match, but a dandy house for a local bout.

Tommy Paul was extended to the limit by Andy Martin, veteran Boston featherweight, when they met at Broadway Auditorium. Paul got the verdict but it was a tough fight for him and a close one. Paul will probably soon find his way into Madison Square Garden.

In other matches on this card Steve Haliako, Auburn, N. Y., knocked out Lou Petrone, Worcester, Mass., in seven rounds. Haliako's fast boxing and timely hitting soon had Petrone in bad shape and the k.o. victory came in the seventh round. Frankie Bojorski, Erie, Pa., knocked out Jackie Moore, Memphis, Tenn., in one round; Tony Sciolino, Batavia, N. Y., outpointed Jimmy Dean, Erie, six rounds, and Joe Lyons, Lancaster, stopped Tommy Skimming, Erie, in two rounds.

Lanky Joe Doctor, best bet of all Buffalo heavies, won two fine matches in Toronto during the past month. Doctor knocked out El Rioux of Montreal in six rounds on the Gains-Renault card, and then two weeks later Joe polished off Seal Harris of Chicago, giant 238-pounder, in a good scrap. This was a star bout.

Tiger Jack Payne is now in fine shape, ready for all comers in the light-heavy division. The Tiger beat most of the leading 175-pounders last season. He is going to box Lou Scozza at Toronto soon and will probably meet Pete Latzo at Wilkes-Barre. Payne will make Buffalo his headquarters.

A wealthy Buffalo business man approached the writer with a proposition to organize a new boxing and wrestling club in Buffalo but advised him to "lay off" this season.

Wrestling continues to pack 'em in. Ed Don George, North Java, N. Y., lad, who went to school here, is the big attraction. George and Karol Nowina pulled an $8,200 gate and both boys will be welcomed back again. Their bout was full of sensationalism.

Jim Londos is scheduled to wrestle here this month. He will perform for Troop I Post (American Legion) and the C. S. C.

Pete George, nephew of Attorney John L. George, is looking better with each fight. The youngster is a fine hitter and clever boxer and, best of all, he likes to fight. Uncle John attended the show in Toronto when young George won from Red Jadersberg, Jamestown, in a corking bout. Harry McCoy is managing George.

George Nichols, hard-hitting Buffalo southpaw, continues in the middleweight tournament at Milwaukee. Nichols is a most difficult fellow to fight. His hard southpaw hitting usually has his opponent baffled.

Jimmie Mack, formerly trainer for Lockport Jimmy Duffy, Dick Loadman, Harry White, K. O. Brennan, Herman Smith, Jack Perry, etc., is now one of America's foremost hockey trainers. Jimmie left for Syracuse last week where he will be located this season as trainer for the Syracuse Stars in the International Hockey league. Mack was trainer of the Buffalo Hockey club last season.

Jack Herman, Buffalo man, has done well in wrestling with the Bowser-Sandow-Lewis combination. Herman, once manager of Stanislaus Zbyszko, is a past-master at wrestling promotion.

Some short stuff. . . . Bobby Clary, Buffalo bantam is running a new gym on Hertel avenue . . . North Park gymnasium is the name. . . . Freddie Mueller, good lightweight a few years back, has also opened a gym at North Division and Jefferson street. . . . Both these lads deserve success. . . . The American hockey league will play its games at the Auditorium . . . This is sure to cut in heavily on boxing. . . . Sam Bruce, Negro welter, is in good shape and ready for all comers. . . . Bob Suber, New Hampshire welter, is now in Buffalo. . . . Nelson Crawford has a good lightweight prospect in Mexican Vesquez. . . . Joe Lyons of Lancaster, former amateur, also looks great. . . . Bert Finch has an offer for Scozza to fight in California . . . Bert may make the trip soon. . . . Jimmie Johnston's friends here are glad to see the hustling promoter get the Madison Square berth . . . Maybe James is the Moses to lead the boxing game out of the slump. . . . Joe Miller is staging wrestling and boxing at Port Colborne, Ont. . . . Frank Wakefield and Eddie Tranter are writing good boxing dope for the *News* and *Times* respectively.

Good boxers of all weights, with experience, will do well to write to Hugh Shannon, 793 Crescent avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Boxers must be free from managerial contracts. Heavyweight and light-heavyweight wrestlers are also invited to write.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By ROCKY CONTI

JOE LOTTA, well known boxing manager and former boxer, will succeed Anse Carroll as matchmaker for the Rochester Sporting Club.

Elmer Wiedrick, matchmaker of the old Flower City A. C., also will run weekly shows.

Mike Rago, local welterweight star who has been boxing with great success, will have a spot on Joe Lotto's opening show. Mike is a favorite here.

Dominick Angelo, Rochester's promising heavyweight, who is piloted by Sam Porcelli, is going like a house afire these days.

Orlando Orzinni of Perry, N. Y., Monroe County, amateur champion, has applied for a boxing license.

Abe Lichtenstein, local welterweight who is boxing under the colors of Joe Netro, popular Syracuse manager and sports writer, is doing nicely on the West Coast.

Vincent Giambrone, a favorite with the amateur fans, has turned pro.

Hector Tuamina, local lightweight, should get in touch with the writer. Good news awaits you.

Boxers with fair records who are not tied up with managers should get in touch with Rocky Conti at 5 Wait St., Rochester, N. Y.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

MAKING his debut in December of 1930 and totalling his eighteenth fight of his career, Coleman Johns, Dayton light-heavyweight held Roy "Tiger" Williams, colored Chicago star to a draw in their ten-round decision bout at Memorial Hall in Dayton and thereby gained for himself the undisputed Ohio State title in his class.

Cincinnati came back in the boxing fold, with Billy O'Brien, the diminutive Irishman returning. He staged his initial indoor show at the Music Hall sports arena, with Paul Eviston of Cincinnati making a great showing, putting the sleep producer on Ed Dickey of Dayton in the first round of their bout. They are middleweights.

Jimmie Cutler of the Milford American Legion arena, came through with a title fight during the past month, when Young Hebe, Greater Cincinnati flyweight champion won the ten-round decision over Bobby Ammon, Southern Ohio titleholder. A record crowd was in attendance, and the down the river arena can still lay claim to the best drawing club in this section for its size.

Lee Cox, of Indiana, ended Pete "Bat" Leno, Italian star's win streak in the semi-final when he won a six-round decision. Battling Rhiele stopped Larry Jordan in the third round of their bout, with Bloomer McCoy drawing with Ray Taylor; Kid Oatley beating Walter Freunde and Cowboy Guery shading Cricket Ellig in the three-round opening bouts.

Watch Joe Maringer, Cincinnati's latest third man in the ring. Maringer or rather "Mutz" is getting plenty of work in these days in Southern Ohio towns and is doing a great job of it. Maringer is a great favorite in Milford, where he is the feature referee.

The Ohio Boxing Association held their annual election at Findlay, Ohio, during the current month. Roy Sherman of Toledo was elected president; and Peter Horback re-elected secretary for the coming year. The highlight of the meeting, was the refusal of the association to the Cincinnati Commission as a member, despite the latter is a member of the National Boxing Association. A meeting was to be called later for a peace conference.

At the re-opening of the Maysville, Ky. arena, Stumpy Boyer, crack Pensacola, Fla. featherweight, held the hard hitting Frankie Sanzone of Cincinnati to a draw in six rounds. Boyer is going better than ever before in his life, now making his home in Dayton. He is anxious to meet Joe Dragon, Art Whorley, Harry Broad, or any other 122-pound boy.

Out at the Star Lake Park arena in Mount Orab, Wilbur Pobst made his debut as a promoter, and staged two good cards, featuring Frankie Meiners, Cincinnati's fast stepping lightweight, in both cards. Meiners defeated Billy Baker of Detroit, and Lee Cox of Indiana, in top six-rounders. The undercards of both these programs were: Babe Williams trounced Jack Blackburn in 6; Dudley Ring defeated Charlie Court in 6; Bob Evans stopped Kid Whitey in 3; Red Harding outpointed Calvin Baker in 6; Jimmy Harris and Tiger Flowers drew in 6; Kid Whitey and Red Speeks drew in 6, while Pete "Bat" Leno held Red Harding even in six.

Promoter Pobst also was the matchmaker of the boxing program which was staged at Georgetown in conjunction with the Brown County Fair in which Jack Stanley, the Boise, Idaho junior-welterweight made it three straight wins at the expense of Shuffling Billy Baker, Detroit star, in six rounds. Frankie Meiners won over Jimmy Harris, Simon Neboloski drew with Bob Evans in sixes, while in the four-session bouts, Pete "Bat" Leno drew with Lee Cox, Red Harding bested Jimmy Craig and Mickey Glass won from Jackie Davis.

Columbus, Ohio. . . . Tony Lombardo, Toledo stopped Benny Burns, Pittsburgh, in 6; Mickey Doyle, Scranton, Pa., knocked out Frankie Pallo, Toledo, in 1.

Ten best in Southern Ohio are, Heavyweight—Ted Graham, New Richmond; Light-Heavy—Coleman Johns, Dayton; Middleweight—Paul Eviston; Welterweight—Mickey O'Donnell, Zanesville; Junior-Welterweight—Jack Stanley, Cincinnati; Lightweight—Max Koshover, Cincinnati; Junior-Lightweight—Mike O'Dowd, Columbus; Featherweight—Freddie Miller, Cincinnati; Bantamweight—Georgie Annarino, Newark; Flyweight—Young Hebe, Cincinnati.

Johns replaced Joe Anderson of Cincinnati by holding Roy Williams to a draw and defeating Johnny Freeman of Buffalo. Eviston knocked out Ed Dickey to replace Frankie Palmo who was held even by Babe Williams. Hebe defeated Ammon for the flyweight recognition. The best prospect of the month was Frankie Meiners of Cincinnati, a junior-lightweight who defeated Louie Miller, Billy Baker, Jimmy Harris, Charlie Court, in succession.

Around Fountain Square with the punchers and their pilots . . . Reynolds beat Marela to defend his welterweight wrestling title and the writer hit it right when he said Johnny Stote the "Speed BOY" would be left out in the cold . . . Stote is the best welter in the game today and proved this when he threw Hy Sharmen in 52 seconds last summer . . . Carl Singleton replaced Millard Rauh as matcher for the local mat club, while Jimmie Cutler was re-appointed at the Milford boxing club . . . gazing around . . . Jackie Davis wants to fight and manage at the same time . . . Izzy Schneiderman, back off the carnival tour to help Hebe in the Ammon battle . . . with Gus Sanzere as assistant . . . Millard Rauh off for Florida . . . with Miami the stop . . . let's hear from you . . . the favorite after-fight chop house . . . Pirates Den . . . some boys to arrive soon are Johnny Lawson, New York lightweight, and Paul Lagasse, a junior-lightie . . . the wrestling clan opens Music Hall with Kallio and Gable in a title match . . . rumor has it that . . . Johnnie Brown has quit for keeps . . . Joe Anderson will turn promoter . . . that Helson and Hebe will meet indoors at Milford . . . which should draw a capacity crowd . . . Scotty Howard has a good middleweight in Don Nimmo . . . the latter is a football coach in his spare time . . . Howard goes back at Hamilton Armory in latter part of October with Jackie Raymond the Cuban on top . . . Jimmy Gordon soon to try a comeback . . . Lonnie Bowden is claiming the world's junior-middleweight title at 150 pounds . . . probably will have a million competitors by next issue . . . the wrestling column of this district will be back in a big splurge next month . . . trying to pick at the best are Heavyweight, Jim Londos and Sandor Szabo; Light-Heavyweight, Hugh Nichols and Jim Demetral; Middleweight, Gus Kallio and Ray Carpenter; Welterweight, Jack Reynolds and Johnny Stote . . . any of these matches would draw in Cinci or any other spot . . . recalling some old timers . . . Snyder taking on Harry McCarthy at the Hall . . . when Dando met Eddie Wagner in Dayton and Lefty Pretsch halted the scrap between Jim Gordon and the Mutt . . . Joe Nolan was sport editor of the *Enquirer* and was strolling with the young bank clerk . . . who later turned out to be none other than Kid McCoy . . . and Joe was already predicting a championship for the small town Indiana lad . . . another favorite, although old Joe went wrong . . . Roy Wallace, a light-heavy . . . beat Joe Lohman in one of his appearances in the Queen City . . . when Frankie Bobb was Dayton's up and comer while Blockie Richards was fading into the background . . . reports have it that . . . Johnnie Rivers will promote during the indoor season at Middletown . . . Scotty Howard to go weekly at Hamilton and Jim Dowling returns at the Dayton Eagles in October . . . au revoir till next time.

In the only show of the month, which Billy Saffin ran at his Beechmont Gardens in Mount Washington, Joe Benzinger, Cincinnati featherweight, won the decision over Babe Ruth of Louisville in eight rounds. An all star set of four-round bouts was the undercard with the results as follows: Abe Menachoff beat Danny Moran; Louie Miller kayoed Red Payne in 1; Art Bergamn knocked out Millard Johnson in 3; Harold Bohl put Sid Bailey to sleep in 1; Jim Barnett shaded Tedd Small and Mac Jordan knocked out Fred Hurley in 2. A crowd of 500 witnessed the program. Promoter Saffin will open his indoor arena sometime in November.

Johnny Rivers, Middletown promoter, is expected to open his first card in November. The card which is being lined up will feature Stumpy Boyer of Florida meeting either Jimmy Gordon, Middletown or Soldier Jackson, of San Francisco, Calif. Rivers will operate under the name of Steel City A. C.

Paul Lagasse, New York junior-lightweight, will soon arrive in this city and will fight under the direction of Jimmie Amann. Lagasse won twenty-seven amateur fights and all three of his pro tussles. The easterner is challenging Jimmy Harris, Frankie Moore, Abe Menachoff and the rest of the Ohio junior-lighties.

Bob Burrill, Minnesota scribe for THE RING, informs this writer that Bob Lerman, fight manager has again located in Ohio, after a couple of years absence. Lerman is planning to build up a stable of fighters and let them show their wares in Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dayton and other Buckeye cities. Good luck Bob! Cincinnati is looking for some good junior-welterweights for Jack Stanley, our latest sensation.

Danny Davis, Cinci fight manager and trainer, believes he has the next champion in George Annarino the Cincinnati Atom, who in his last three bouts stopped Johnny Edwards, beat Harry Ward and gave Willie Davies a real battle. Annarino is anxious to clash with either Pete Sanstol or Joe Villeneuve in Canada. Another good boy on Danny's list is Danny O'Keefe, a young lightweight, who has yet to taste the sting of defeat.

The writer would like to hear from some good junior-welterweights, middleweights, light-heavies and heavyweight fighters, who have no managers. There is some work waiting around here for the right boys.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

LITTLE JIMMY VAUGHN, Chuck Sotak's rising young bantamweight from Cleveland's scrappy West Side, thrilled a capacity crowd at the Equestrium when he came dashing out in the closing chapter, and nosed out Micky Barron, the Syracuse slugger, handled by Joe Netro. This fight was so good that one of the local promoters offered Sotak some real money to box Barron again at the Public Auditorium in a top shot.

Paul Pirrone, Cleveland, and Indian Tiger West boxed a rattling ten-round draw at Pittsburg. Pirrone is now boxing as a middleweight.

Babe Triscara defeated Johnny Young in a fast six-rounder. He came from behind and flattened Young in the final chapter. Young was out for five minutes.

Jack Weinert, another Golden Gloves champ, knocked out Bob Shaw, Lorain light-heavyweight, in the second.

A cut eye forced Mickey Farr to lose on a tech Kayo to Johnny McGann. Rocco Laurie beat Carl Cavelli, of Canton, Ohio, in 6 rounds.

Mickey Barron, Scranton bantamweight, knocked out Joey Ross, of New York at the Equestrium. Patsy Perroni outfought and outslugged Prima Ubaldo in six rounds. Mickey Doris started and closed fast to outpoint Eddie Koppy of Detroit. Many of the fans thought Koppy a winner—Doris' punching was the sharper of the two.

Joe Schlund beat Eddie Latko—but didn't get the verdict, according to my tally sheet and the other newspaper boys at the ringside.

Akron, Ohio—K. O. Christner, Akron's heavyweight, was awarded the newspaper decision over Natie Brown of Spokane.

Sam Barber opened a gym at 3394 East 49th Street. He has a crew of promising young amateurs. This is the same Sam who brought out Paul Pirrone.

Bob Moody, colored heavyweight, defeated Gene Stanton at the Equestrium. Gene has slipped and needs a rest.

Joe Lewis's first show at the North Wing of the Public Auditorium brought out a very good crowd, despite inclement weather.

Frankie Wallace kept up his winning streak by defeating Johnny Datto. Frankie Gooseby, the best looking colored fighter to show here since the days of Gans, Dixon and Thompson, knocked out Leo Gent, in two heats. Gooseby has a slow motion style, is a wicked hitter, and doesn't exert himself in the least. He looks like a real find. Louis Lisantis defeated U. S. Carpenter of Pittsburgh, in 6 rds; K. O. Husky, Akron slugger beat Joe Semon in another sixer, Joey Kushner knocked out Sam Paris. The house drew $1,387.00.

Emmett Rocco, who won over Frankie Simms here, was knocked out by Charley Retzlaff at Duluth.

That makes two in a row, as Christner had previously knocked him out at Canton.

Risko is in fine shape again. He has been training faithfully.

Tiny Dick Powell, Akron, Ohio, knocked out Johnny Parker at Clarksburg, W. Va., in the fourth round, Oct. 8th.

Marshall Couette beat Marty Toukonen at the Equestrium. Kid Willie was knocked out of the ring by Lou Severo, and remained out.

Gorilla Jones and Henry Firpo—another Clevelander, did well in the Milwaukee middleweight tourney.

Suey Welch tells me that Frankie O'Brien, of Hartford, Conn., is a fine middleweight.

Paul Pirrone, with a smashing tattoo to Jimmy Taylor's tummy, belted him down three times to the floor when the referee called a halt declaring Paul the winner.

Joe Semon knocked out Steve Blake in the first round. Eddie Edelman, southpaw Eskimo, knocked out Ernie Swartz in the sixth round. Eddie Bojack knocked out Joe Burik in three rounds. Another good crowd attended.

Lewis plans on running the popular priced shows and going into the large hall until youngsters are developed around here to make some good cards.

Mose Butch, Pittsburgh, outpointed Johnny Datto, in the headliner at Pittsburgh.

BILLY WALLACE, Cleveland's welcomed back lightweight carried too many guns for Lou Severo, of Meadville, Pa. He had Lou down twice at the North Wing of the Public Auditorium. Wallace was too cagey and foxy for the youngster—who has been making rapid strides in the small halls here.

Frankie Wallace, Johnny DeTiro's Italian feather and former Golden Glove champ, went down to Pittsburgh and won over Jackie Rodgers the hard hitting Smoky City fighter, in ten rounds.

Jack Pallat, another former Golden Glove champ and national title winner at Boston and New York, was disqualified in his fight with Bearcat Eck, of Lancaster, for some unknown reason. The fight was all Pallat's.

Pallat cut the Lancaster boy around the eyes and mouth. He accidentally hit Eck low in the fifth—and was cautioned by the referee, who let them fight it out in the final round, and fifteen seconds before the bell stepped in and awarded the decision to Eck.

Gene Stanton stopped Tiny Powell at Wheeling, W. Va., for the second time within the last seven weeks. This time it was owing to a broken rib in the 6th round.

Joey Goodman defeated the knockout king of Toledo, Tony Lombardo at Columbus.

Jimmy Lee, Cleveland Athletic Club, started his amateur shows and is playing to capacity crowds. He will have to do a lot of good picking among the local stables as all the good ones he had last season have turned pro: among them Frankie Wallace, Jack Pallat, Babe Triscara, Gonzales, Jimmy Vaughn. In fact all of the Golden Gloves champs are now hitting on all sixes in the pro ranks.

Patsy Pirroni scored three knockdowns, winning over Chuck Burns at Canton, Ohio. Pirroni is now after Emmett Rocco, Rosy Rosales and Kayo Christner.

Rosy Rosales' eye has healed, and he is ready now for anybody in the light-heavyweight division, or will box any of the heavyweights. He is a good drawing card.

Tommy Freeman is still at Hot Springs.

Eddie Meade said he has been getting so many tough breaks that he decided he was through as second to his or any other fighters. The result was that three of his men were knockout winners at the last show—perhaps the understudy was raising hell with them. Eddie, stay out and see if it will bring you more luck.

A near riot was started at the Equestrium when Ross Fields was awarded the decision over the veteran Willie Davies.

Patsy Severo beat Milo Korry, Detroit, in six and Jackie McGann flattened Johnny Young in the second round at the same show.

Johnny Rini has certainly primed up Jimmy Vaughn, who looks like a sure comer. With Schlund and Gene Marsch, Chuck Sotak should soon be in the Madison Square Garden with his battlers.

Shows are being staged regular at Canton and Akron, and Toledo will start soon. Sam Jordan is going at Columbus.

Send me in your fights—also send me in your yearly subscription for the RING to 406 United Bank Bldg. To date I have Sotak's subscription and I want all other gymnasiums and managers to follow in Chuck's footsteps, when your boys fight out of town notify me.

Some of this and some of that. . . . You can get the RING at Jack Holly's Winton cigar stand. Peppers takes it by the year and it will be mailed to you . . . Wonder how Jimmy Dunn would like to have that stable of 1923 right now with all that dough rolling in . . . Bill Smith, the ex-sheriff, was ready to jump to referee Trannett's assistance last night when he saw the Communist boxing fans put on their riot . . . Wee Walter Taylor was hopping around like a little rooster—didn't know how to stop the stampede . . . Tommy McGinty has left for St. Louis, then Hot Springs to see the finish of the Fairmount meeting . . . Cliff Abboo is doing all the pub. for Fairmount down there . . . Rosy Rosales has an offer to go in the Movies with Dix . . . they look a lot alike . . . What will all the fans say around Broadway, when they hear Eddie Meade has quit seconding fighters . . . Joe Tuma said wait until next season and I will be a big shot . . . better move it across the street Joe to the other county. There is a jinx on it . . . Phil Zwick was wanted at Buffalo by promoter Jack Singer, but Jack's price was too low for the fiery dutchman . . . Scotty Monteith drove over from Detroit, and was one of the ringsiders at the Equestrium last night—he is still promoting across the lake at Detroit . . . Duke Denning was his pilot on the drive over. Duke still has Strube and Tug Phillips . . . Dunn outsmarted Frank Buchanan last night; he went in the ring at the right time and won the duke for Fields. Little Davies tore right back making an awful howl, but was shunted back by his manager . . . Joe Peppers is a regular at the midnight show at the Hipp—never misses . . .

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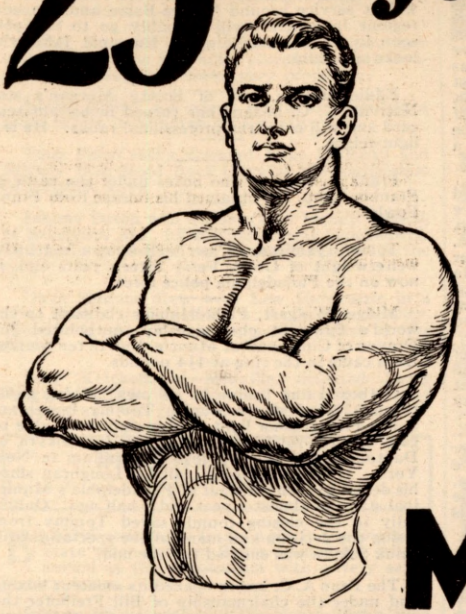

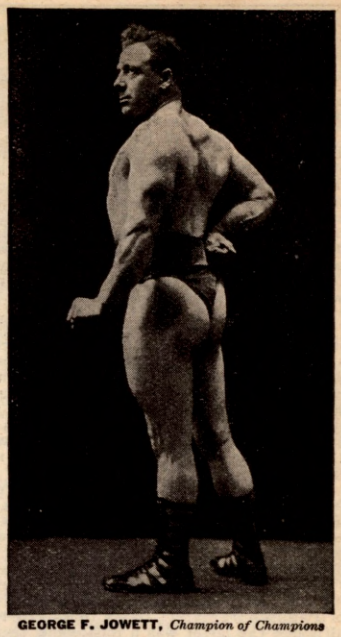

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THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

TOMMY LOUGHRAN'S eleventh straight victory in his heavyweight trail was turned in at the expense of Johnny Risko, the Cleveland Baker Boy. They tangled in the windup at the Arena and Tommy made a show of the visitor. This was the third consecutive time they have met, Wilkes Barre and Boston being their previous encounters but they can go on fighting for the rest of their lives and Loughran will still outpoint Johnny. Loughran conceded thirteen and a half pounds to Risko and earned at least seven of the ten rounds with two even. For Risko it broke a winning streak of five in a row.

Billy Jones, clever South Philadelphia colored lightweight, who has not been very active since the outdoor campaign, went to the post against Joe Banovic, a rugged Italian from Binghamton, and stopped him in seven rounds. Last winter Banovic was credited with some kind of a decision over Jones and the colored gent has been laying for Joe ever since. Banovic looked like a wonder for the first three rounds but ran out of steam.

In his second Philadelphia appearance, Chester Matin of Brooklyn came through with a six-round decision over Al Caldora. Matin and his opponent each weighed over 200 pounds and they did plenty of rough socking.

George Pavlik, of Cleveland, a sparring partner of Risko, showed too much skill for Rattle Kichline of Phillipsburg, N. J., in six rounds at the Arena, although the latter was a busy gent, trying all the time and occasionally fooling Pavlik with his peculiar style.

Roger Bernard, formerly of Detroit, making his first Philadelphia appearance under the wing of Max (Boo Boo) Hoff, earned a hard-fought ten-round decision over Bat Battalino, world feather-weight champion, although no title was at stake. Bernard started off like a race horse but Bat slowed him down in the closing rounds. There was action all the way but less than 3000 fans turned out. Now there is talk of matching Bernard with Lou Massey or Johnny Jadick.

On the same bill, Vince Dundee, former Baltimore star, handed Johnny Pepe of Phillie an artistic beating in ten rounds. Pepe was badly cut over both eyes but battled on gamely to the finish.

Tony Morgano, one of the topnotchers in Phil Glassman's stable, knocked out Timmie Murphy of Newark, in the first round. After Murphy was floored twice referee Knarsborough stopped the bout in 1 min. 52 sec. to save the north Jersey lad.

Tony Galento, who reminds Phillie fans of "Fat Boy" Meehan, hooked and walloped Mike Sankowitch and was credited with a technical knockout in the third round, when Referee Herman Hindin stopped it.

Frankie Ferro, "sheik" lightweight from Bridesburg about seven years ago, is now a member of the Philadelphia police force.

Joe Kennedy, who used to manage the open air shows in Manayunk, is now promoting wrestling and boxing in Reading, alternating between the two sports.

Dave Siddons of Philadelphia, journeyed down to Atlantic City and got an eight-round draw with Lew Hardcastle. On the same bill Morris Gross of Phillie stopped Joey Hilsee, of Atlantic City in six rounds; Tommy Muse, Phillie, defeated Sam Foster, New York, six rounds; Babe Williams, Phillie, knocked out Eddie Claude, Atlantic City, six rounds; and Joe Morgano and Kid Bates, two shore lads, boxed a six-round draw.

Members of a Philadelphia Ukrainian Society banqueted Johnny Jadick, Kensington lightweight and hailed him as the next "Lightweight Champion." This was following his bout with Lew Massey, South Philadelphia star in which the decision was a ten-round draw. This was the first time the Philadelphia rivals had ever met.

Marty Gold, who has appeared in many out-of-town bouts in the last few years, is training in the Quaker City with the main idea of having a busy indoor campaign right at home.

Jack Stanley has taken over the contract of Jackie Willis and also has Joe Wilton in charge.

Tommy Loughran, following his bout with Joe Sekyra, was the guest of honor at a Penn A. C. luncheon at which he said "Nothing would please me better than to get a crack at Schmeling's heavyweight crown."

Harry Blitman, South Philadelphia lad, is now under the management of Eddie Borden. Borden is mapping out an active campaign for Blitman and hopes to get him back to the top.

Pete Tyrell, matchmaker of the Arena is angling for a bout between Johnny Jadick and Tony Canzoneri but it will be a non-title affair.

Amateur bouts as a testimonial to the late Billy Rocap, chairman of the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission, got under way October 22 at the Arena in West Philadelphia. The "simon pures" have mapped out another ambitious winter campaign.

Irish Johnny Kelley, who has seen a lot of middleweight service around Wilkes-Barre and the coal regions in general, will probably go to the post soon in Phillie, according to Emanual Jaffe who looks after him.

Eddie Hollins, one of Scotty Morgan's star Nativity C. C. boxers, has turned in his amateur card and will enter the professional ranks. He is a lightweight.

Frank A. Rapini, who boxes under the name of Frankie Rapp, has obtained his release from Frank Fowles.

Tommy Jamison, former well-known southpaw welterweight of Grays Ferry fifteen years ago, is now on the Philadelphia police force.

Midget Wolgast, Philadelphia's claimant to the world's flyweight championship, outpointed Joe Dragon of Cincinnati at Muncie, Ind. in ten rounds. Each came in the ring at 114 pounds.

Outboxed and beaten at his own jabbing game through the first six rounds, Tommy Loughran, South Philadelphia light-heavyweight, was able to gain the ten-round decision over Joe Sekyra of Dayton, O., at the Queensboro Stadium in New York. It was the closest call for Loughran since his defeat by Ernie Schaaf at Philadelphia's Municipal stadium almost a year and a half ago. Only a rally in the closing rounds saved Tommy from losing the decision and many of the spectators still think Sekyra was entitled to "the nod."

The Penn A. C. has re-opened its amateur boxing and under the chairmanship of Bill Freihofer the tournaments are proving more popular than ever. There is always a big turnout and the "simon pures" after furnishing an evening's entertainment are also shown a good time by the clubmen. The prizes are also attractive.

Dismissal of Doctor William D. McClelland, Pittsburgh, from the State Athletic Commission was announced by Governor Pinchot on October 21. "Prior to his appointment misrepresentations concerning him were made to me," Governor Pinchot said in announcing the dismissal. He made no other comment.

Herman Taylor, Philadelphia fight promoter, is wearing a broader smile than usual these days. The "Boy" promoter's daughter, Mrs. Anna Dennin, is the mother of a seven pound, eleven ounce baby girl.

Constantin Vassis, Greek middleweight, stopped off in Phillie on his way to Wilmington where he is boxing under the wing of Jimmy Carres. Vassis, who is only seventeen years old, claims the middleweight title of Greece. Another claimant is Johnny Topouloss, who recently performed in a Quaker City ring. Vassis insists he flattened Topouloss.

Young (Yi Yi) Erne, famous as a Philadelphia lightweight a quarter of a century ago, is helping develop the amateurs of the Arcadia A. A. for a busy indoor season.

Johnny Meehan of Nicetown is in the midst of a comeback campaign and has issued challenges to his old-time and new rivals.

Charley Walsh, one of Philadelphia's best known ring announcers, is a brother of Jimmy Walsh, bantamweight champion twenty years ago, who is now a cigar salesman in Massachusetts.

Mike Dorizas, former University of Pennsylvania intercollegiate heavyweight wrestler, now on the faculty at the University, has been mentioned as a probable successor to Frank Wiener on the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission. Dorizas helped draft the "Gates athletic plan" at his alma mater.

WILKES-BARRE NOTES
By HUGH A. CARR

JIMMY THOMSON, former local lightweight, is now making his home in Sioux City, Iowa. Thomson has engaged in twenty-four battles since leaving the coal regions, winning twenty-three and losing the other by a close margin.

Matty Kraft, formerly well known pugilist of this city, but now living in Newark, N. J., recently joined the state police and is now stationed at Trenton, N. J. Kraft appeared many times at the local armory and local fans will always remember him as a "The boy who gives you your money's worth," while in the squared circle.

Weiner Wilch, Teutonic middleweight, who has been located here for the past year, has retired to the mountains where he hopes to gain a complete rest before engaging in any more battles. In his last, Wilch lost to Danny Devlin of Allentown.

Lou Sparato, Pittston boy, is making quite a hit down Jersey way. From all indications he will soon be in the wind-ups at some of the big clubs in Newark and Jersey City. Sparato got his start in the preliminaries at the local armory club and what a fighter he was.

Andy and Leo Mitchell of the famous Mitchell brothers dropped in to pay us a visit last week accompanied by their pa and ma.

This is the first trip east for the Mitchell boys' parents since the fighting brothers left California four years ago.

Al Dewey, well known veteran scrapper who for the past two years has been officiating as judge and referee for the Penn State boxing commission, may accept an offer made to him to become matchmaker of the Town Hall club of Scranton.

Joe Banovic, Binghamton light-heavyweight, who recently fought Billy Jones, Philly Negro, recently played football here as a member of the Binghamton panthers.

Pete Suskey, Scranton welterweight won his first start under his new manager Jimmy Johnston when he easily trounced Seargent Sammy Baker in one of the preliminaries to the Sharkey-Carnera bout.

Wrestling got a good start before a capacity crowd at the Town Hall A. C. here.

Dr. Ralph Wilson lost to Vanan Zelesniak, the Russian, the latter winning with a scissors hold after 32 minutes. Karl Pojello, Lithuanian champion won over Adolio Maccinio, Italy, in 26 minutes of fast wrestling.

George Hilles lost to Sidney Westrick, Mike Romano defeated Benny Ginsburg, John Mattox won over Farmer Bill Nelson.

EASTERN OHIO AND PITTSBURGH
By RAY FOUTTS

THE sensational Teddy Yarosz is the big noise in Pittsburgh fight circles at the present time. He looks like the best boy the Smoky City has turned out since Harry Greb and Jack Zivic. Since leaving the ranks of the amateurs about two years ago, the youthful Yarosz has scored forty-seven consecutive victories and numbers among his victims practically all the leading welters in this part of the country. The decisive manner in which he defeated Bucky Lawless and other stars, stamps him as real championship timber. He is rated among the ten best by Eddie Borden, of the world's greatest boxing magazine, THE RING, and should be a real threat to Thompson, Brouillard, McLarnin, Corbett and the other leaders within the next six months. Incidentally, Yarosz is under the exclusive management of the writer, who will take him East after Christmas.

Mose Butch, erstwhile amateur champion, is the kingpin of the Pittsburgh featherweights due to his wins over Johnny Datto and Jackie Rogers in his last two starts. Mose is a rugged, hard hitting southpaw, who should go places, but is handicapped by bad hands.

Patsy Pirrone, Eddie Mead's light-heavy star, defeated Chuck Burns in the opening indoor show at the auditorium in Canton Ohio.

In the opinion of the writer, Jimmie Dunn, veteran Cleveland manager, is one of the finest teachers of boxing in the country, and he has certainly worked wonders with his latest finds, Ross Fields, Mickey Duras and Chet Smallwood, as all three have been winning consistently since going under the managerial wing of the Cleveland mentor.

The only clubs featuring professional boxers operating in eastern Ohio at the present writing are The Coliseum, Canton, Suey Welsh, Akron, Al Zill, Youngstown, Ray Barnes, Alliance, Foutts Brothers, East Liverpool, and a new Club at Coshocton, Ohio.

District Gossip: Battling Gizzy, windmill lightweight, returned to action after six months layoff due to illness, and knocked out the veteran Jackie Dugan at McKeesport. . . . Frankie Bojorski continued his winning streak by stopping Lou Palusa at Motor Square Garden. . . . Jackie Rogers, a sensation in Pittsburgh a year ago, showed poorly in his losing bouts with Mose Butch and Frankie Wallace. Jim McGirr, McKeesport promoter, cut his admission prices in half, and doubled his gates. . . . Apples Meyers will run shows again this season at the Moose Temple in Pittsburgh, and will also try his luck at the Castle Bowl in New Castle, which has a heating system for indoor shows. . . . The writer received a letter from England for Frank Klaus, former middleweight champion, and Frank explained it was from a friend he remembered meeting the night he boxed Carpentier on the other side of the pond. . . . After having a lot of tough breaks in his first four shows at Motor Square Garden, Jules Beck came up smiling when he closed for the biggest local natural since Jack Zivic boxed Cuddy DeMarco, Teddy Yarosz vs. Jimmie Belmont. . . .

Managers and boxers wishing to make a connection in this district should get in touch with the writer at the Foutts Brothers Gym., East Liverpool, Ohio.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

BRUNO SALA hurdled another obstacle recently when he won an eight-round decision from Sunny Jim McVey, hard-hitting Braddock Negro, for the light-heavyweight supremacy of the Pittsburgh district. Sala's kayo over Billy Flannigan and victories over Buddy McArthur stamp him as easily the class of local light-heavies.

Indian Tiger West came through better than expected at Meyers Bowl, where he held Paul Pirrone to a ten-round draw.

Johnny Datto, hard-punching Filipino feather-weight, kayoed Jackie Wilson, local bantam-weight, in the third session. Jackie should confine his efforts to his own class hereafter. In the semi-final Ray Collins hung a three-round kayo on Eddie Kaufman at Hickey Park Arena in Millvale.

A near-capacity crowd turned out to see Joey Goodman take a lacing from Tony Herrera in the initial indoor show at Motor Square Garden. Sala whipped McVey in the semi-final.

Tiger Joe Randall and Marty Simmons opened Jim McGirr's Palisades rink at McKeesport. They fought to a draw. Teddy Welch of McKeesport scored over Mickey De Palmo. Joey Bazzone, McKeesport, carried off a six-round decision from Nick Caruso. In the opener Jimmy Loizes of McKeesport made his professional debut a successful one. He won over Kid Blues by a technical kayo in two rounds.

George Panka, Homestead heavyweight, returned to the fistic warpath and belted out a decisive victory over Roy (Ace) Clark of Philadelphia. Clark outweighed Panka by 44 lbs.

Jimmy Thomas, ebony-hued bantamweight, won from the veteran, Pinkey Silverberg, in a ten-round bout at McKeesport. Willie Davies defeated Ross Fields at Johnstown.

Frankie Bojorski, Jack Barry's undefeated battler, kayoed Lou Paluso, veteran Salt Lake City lightweight, at Motor Square Garden, in the fifth round.

Battling Gizzy, windmill lightweight from Donora, showed no effects of his long layoff in his bout at McKeesport against Jackie Dugan of Louisville. Gizzy won by a knockout in five rounds. Promoter Jim McGirr slashed his prices in half and drew his largest crowd in several years.

Mose Butch, the crack Pittsburgh southpaw, is making rapid headway. Butch decisively defeated Johnny Datto in a ten-round bout at Motor Square Garden. His manager, Jack London, finds it difficult to get suitable opponents to meet Mose. So far, top-notchers like Champion Al Brown, Pete Sanstol, Gene Huat and Newsboy Brown have uttely refused to meet the local pride. Mose can easily make the bantamweight limit.

At a benefit card at New Castle, Tommy Arnold and Johnny Jennings fought a draw—Homer Gray technically stopped Bill Donnelli in two rounds—Marshall Connette defeated Jackie Guba—Vito Mangine drew with Walker West—Merle Gibson outpointed Jack White—and Johnny Hunka scored a technical kayo over Rudy Koralchick.

Mose Butch signed a five-year contract with his able manager, Jack London.

Charley Cravotta, welterweight champion of the district simon-pures, journeyed to Europe with a selected amateur team. He will represent the 147-pound ranks.

Fritzie Zivic won his first professional engagement on a technical knockout.

SOUTH JERSEY AND DELAWARE NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLO

THE Quaker City Gym, in Philly, surprised the writer by its up to date equipment. It is centrally located right in the heart of the city, at 13th & Market Streets, Jimmy Coster is connected with this gym with Leon Krauss, hard hustling youngster. Some of the stars the writer saw there are Benny Bass, Johnny Jadick, Jack Gross, Billy Wallace, Ace Clark, Jimmy Smith, the Hayes brothers, Tony Falco, and a lot of out of town stars. This is a great place for an out-of-towner to visit when passing through Philly.

Johnny Peppe, of Philly closed the out of door season at Shellpot Park, under the direction of Joe Kennedy by defeating Tommy Rios.

Tommy Muse, former A. A. U. champ, won his fourth consecutive victory under the management of Frankie Thomas, who also manages Mike Bradley and Dick Clark.

Natie Brown, of California, now making his home in Philly, bears watching this winter. His draw with Billy Jones in Pittsburgh, put him right on top with the best. Jimmy Coster is training Natie, while McCarney & Jacobs look after his bookings.

Dick Clarke, of Memphis, lost to Johnny Hayes, in Atlantic City, but won over Yg. Goldie. Clark bears watching.

Elmer Bezenah, clever Cincinnati welter, now making his home in Philly, scored his sixth consecutive victory and looks very promising.

Jimmy Smith, for whom the writer predicts a great future, is winning consistently.

Tony Falco easily defeated Mike Marshall and Mickey Blair laced Buck Oliva at the Auditorium in Atlantic City.

Johnny Dixon won decision over Danny Russell, of Salisbury, Md., by scoring several knockdowns. Lew Lafferty knocked out Johnny Canzoneri in the semi.

Dave Siddons drew with Lew Hardcastle in a great bout at the Northside A. C., in Atlantic City. Morris "Mushy" Gross stopped Joe Hilsie in the semi.

Billy Ketchell, of Millville, defeated Larry Wagner, in Millville. Ketchell looks like a good prospect and will go far if matched right.

DELAWARE DOPE
By DAN McVEY

BOXING took a new lease on life in the Diamond State when Johnny Burns opened the winter season at the Auditorium with a very satisfactory house.

Johnny Hayes outboxed the clever Silvan Bass only to have the nod rendered against him. This is one thing the crowds have been squawking about here—poor judging.

Young Goldie and Paulie Brown, the two outstanding fighters of the State dropped decisions to their more experienced adversaries—Lou Kaplan and Dick Clark respectively. These two boys have been winning consistently under the careful guidance of Ralph Faris.

Chick Liddell, who at one time was the outstanding scrapper of his class, is now handling a few likely looking boys. Frankie Wells and Ralph Tribiana are his best.

Benny Lonski lost to Buddy Taylor in the main event at Delaware Beach, but according to all the sport scribes Taylor took only the last two frames.

Mickey Tedone whipped Frankie Wells and Kid Lafferty in his first two starts in this locality. Mickey hails from New York but is living in Wilmington now.

Our Old Friend Ray Romney is back with us and will see action soon.

The fans will do themselves justice if they will read THE RING, thereby familiarizing themselves with the outstanding boys all over the world. How many of you knew Joe Scalfaro, Jimmy Bachelor, Danny Devlin, and a score of others before they showed here.

Young Goldie stole the show when he staged a tip-roaring scrap with Billy Reese. An accidental butt opened a mean cut over Goldie's eye and again the judges' good reason failed them.

Earl Blackwell, a newcomer, won his first two, beating Ray Janvier and stopping Frankie Powell.

Aurelio Fabiana, leading wrestling impresario, is staging grunt grudges on Monday nights at the Auditorium for the Victor Amusement Co.

Ralph Faris has a fine gymnasium on West Fourth Street. His establishment is the last word in training quarters and is patronized by the leading boxers of this locality and out of town fighters who come here.

Tommy Rios blew in from Chicago and was in town about ten minutes when someone stole his suit-case with all his belongings. He thought he was getting away from gangsters when he left the Windy City, but he said it is O. K. with him as it made him feel at home. In his first fight he beat Danny Devlin and then chased Johnny Peppy all over the ring only to lose the verdict and the newspapers were not a bit backward in telling the world what they thought of the decision.

Youngsters in this vicinity wishing to make good in the boxing game should read the books, "How to Box," and "How to Train," by Nat Fleischer with forewords by Jack Dempsey and Jim Corbett.

The New Boxing Commission in this State deserves a great big hand for the magnificent way it conducts its business. Bill Brennan is the hustling secretary.

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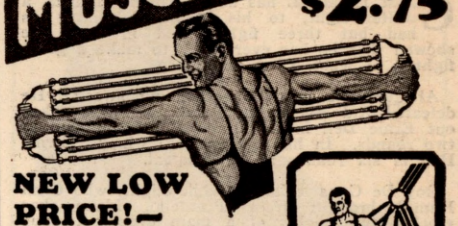

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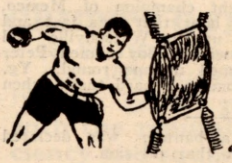

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FRISCO LEFT HOOKS
By J. MALDONADO

CLEM HAMILL has added Tommy Biance, a welterweight, to his stable. Tommy has had but three fights, and in those he showed that he has everything to make a great fighter, at least, Clem thinks so.

Al Citrino continues his winning streak. He defeated Kid Aveline and Paul Mann, knocked out Ernie Dell in three and Bobby Sullivan in two rounds. In his last bout Al whipped Ernie Dell in six rounds at San Rafeal.

Roy De Gaus, colored middleweight, who Clem Hamill brought from Pocatello, Idaho, has reached the heights of a main eventer in any club. Roy beat Al Marino and Steamboat Jackson over the ten round route and looked good in doing it. Roy received a cut over an eye so he took a rest and went home to Pocatello, Idaho, for a short stay.

A match between De Gans and Jimmy Evans should be a humdinger and ought to turn 'em away.

Tommy Cello, former lightweight, has quite a stable of fighters. Among them are: Archie Forson, 162 lbs.; Gilbert Attell, 150 lbs.; Lee Hansen, 152 lbs.; Tony Gardner, 126 lbs.; Bill Middleton, 160 lbs.; Frankie Tucker, 170 lbs.; Larry De Bereck, 126 lbs.; Perry Huston, 118 lbs.; Gene Oliver, 132 lbs.; Harry Telesco, 150 lbs.

Gilbert Attell, of the fighting Attells, is fighting pretty steady and is going good. Attell won over Jimmy Evans, Kid Capley, Jimmy Goodrich and Al Marino. Ko'ed Johnny Walker and Esten Hunter.

Archie Forson, a much improved fighter, surprised by giving Bud Gorman the toughest battle of his career. He boxed him to a draw at Vallejo, Gorman's home town. Archie is open to meet any middleweight on the coast.

Frankie Tucker, ex-amateur light-heavyweight National champion, now a pro and improving rapidly, under the guiding hand of Tommy Cello, ought to be heard from in short notice.

Joe Dutra has returned from the northwest with his battler, Punching Paul Negri, welterweight.

In the best fight ever seen at Oakland for the past 15 years, Midget Wolgast, world's flyweight champion, was given a ten-round decision over Speedy Dado. The fight was very close and many thought that the worst Dado should have had was a draw. Looks like a good rematch. Dado carried the fight and in the last canto, Speedy was fighting furiously trying to knock Wolgast for a loop, and at that, he came very close to knocking Wolgast out. He staggered him several times.

In a ten round main event at National Hall, Leon (Bombo) Chevalier ko'ed Jack Spence in the first minute of the first round. Leo Hansen, Tommy Cello's middleweight, was the hit of the night, winning a six round decision over Al Marino. Leo scored one knock-down and won the duke with length to spare. Keep your eyes on this Hansen lad!

Midget Wolgast was fed a set-up in the person of Tony Russell and ko'ed him in the third round at Oakland.

Al Robinson, veteran flyweight who has been boxing for the past eight years, has sent in a claim to the State Athletic Commission for the flyweight championship of California.

Yg. Tommy, the new Filipino sensation, is packing 'em in here. He stopped Ernie Hood in six rounds at Hollywood, then he whipped Chato Laredo, flyweight champion of Mexico, in a torrid ten round bout that was fast and furious, then jumped up to Watsonville and packed a house there with a boy named Peter Penna, whom he stopped in one round. Yg. Sport ought to give Tommy a hard tussle when they meet.

Speedy Dado, now a bantam, was declared champ of California in that division.

Yg. Tommy will be out of luck as far as claiming the flyweight championship of California is concerned, because Tommy has been in the states but four months and one must be a resident of the state for a year or over in order to gain a state title.

The flyweight situation should be getting a lot of attention within the next month or so. There are about a half dozen boys here who claim the title and they follow: Yg. Sport of L. A. Al. Robinson of S. F., Yg. Pancho Villa (Paul Amour) of Oak., and Sam Tucker of L. A. Why not a tourney? Boys who might be able to make the grade are Augie Curtis of L. A., Bobby Mars of Fresno, Domino Rentello of Stockton and maybe Sally Macias of L. A.

A match between Yg. Tommy and Al Robinson ought to pack 'em in at National Hall.

Frank Schuler, matchmaker at National Hall, would like to show Yg. Tommy and he has Al. Robinson at his disposal.

Robinson, if you remember, boxed a twelve round draw with Chato Laredo at El Paso, and he claims he got a raw decision.

A bout between Tommy and Robinson should be a wow! Tommy, a rough, tough, fast slugger, and Robinson a fast, clever boxer with a hefty wallop in either mitt, holds knockouts over Lefty Shore, Joe Caballero, Domino Rentello, Vic Perry and Ray Lopez, and has won from Frisco Lenda, Sailor Rotitio, Faster Manelo, Bobby Mars, Mickey O'Bregon, Yg. Pancho Villa and many others.

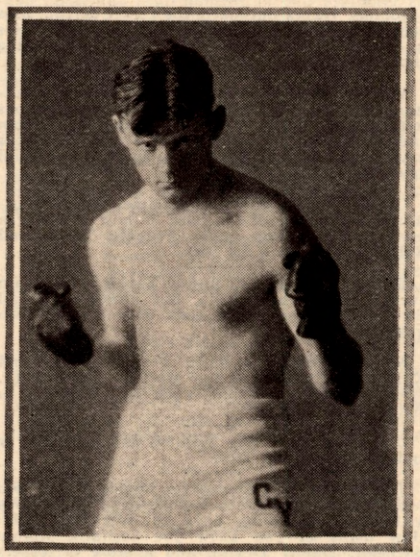
Robinson is looking better now than he has looked in the past five years. So says George Likas, manager of Charley Hernandez, the Excelsior steam roller.

Moose Taussig, who handles Robinson, has a good welterweight and lightweight in Bobby Andrews, who is coming along at a fast clip.

Like Mike and Ike they look alike, fight alike and act alike—pertaining to Benny and Louie Gallop, the fighting twins.

Louie, who has just returned from the Hawaiian Island where he ko'ed Joe Lawrence, won from Lefty Lapinid, Lightning Hufana, Augustine Jordon, Gus Sproat, Pancho Ramosa and Tiger Connell. After outboxing Varias Milling he was forced to slug, and as a result was stopped in the eighth round. Milling is the lad who came very close to knocking out Frankie Klick at Hollywood. Louie then boxed a draw with Vincent Ventrillo, who in turn defeated Varias Milling.

On the other hand, Benny Gallop, the other half, ko'ed Yg. Johnny Snell, Yg. Mendoza and



Cecil Vinson, lightweight from Dallas, Texas

Kid Magsambel. He won from Tommy Gardner, Baby Face Cress, Yg. Sisseron, Frankie Murray, Emil Jure, Tony Silva, Joe Calder, Paddy Sullivan, Abie Israel and Billy Liner. He boxed great battles with Charley Miller, Yg. Nationalista, Ray Butler, Lou Snyder and Frankie Klick, spotting these boys plenty of weight.

Ray Smiley's boy, Al Johnson, is goin like a house a fire. He will be ready for bigger and better shots shortly. Ray has a new find in Fredie Henderson, who has just turned pro. Fred, as an amateur, had three bouts and won all three via the k.o. route, and Smiley is all talk about his wonderful find.

Joe Conde, who has been in Mazatlan the past year and a half, is expected back in San Francisco by Paddy Ryan in the early part of December. He is bringing back home with him the scalps of four Mexican champions. He won decisions over three and ko'ed one. He decisioned Kid Pancho, bantam champ; Chicho Cisneras, feather champ, and Rauol Tallan, amateur champion of the Olympic games at Amsterdam. He ko'ed Manuel Vila, the present lightweight champion of Mexico, in six rounds.

A match between Frankie Klick and Joe Conde ought to pack 'em in at Hollywood.

LeRoy Haynes, colored heavyweight from L. A., may be seen in Northern California shortly.

V. V. Duran, the movie actor and manager, has a good looking heavyweight in Cecil Myart.

Moose Taussig says that a match between Fritz Reschert of the T-R and Yg. Sharkey of the Royal would prove a bright attraction, for National Hall.

Rev. Leslie Kelley, local boxing commissioner, has done the boxing game a lot of good and deserves much credit.

Boxers and managers seeking ring work in California, and those wishing to know conditions hereabout, get in touch with writer at 923 Union street, S. F., Calif.

For boxing fans, fighters, managers, seconds, trainers, The Ring Magazine has a neat collection of books which will benefit you. Don't forget to look them over, and if you are interested, you can secure them at 11 W. 42nd street, N. Y. City, N. Y. Many of California's leading boxers have all The Ring books for reference.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

ATCHINSON . . . Joe Trabon knocked out Frankie Smirl in eight rounds. Hal McWilliams defeated Kid Owens in eight. Eddie Ostrander knocked out Marvin Hendershot in one. Olin Bryant won over Walter Dunston in four rounds.

Clay Center, Kans . . . Les Showers, Amateur Boxing promoter, reports a real turnout for his three day amateur tournament.

Topeka, Kans . . . The American Legion has completed plans for its fall and winter professional fight programs. The Topeka Pressman's Union staged an interesting amateur boxing program, with others to follow.

West Tulsa, Okla . . . Wilson (Indian) Dunn knocked out Dickey Dillman in the fifth round of a scheduled ten round main event. Howard Scott and Jimmy Craig drew in six. Goldie Stewart knocked out Kid Crash in three rounds. The Wildcat Monte-Jimmy Owens bout was cancelled due to Owens showing up with a mashed hand.

Tahlequah, Okla . . . Gene Ellis defeated Chief Terrapin in ten hard fought rounds. Terrapin claims this is his third defeat in 93 bouts.

Kansas City, Mo. . . . Amateur bouts at the International Arena. Jack Daniels beat Les Schulte in four. George Biehl beat Kid Ramey in three. Fred Schantz beat Sam Pamatot in three. George Miller beat Gene Mitchell in three. Eddie Boxley beat Bus Sawyer in three. Dick Meiers beat Harry Grebb in three. Joey Alcanter beat Harold Downs. Gene Driscoll beat Leo Leonard in three rounds.

Junction City, Kans. . . . The Veterans of Foreign Wars Organization staged a one night amateur boxing show, which proved to be highly entertaining and well patronized. Mr. L. P. Palck, Jr., directed the show.

Kansas City, Mo. . . . Mickey Cohen defeated Herman Perlick in 12 rounds. Freddie Haverlak beat Henry Perlick in ten. Steve Ketchell beat Jess Freeman in six. Frankie Bezzie beat Flash Randoni in six. Ned Driscoll knocked out Danny Meyers in four. Jack Slattery knocked out Raymond Paynter in three.

Horton, Kansas . . . Ritchie Mack knocked out Eddie Ostrander in three rounds. Fred Ott and Don Deegan drew in eight. Don Carmen won from Frankie Garcia in six. Blaz Montemore defeated Ralph Shaner in six rounds.

Kansas City, Mo. . . . International Arena amateur bouts. Jack Daniels beat Houston Ash in three. Fred Schantz knocked out Tony Manners in one. Ray English beat Fred Ramsey in three. Virg Winningham beat Chuck Reinhardt in four. Bus Sawyer knocked out Tom Shipley in three. Jerry Jenkins beat Frenchy Darnell in four. Gene Driscoll beat Joey Alcanter in three. Vince Jacobs beat Peter Piatt in three. Earl Hallahan beat Bob Chance in three. Jimmy O'Dell beat Harry Linder. Ed Taylor knocked out Tutter Kensel in three rounds.

St. Paul, Kans. . . . Wayne Campbell knocked out Johnny O'Brien in fourth round of a one night Amateur boxing program. Johnny Hemphill beat Bud Martin in three. Clifford Audis knocked out Jimmy O'Brien in three. Melvin Bell beat Pete Florio in three. Dale O'Brien beat Benny Sexton in three rounds. George Cox, of Chanute, refereed all bouts.

Kansas City, Mo . . . International Arena amateur results. Gene Driscoll knocked out Jerry Jenkins in three. Dick Meiers beat Kid Miller in three. Houston Ash beat Gene Gregg in three. Bill Reinhardt knocked out Johnny Flemming in two. Tom Shipley knocked out Charles Goucher in two. George Gross beat Joe Piersol in three. Yale Turnham knocked out Dave Roberts in three. Jimmy O'Dell knocked out Dale Jackson in three. Joe Ciro knocked out Herby Boyte in two. Victor Baker knocked out Claude Kilgore in one. Carel Lyod knocked out Virgil Way in two. Chief Rainbow beat Bill McCorrison in three rounds.

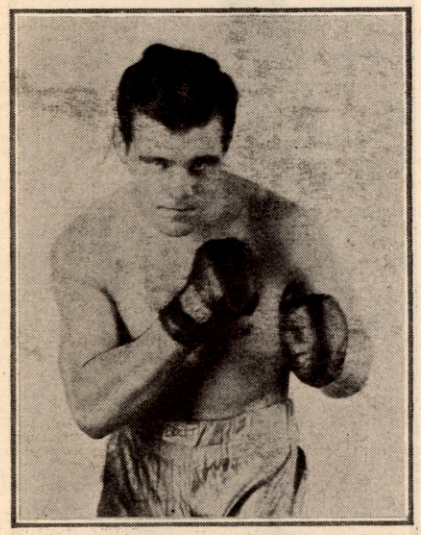
DOWN IN ARKANSAS
By MINOR STUART

BOXING is certainly coming along down in the Wonder State, as evidenced by the many fine fight cards held here. Little Rock has the edge on important bouts with Fort Smith following close behind.

Arkansas crowned a lightweight champ when Spruce Gibbs, the Eldorado Wildcat, won a ten-round decision over that Little Rock boy, Wesley Senn, beating him for the mythical crown. Spruce has been a fighting champ, never refusing to defend his title. After winning quite a few battles Spruce Gibbs lost his lightweight title on a foul to that great little Fort Smith battler, Dewey (Stinger) Steele.

Fort Smith—Dewey (Stinger) Steele met a tartar in the person of Billy Smith of Oklahoma City. Steele got up from the canvas after two knockdowns to win by a clean cut K.O. Sergeant Red Foster won by a technical K.O. from Basil Chastain. Frankie Graham won a decision over Dummy Edgmon (Deaf Mute) in 4 rounds.

Little Rock—Chico Cisneros, featherweight, won on a T.K.O from Rube Johnson. Chico had an edge all through the bout and referee George Sanders stopped the fight with 30 seconds to go in the last and tenth round when Rube looked to be in a bad way. Wesley Senn came from behind to stop Frankie Bean. Herman Jenkins beat Laurence Lee in a bout between colored boys. In another colored bout, Kid Shimmy and Tiger Kid Smith drew in 4 rounds.



Pete Mike, tough welterweight from Southampton, Long Island

That name George Sanders reminds us of old times. Do you fans remember when George Sanders was one of the greatest lightweights in the country? The scribe remembers well the night he beat Ray Schook, Memphis, Tenn., for promoter Bobby Manzell down at Eldorado, and incidentally the scribe, Minor Stuart and Walter Ringo, Little Rock boxed a 6-round draw.

Chico Cisneros and Jimmy Watts from Little Rock fought a draw. This fight preceded the Rube Johnson bout by about 6 weeks in Little Rock.

Helena—Sailor Campbell, Greenwood, Mississippi, beat Spruce Gibbs in 8 rounds. Frenchy Fournier beat Frankie Stinson in 6 rounds.

Two other good fights in Little Rock were those between Jesse Sada and Uris Flowers who fought a draw and Sada vs. Jimmy Watts which also was a draw.

One of the best boys developed in Arkansas and the South for that matter is Jack King, Little Rock, welter champ of the state. King would like to meet Tommy Freeman in Little Rock if he would make weight for him.

Batesville—Tommy Davenport of Little Rock and Hughie Gray, St. Louis, heavyweights boxed an 8-round draw.

Bauxite—The promoters in Bauxite put on quite a few good bouts for the approval of the fans. All the bouts were 3-rounders. MacCormick K. O.'ed Ford Baxter in the second round. Turner Barnes won a decision over Buddy Thompson. Soapy Hand beat Max Iskiwitz. Pewee Hackerbarth drew with Rusty Jones. Tony Knopp and Hal Grinnitt in a 3-round draw. Charles Regan won a decision over Clifton Blake. Fox Parker decisioned Woodrow Bell. Thomas won a decision over J. Wilson. Harold Lee in a decision over Loving.

De Queen—That roly-poly heavyweight, from Texarkana, Tuffy Rachel, won a ten-round decision from Jack Harris also of Texarkana. It was T. J. Brayten's first show in De Queen.

The game that thrills will soon be on the way again in the scribe's home town, Texarkana. Promoters Monroe (Monk) Thomas and Dave Wolters are planning to put on some good bouts in the twin city this winter.

If you promoters have any ring news, hurry them along to this scribe, Minor Stuart, 1923 Locust Street, Texarkana, Arkansas.

WEST VIRGINIA JABS
By "HUD" HUDSON

BLUEFIELD. . . . Jimmy Smith, New York, and Bob Allison, Charlotte, N. C., battled to a draw in the ten-rounder capping the AL show here recently. Other boys on the same card were Bill Burchett, New York City, decisioned Jack Ryan, (10); Johnny Cataline of Beckley drew with Bobbie Swinger of Charlotte; Bobby Jacob of Roanoke, Va., won the opener over Peewee Clark in four fast stanzas.

HUNTINGTON. . . . Georgie Annarino scored a T. K. O. over Kid Smith here recently, the bout coming to a close in the tenth and final round.

Huntington has had a few more fights, most of them going the same old circle of Arthurs, Roberts and Rowsey. What the fans here need is a change, and some new blood spouting on the local canvas.

Mike Kearney, whom we wrote about briefly in the last issue of THE RING, did not live to see the Fall season of boxing, coming to an untimely end late in September. Here was a man with faults all his own—and by the same token Mike had virtues and kindness that few men have. Rest in peace, friend, pal of the needy, and believer in clean boxing.

Bobby Grant annexed the State welter title here recently when he weathered a hefty strong-armed assault of Freddie Edwards of Wheeling, getting the nod after ten hectic rounds of battle. The win for Grant made his tenth win in a row, five by kayo and five by decision, in the same number of starts.

In an exciting bout at the local Armory, Floyd Forbes won over Johnny Devlin of Portsmouth, Ohio, (10); Jack Reynolds, Indianapolis, knocked out Jimmy Chapman, (5); Bill Null, 160, of Powellton, won over Les Bowen, and Speedy Ballenger decisioned Dummy Spillman.

LISTEN TO THIS. . . . Pat Canepa is beginning to line up prospects for his Winter affairs. . . . Bobby Grant will soon leave for the East. . . . Officers and men of the local Infantry Regiment are keen fight fans. . . . The Kanawha Athletic Club is the title of a newly-formed group here in Charleston. . . . This club works with the AAU, Allegheny Mountain Division, and will sponsor bouts among the rising sons who have fistic ambitions. . . . The American Legion here has practically all of the local official boxing appointments sewed up. . . . They work well, too, and stand for no bunkum. . . . Eddie Tolan, colored sprint star, is now in Charleston. . . . Eddie is also a fight fan. . . . Oak Hill Legionaires are sponsoring a number of Fall and Winter fights. . . . Address the writer at his new home, 413 Broad St., Charleston, W. Va.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRIBUTES
By CLIFF SCHIEBERL

INDICATIONS point to plenty of activity around the Valley for the coming winter. Davenport, Dubuque, Muscatine, Burlington, Cedar Rapids, Waterloo and Moline are the most prominent cities in this section of the country that should share the most action.

Davenport, Iowa, staged a few wrestling shows but they fared poorly in attendance. There is only one that can draw them into capacity and that is Jack Dempsey. He refereed here two years ago and they stood in the aisles.

Johnny Fryrear, promoter at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, staged the bout between Lefty Martler and Johnny Agrella, two outstanding middleweights in Iowa. They drew a big house.

In Quincy, Ill., Young Terry, Iowa's leading lightweight, whipped Sammy Ward of St. Louis in a ten-rounder.

Some shorts—Young Rumpp of Davenport went to Ottumwa to whip Billy Wells . . . Billy Blunkie whipped Les Garner at Quincy . . . Cliff Graham, promising Davenport lightweight, has a bad hand . . . Frank Duffy is expected to referee the exhibition bouts in which Jack Dempsey will participate when he comes here this winter . . . Snubs Gannaway, Iowa heavy, just returned from the Pacific Coast.

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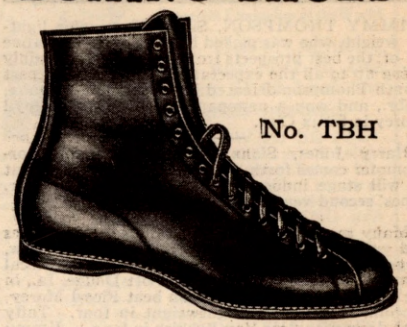

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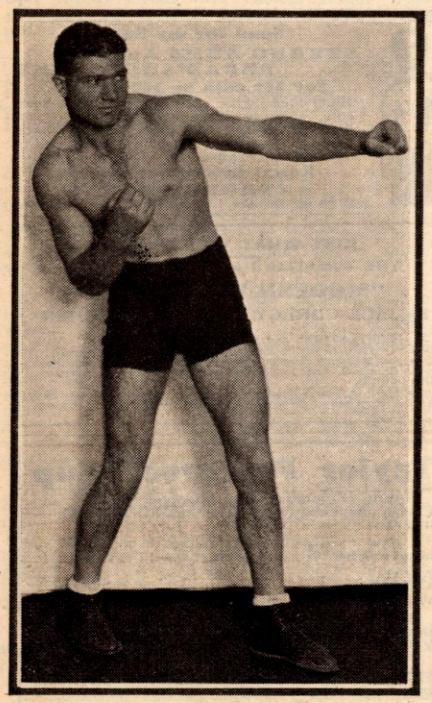
SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

JIMMY THOMPSON, Sioux City junior lightweight, who was picked by Eddie Borden as one of the best prospects from the West, is certainly living up to all the expectations. During the past month Thompson defeated Jay Conlon at Omaha, Nebr., and won a newspaper decision over Floyd Morey in Sioux City.

Harry Jones, Sioux City's leading outdoor-promoter comes forth with the announcement that he will stage indoor boxing shows. This is Mr. Jones' second venture on indoor shows.

Many members of the Elks' Lodge, their wives and guests attended the first indoor boxing show, staged at the Elks' Club. Harold Rogers, local bantam lost to Elmer Brown of Fort Dodge, Ia., in the feature. Jimmy Thompson beat Floyd Morey, Lincoln, Nebr. junior lightweight in four. Tuffy Dial drew with Aleo Van Buskirk in four. Jimmy Johnson knocked out Art Johnson in the second round of a four, and Dixie Miller, took the count at the hands of Kenny Wright, in the third round.

Short Shots . . . Leo Morris, well-known Sioux City boxing promoter and manager is now connected with the writer in management of a stable of boxers . . . Bobby Paul will open up one of the finest gyms in the middlewest soon . . . The Elks state they will promote indoor shows this season . . . Nate Dax is also getting set for the season . . . Looks like the boys will have plenty of action this winter, with Brislane, Dax, Jones, and the Elks Club going . . .



Jay Mecedon, hard-hitting Newark welter.

Johnny Burds, local feather, doing the come-back act, lost a hair-line decision to Babe Barnes, also of Sioux City, in the 6-round main-event at Riverview Park. The bout was a close one. In another sixer, Kenny Austin, Central City, Nebr. middleweight, beat Chuck Patterson of Omaha. Mickey O'Donnell, local lightweight, added another victim to his list, when he knocked out Ray Fox of Omaha, Nebr. in the first round. Referee Zanfes halted the Speedy Schaefer-Ted West bout in the second round to save the latter from further punishment. Al Phal and Eng Hansen fought four good rounds to a draw.

Harry Jones closed his outdoor season at Riverview Park with a fine card. "Wild" Firpo Higgins took on Sammy Martin, local colored lightweight and put up a great fight. Three times in the very first round Martin was beaten face forward into the resin. Two times he took the count of nine. The third time he flopped face foremost again to the canvas, only this time to remain there. At the count of five the bell rang. At the start of the second round, Martin was a changed performer, he chose to box Higgins, and never again did the latter reach the local lad's jaw. In the last round Martin scored a 9-count knock-down and the bout was called a draw. Pete McGinnis, local veteran, outclassed Irish McKenna, Dakota middleweight in six. Young Buzz Smith, suffered a bad cut eye in his bout with Ernie North, and was stopped. Aleo Van Buskirk, lightheavyweight, knocked out the "unknown" in the first minute of fighting. Al Smith scored a clean knock out over Dixie Miller in the third round.

One of the most interesting letters received by the writer for sometime, comes from George Cutler, former Sioux City boxing manager and promoter. who is now located in Maracaibo, Venezuela, Mr. Cutler informs the writer, THE RING magazine is the most popular fight magazine sold in Venezuela, and every one connected with the sport looks forward to each edition.

The best looking prospect for the month is Aleo Van Buskirk, light-heavyweight of Kingsley, Iowa. Tuffy Dial, another light-heavy, is another lad that looks like a comer. Both boys can punch.

Looking over the mail bag . . . Pete Ferrari, Wilkes Barre, Penn. manager, informs us he signed up a tough stable in Gene Baldoni, lightweight, and Joey Greb, junior lightweight . . . J. D. Jameson wants to know why all the middleweights take to cover, when this boy George Dixon is mentioned . . . Duke Barry writes from Miami, Florida . . . Have others but the old space won't take them all.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS . . . Jimmy Johnson, local junior welter, won a decision over Frank Conlon at Omaha . . . The way some fight managers knock one another here, is a crime. If their fighters would use some of this knocking, it would be different . . . Murray McLean is looking after Jack McCann at St. Paul . . . The main thing wrong with boxing in Omaha, the promoters say, is that the fighters want the City Hall for a bout, and Omaha needs it . . . Would like to have all the managers in this part of the woods keep me posted, when you make a change in address. That is if you want the mail that comes in for you . . . Would like to hear from Andy Jensen . . . Tom Brislane, local promoter, is standing by. Must be trying to get some of the big boys down to terms . . . The Elks Club is to be commended for the fine lunch given to all the boxers and managers after the boxing show . . . Mail will reach the writer at 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Ia., and news must be in my hands by the 16th of each month . . . Sailor Burke, former lightweight boxer, has taken over the management of Harold Rogers local bantam . . . Reddy Adair, local lightweight veteran is making Omaha his headquarters . . . Georgie Atwood has left for unknown ports . . . Sammy Sacco has put his gloves in the trunk for keeps, he says. Sam was a tough boy in his day . . . Nuff, said.

PICK UPS AROUND SIOUX CITY'S FIGHTWAY . . . When not fighting Jimmy Johnson is a bell-hop . . . Jimmy Thompson sells spuds in his spare time . . . Harry Jones certainly likes his cigars . . . Happened to look across the aisle in church one Sunday, and what should I see, but one of the local glove tossers reading a RING . . . Frank Koops, Lincoln Nebr. manager, has his eye on two Sioux City fighters . . . Chuck Donavan, manager of Pete McGinnis, local welter, is out after the tough ones, since his ace won over Irish McKenna . . . Chuck knows his fighters, and was a pretty good fighter himself. . . . Pinky George certainly said something when he stated, the "fight promoters should work together." The trouble in the past is that some of the fighters had this idea . . . Mickey Kane, Omaha matchmaker, likes Sioux City boxers . . . A heavyweight fight that will no doubt be staged here this winter features Jack Dillon, of Oklahoma and Jack McCann . . . What a fight this would be! . . . THE RING is now on sale at the Sportsman Cigar Store, thanks to Eddie Morris . . . Wonder what Baby Sacco, a good little prospect of a year ago, is doing. . . . Have not seen Ray Carter for a long time; where are you keeping yourself these fistic days . . . Nuff said, again.

WISCONSIN FISTIC GOSSIP
By JACK MILLER

BOXING got started at Stevens Point when a capacity crowd saw Irish Kennedy, of Iron Mountain, Mich., decisively defeat Ted Algiers, hard hitting youngster from New London. The semi-final between Nate Tillman and Ernie Evans, stole the show for thrills and action. Evans came through to win after being down in the second round. Chief Miller whipped Bucky Mills in another bout.

At La Crosse, Prince Saunders, Negro lightweight from Chicago, whipped Babe Herman. Wallie McElwaine easily whipped Everett Vinson. The promoters intend to run monthly here giving the fans popular priced shows.

Bobby Allen came from behind to defeat Johnny Lombardo at Oshkosh. Allen is a great little club fighter. Angelo Puglisi stopped Eddie Oster in the second round of the semi-windup.

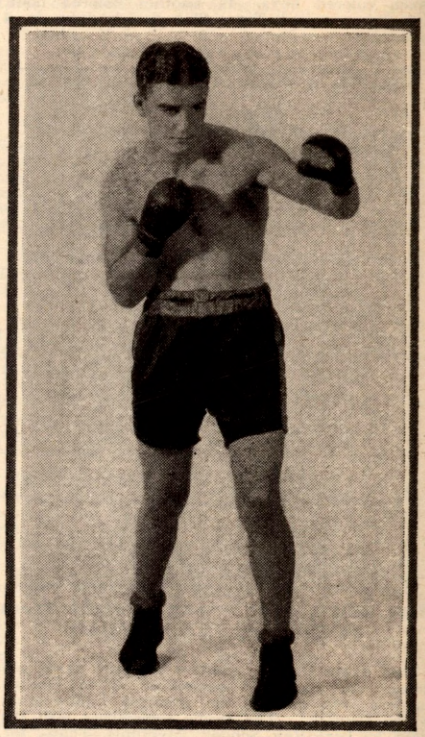
Prince Saunders managed to get edged out by Mike Dundee at Eau Claire. Saunders showed his old class but Dundee proved just a little too cagy for him.

Al Fain is promoting shows at Green Bay and he intends to give the fans nothing but the best material.

MINNESOTA NEWS
By BOB BURRILL

REFLECTIONS at Random . . . Rodger Bernard's startling win over champ Battalino . . . Why King Tut never fights for Mike Collins . . . The Wangley-Smith double knockdown . . . Wohlwend's dampered possibilities . . . The Ace of Spades . . . and his squelching of Red Haggerty . . . John Perotti's clever caricature of Ernie Schaaf in THE RING . . . The sincere catering to Percy Public by the local matchmakers . . . Those pre-fight accounts in the papers that sound like advertisements . . . McCann's courage . . . Mike Collins pass list . . . Why the rural papers call Wohlwend a prospective "youngster" . . . The class of Earl Mastro . . . Billy Shaw's grit . . . The five hundred fans that are said to journey to Minny from Lake City every time Wallie Wohlwend dons the leather . . . Why some fans forgot those Maloney affairs when picking Carnera over Sharkey . . . We wondah why actors and orchestra leaders get a "kick" out of managing pugs . . . Not the sport pages, boys . . . . The sudden drop of managing matchmakers . . . King Tut's Cord car. . . .

Short Socks . . . Prince Saunders is the best featherweight prospect in the ring . . . King Tut and his two better halves, handsome Ernie Fliegel and Leo Leavitt, laughing and kidding in the lobby of the Radisson . . . Old Man River Mike Dundee has the Saunders' combo . . . Mickey McDonough will pull on the maulies again . . . Our friend the



Nick Pastore, tough New York welterweight

irresistible Bob Lerman is now hanging his benny in Cleveland . . . Britt Gorman is pitching patent leather around Flint, Mich. . . . They tell us that Flint is a great little fight center . . . Rosy Rosales seeks work around here . . . Rosales holds a win over Daniels . . . Gilly (The Keed) Slonim is coaching a boxing team at the D. J. C. . . . Joe Puglisi, kid brother the scrappy Angelo, plays football for the D. J. C. . . . Emit Rocco looked great as a punching bag for Chawley Retzlaff in Duluth . . . Mel Coleman upset this and that when he kicked the daylights out of Puglisi . . . Personal Nomination for the Best Dressed Fight Manager in Minnesota: Ernie Fliegel . . . It's either heavyweights or feathers here now. . . .

Dick Daniels looked fair in his comeback premier, when he bounced the bouncable Con O'Kelly around for ten rounds, that had their spots.

Wallie Wohlwend was just Wallie Wohlwend in his battle with old timer Mike Mandell. Mandell is obviously at the end of his career and with the sincere admiration for Mike as a fighter, I humbly recommend his retirement.

Why that little spurt of dynamite and class Earl Mastro hasn't been blessed with a title before this, I fail to understand. Mastro's great fight, in which he out battled the game little Shaw lad, was by far the finest performance a chap of Mastros' pounds has ever given around here. Mastro was great!

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BOXING
By JAMES J. MANNION

FRED HENNEBERRY has had a really sensational rise in the boxing world. His improvement in recent months is something to marvel at. The Riverina lad added another win to his record, when he outpointed American Eddie Daniels in the latter's first Australian start.

There has been considerable pow-wow about the necessity or otherwise of a commission to control Australian boxing. Personally, I favor the idea. Some time ago Will Lawless voted in favor of a controlling body. Later Charlie Lucas (English manager) said a big loud "No!" Later still a Melbourne writer said an equally big and loud—and, I think, more logical—"Yea!" So far so good. Now listen to what Mr. S. W. Griffiths, manager of the famous Rushcutters Bay arena, has to say about the matter. Here it is, verbatim:

"In the first place there is no need for it, and secondly, it would be unworkable. Thirdly, promoters have too much capital at stake to consent to any outside body controlling their business."

Well, where do we go from here?

Herman Bundren must be a hard chap to convince. After getting two lickings from Ambrose Palmer, and one from Jack Carroll, he said he was ready for home. But he stayed a bit longer and knocked out Bob Thornton. Then he met Palmer again—and, as before lost the decision. Now he has put up a side wager of £100 for a further tilt at Palmer. Perhaps there's nothing like trying; but doesn't it get tiring at times?

Chinese Kid Rooney made Harold Costello fight hard all the way in their Brisbane encounter. But Costello was first home. In his next start, Rooney met Jimmy Kelso in Sydney. Here again he made the climate tropical, but an eye injury compelled him to retire after the seventh.

Bobby Blay, featherweight crack, might have been booked "to see a feller about a dorg" when he met Jimmy Kelso at Leichhardt. Or perhaps he's a modest young man. In any case, he didn't give the fans much time to look him over, as he put the quietus on Kelso in 3 minutes. Bobby is looking for a title bout with Young Llew Edwards.

A real fighting Irishman, George Cupples, leaped into prominence in Melbourne during the past few weeks. He put the Fitzroy crowd in a frenzy with a display of gameness par excellence, when he met Les Ferris, but he couldn't take the decision. They are only feathers, but their lack of size was more than balanced by an excess of "fight". . . .

Following the Ferris bout, Cupples scored a great win over Herb Barkle, of Queensland. Wee Georgie gave an unholy drubbing to Barkle and hung up the K. O. sign in the ninth. The next item on George's programme was Joe Sharp. But the Irish boy didn't get a start this time—he took the K. O. in the opening round.

Phil Sullivan, lightweight contender of promise met and drew with Freddy Welsh in a good bout at Leichhardt. Philip is no mug.

Harold Costello took the nod from Tommy Crowle at Brisbane.

I wonder why overseas managers and boxers think that the prelim boys on the other side can lick our cracks! Take it from me, you've got a kick coming when Palmer and Carroll hit the U. S. And don't lead out your unknowns to the slaughter. Let these lads start with the world's first ten in their respective divisions (middle and welter) and they'll stay there.

The boys in Australia will not reach the top, or anywhere near it, until they can get into the ring with, and learn something from class A fighters. Palmer and Carroll are so far—and can't get any further. No wonder they are looking out for greener fields, however distant they happen to be. Good importations will do the world of good for Australian boxing, both as regards the financial position and the standard of the game.

There are only two ways of our boys' proving their real merit—one is to go where the best boxers are; the other is to bring the best boxers to Australia. And the second method is the best. Who said "No"? You did? Well, you're wrong, and by a mile.

Jack Heeney (10.6) was far too clever and too vigorous for Jack Halliday (10.8) when they clashed at Leichhardt. He won by a T. K. O. in round seven.

Alby Roberts is a wow of a puncher. So is Jack Roberts. And when they had slammed away for 7 rounds, the referee counted ten—but Jack didn't hear him. Alby's next victim was the veteran Billy Grime, whom he defeated a la T. K. O. in nine rounds.

Ex-welter champion Wally Hancock found things warm, but he made 'em warmer, in his Leichhardt mill with Wally Maher. He won by a knock-out in the seventh frame.

Bert Malcolm fought a draw with Royce McGrath at Fitzroy. He had to fight some to get it, too.

I can't say for certain whether Bullant Sims and Les Ferris have made arrangements for a "till death do us part" trip through fistiana. But they certainly have a weakness for landing in the same ring at the same time with the same purpose. They did it again recently, at Fitzroy—and Sims got the decision after fifteen rounds of good milling.

The "comeback" epidemic is not finished yet. Merv Williams, former middleweight, started his return journey with a 10-round T. K. O. over Billy Sullivan in Sydney. Algie Daniels is the latest to give notice to the present-day boys to watch their steps.

Pat Ryan knocked out Roy Rogers in Sydney. At least, he virtually won by the K. O. route, as Referee Joe Wallis stopped the bout after Rogers hit the canvas three times without improving his health or immediate comfort thereby.

Taffy Jones had a stiff proposition in Les Ferris. But he went through the slaughter without showing any sign of the "white feather."

Now I'll repeat some apparently unheeded previous advice. You chaps who want to crash in on the game out here are again requested to give a pretty accurate and explicit account of your doings in recent months. Unless you're very well known you can't expect anyone to break his neck to get your signature on the dotted line. And it's only the good boys that can hope to earn enough to burn holes in their pockets.

Also, I'd like some more photos of Aussie boys to send to "THE RING." Shoot 'em in.

Address me: 24 Farrant Street, Prospect, South Australia.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NEWS
By SAM HART

JIMMY HILL, former featherweight champion, made a successful comeback when he outpointed Jack Fitzgerald in a 12-round bout. Hill has been out of the game for several years. In his day, he was one of the most brilliant boxers Australia has produced. Hill will be remembered in America about ten years back where he fought Benny Valger, the French flash.

Frank Story won a 12-round bout over Les Haig.

Billy Sullivan outpointed heavyweight Ted Dargin, 12-rounds.

Billy Starr Ko'ed Jack Smith in the second round. Jack Clancy Ko'ed Young Heeney in 2 heats. Chick McCarrol Ko'ed Hart O'Connor in the first and Jack Clancy punched too hard for Vince Roberts, whom he knocked out in the second.

Tiny Haines put Clive Baker to sleep in the fifth. Jimmy Kelso defeated the Chinese boxer, Kid Rooney on a T.K.O. in the Sixth. Billy Murphy Ko'ed Harry Smith in the third; Jack Campbell Ko'ed Sid May in the second; Tommy Craig won from Will Toovey; Jim Jeffries won from Jerry Riely; Jack Reid outpointed Nick Machris; Snowy Oldfield Ko'ed Fred Newlyn in the second; Harold Moore won Harry Hallows and Jack Brown beat Dave Mack in a fast six-round bout.

Ron Negus was just too good for Jack Webb in a great 10-round bout, Negus getting the referee's tap. Darrell Reid got the nod from Ralph Graves in a fine 12-rounder. Tom Hinkly won on a T. K. in the first from Jack Mitchell; Keith Clune Drew with Sonny Ridge; Bob Smith won from George Noble and Ron Cook won in the first on a T. K. from Snowy Creak.

Joe Sharp Ko'ed the Irish featherweight in the first. Mick Thois and Frank Richardson boxed a 6-round draw; Pat Craig won a hard earned 6-round decision over Fred Dalgnar and the other six saw Art Hoare drop the decision to Buzzer White. Herb McCoy, a promising prelim boy, had too much class for Jimmy Ryan.

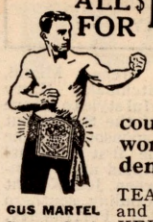
Alby Roberts, colored welter, Ko'ed Jack Roberts in the sixth; Frank Richardson Ko'ed Bob Podesta in the first; Irish Ryan Ko'ed Bill Wilson in four rounds; Jim Hemory put Brown to sleep in the third; Len Russell Ko'ed Ted Little in the second and Charlie Williams won from Charley Jones.

Billy McAllister, bantam champ, outpointed young Gildo, Phillipine Islands in a fast 12-rounder. The boys have met four times, McAllister winning three bouts.

Mickey Rogers won from Snowy Ridge; Jack Campbell outpointed Bill Christie; Buzzer White got the nod over Les Levings; Jack Reynolds Ko'ed Wilbo Wills in the fourth and Tommy Evans and Jimmy Ryan boxed a draw.

Alby Roberts, the colored, hard punching welter, continues to bowl his opponents over. His latest victim was Billy Grime, whom he Ko'ed in the tenth round.

Young Heeney Ko'ed Jack Halliday in the sixth round. Wally Maher Ko'ed Charly Feros in the sixth. Maher is a great puncher.



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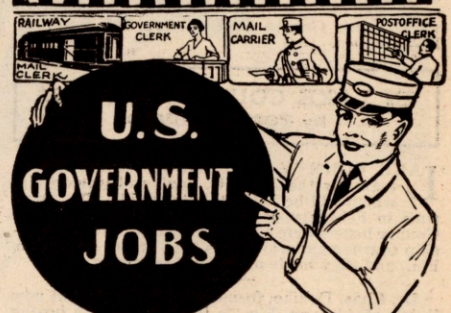

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FLORIDA NOTES
By DUKE BARRY

THE Cinderella Ballroom arena, Miami, through the efforts of Matchmaker Harry Graham, started off in wonderful style to throne a light-heavyweight champion of the South, but the tournament, sanctioned and sponsored by the Miami Boxing Commission, the first sectional championship tourney ever attempted under commission rule, came to naught when Joe Knight refused to compete. The outstanding southern battlers, Bob Godwin, Gordon Fortenberry, Battling Bozo, Walker Smith, Corn Griffin, Jack Tunney and Joe Knight were entered, but on entering into the final stages, a monkey wrench was tossed into the works when V. Duckworth, manager of Joe Knight, withdrew Joe. Naturally, that finished the efforts to determine the rightful holder of the Dixie title.

Al Lippe, veteran manager of Philadelphia, has turned over to your scribe for southern campaigning, George Giacchino, corking good light-heavy, who among others, met Bob Godwin, Marty Collins, highly rated Quaker City middleweight, and Johnny Canzoneri, hard-punching, fast-fighting 124-pounder. Here's a trio of battlers that the best of managers would be pleased to handle. Other fighters of the Lippe stable will be represented by the writer in southern ports.

"Tiger" Johnny Cline, veteran middleweight from California, took the Magic City by storm by his slashing brand of battling, despite his losing the two battles in his only starts here.

Results of bouts of the past month, star encounters only. At the Cinderella arena: Gordon Fortenberry shaded Jack Tunney in 10 rounds. Billy Shell won over "Tiger" Johnny Cline, in 10. Corn Griffin kayoed Jack Marion, in three. Gordon Fortenberry won over Corn Griffin, Sargis Prevost defeated "Tiger" Johnny Cline, both 10-rounders.

American Legion bowl: Gilbert Castillo defeated Ernie Galiano in 10. Bill Temes lost to Honey Boy Snipes by a T. K. O. in seven heats. Spike Webb was handed the decision on a silver platter, after taking a pasting from Nick Cauldio, in 10 frames.

Pa Stribling will stage shows at the Madison Square Garden arena, Miami, starting in January.

Believe it or not, Miami will feature two or three big outstanding all-colored cards during the height of the season. Willie Slater, Miami's only Negro promoter, who has been staging colored cards here for years, is trying to arrange a card to determine the colored heavyweight champion.

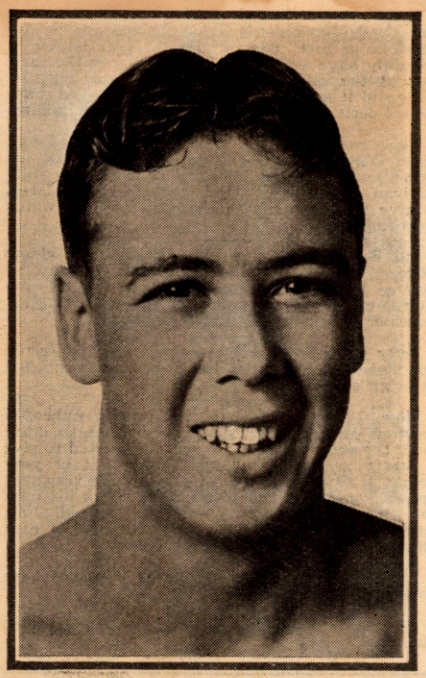
Quick Ones—Lee Collins, veteran Miami manager, has a likely heavy prospect in Jim Austin, who for size makes Carnera look like a midget. . . . Harry Graham, veteran of all veterans of Miami boxing, has assuredly put the Cinderella arena on the map with a bang. . . . Ralph Perry, Miami's pioneer sport scribe, is back in the news. . . . Diamondless Lou Diamond, rotund Newark, N. J. fistic merchant, is in Miami, planning some startling things. . . . Ben Finkle is Diamond's Miami partner. . . . Reddy Blanchard, St. Paul lightie, who has fought the best, is expected here soon. . . . Jack Bell, sports editor of the Miami *Herald*, looks for a good winter boxing season here. . . . Harry Davies, Miami pilot, has a riff of Latin-American battlers that please. . . . Howard Livington, new matchmaker of the Miami Legion bowl, is again bringing that spot to the fore. . . . Leo Shea, former referee, has gone to the dogs. . . . Leo is here in connection with one of the dog tracks. . . . Bob Godwin, who punched Battling Bozo full of holes at Jacksonville recently, is looked upon by critical boxing experts as a great prospect. . . . Hugh Martin, matchmaker at the American Legion, West Palm Beach, has opened the winter season. . . . George Giacchino, crack Philadelphia light-heavyweight, is keen to mingle with Gordon Fortenberry, Bat Bozo, or Bob Godwin.

IN LAKE COUNTY, FLORIDA
By DOCTOR DEMKO

LAKE COUNTY will have a strong boxing team for the A. A. U. boxing championship, which will be held at Jacksonville, Fla., some time in February or March. A number of Lake County boxers were entered in last year's championship tournament which was held at St. Augustine, Fla., and they made a creditable showing.

Dr. Chas. Demko, formerly of St. Louis, but now living at Altoona, Fla., is in charge of the boxing team. He has had plenty of experience along these lines. He was matchmaker for the Municipal Athletic Association of the City of St. Louis for many years before coming to Florida and boys that he trained have won five western A. A. U. championships, a junior championship in New York, and a national championship in Boston.

Florida and Lake County have some very promising boxing material and arrangements have been made to take care of a number of boys who will report for tryouts, all instruction and use of gymnasium is free.



Battling Bozo, who has fought three draws with Maxey Rosenbloom

ALABAMA BOXING NEWS
By SAM CAPRI

OUR elongated light-heavyweight, Battling Bozo, fought another draw with Maxie Rosenbloom, the light-heavyweight champion. This time to a referee's decision in Atlanta.

Another one of our boys to receive a National rating is Pete Sarron, our little sturdy junior-lightweight, who can still make the featherweight limit. He is craving the Battalino shot, which has been promised him for this winter in Birmingham by the local Gorgas Post No. 115, and Jay Thomas is the matchmaker.

Some very promising boys in our locality are: Jack Sullivan, featherweight, who has been raising havoc down in New Orleans, of late; Jack Osborne, junior-lightweight, who is the toy bulldog of the South; Little Jimmy Box, a natural speedy merchant, who weighs a little less than 125 pounds; and smiling Jimmy Musso, a vicious southpaw puncher who, after defeating our most promising preliminary boy, Porky Saab, a clever two-fisted 145-pounder, has gone to New Orleans to put himself under the care of one Pete Kelly, an experienced trainer and second of New Orleans.

Fairfield, Ala., has come in the game with wrestling and amateur boxing cards. Such wrestling stars as Jack Freeman, Kid Lott, Bill Edwards, Big Boy Taylor and some local experienced former amateur stars perform here.

Fort Payne, Ala. They are holding wrestling and amateur boxing here. Later, the promoters intend to branch out with professional cards. The writer would appreciate very much if some local person will send him the results of all local events. The same goes for any other part of the State, outside of Birmingham district. The writer's address is 506 15th Street, Ensley, Alabama.

Sam Siegel, the wrestling promoter for Post No. 1, in Birmingham, is still packing them in monthly.

Jay Thomas, matchmaker for Post No. 115, in Birmingham, featured this past month Bob Godwin, of Florida, and Carl Knowles, the Georgia sensation, in a ten-round bout. Godwin won by the T. K. O. route in five rounds.

The leading amateurs down this way are: Ed Kaiser, light-heavyweight; Tiger Janazza, featherweight; Skinny Hudson, light-heavyweight; Battling Posey, lightweight; Tom McCann, featherweight; Shirley Otts, flyweight; "Kid" Chambliss, bantam; Joe Narro, lightweight; Joe Hubka, middleweight; Paul Tinney, middle. They are the outstanding stars.

FROM WAYNESBORO, WEST VA.

ACIE BRYAN, former Reading, Pa. boy, fighting under the name Acie O'Brien, stopped Eddie Day in the second round here. At the same show, Bobby Courtney won the referee's decision over Rod Cainer. Handy Burnett lost to Tommy Culton in a four-rounder.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

REDS BARRY, Washington's child heavyweight, scored an impressive win over Frankie Wine of Butte, Montana at the Fort Washington Arena. Barry, who has months to go before he reaches his eighteenth birthday, was far too clever and fast for the hard punching Westerner. Reds also fought two bang up draws with Sammy Weiss of Philadelphia at the Fort Arena.

Boxing is going good again in Baltimore with Joe Dundee sponsoring the Dundee A. C. at Carlin's Park. To date each show has been a financial success. With boxing on the up-grade in the Monumental City Benny Franklin has decided to re-open his Olympia Club operating at the 104th Armory in Baltimore. Franklin offers Vince Dundee against Joe Anderson for his initial show.

Phil Raymond handed Buster Brown a lacing recently in Baltimore. Brown was in there all the time but Phil was a little too strong for Buster, then Phil's southpaw style helped to put Buster off his stride also. This was quite a feather in Raymond's cap in winning over Brown.

Charlie Gomer, French lightweight making his home in Baltimore, bested Bobby Burns in an eight-rounder there. Gomer is a very good puncher and should go along pretty good with the many lightweights in Baltimore.

Sailor McKenna won a technical knockout over Mickey Morley, All-Navy Champion for 1931. McKenna surprised his most ardent admirers in the manner he licked the Navy Champ.

Dick Welsh, Philadelphia bantam bested Billy Landers at Portsmouth, Va. According to Toney Barbaria, Lander's manager, Welsh had a considerable weight advantage.

The best bout of the season for Washington fans was staged recently at Fort Washington when Billy Landers and Frankie DeAngelo mixed it for eight rounds with honors even. These kids went at it with everything they had and the fans just ate the match up. In a return bout that also bristled with action, DeAngelo licked Landers by a strong finish that also put Billy in the cleaners. Billy hit the floor in the seventh and was terribly weary in the final heat.

Al Martin, Baltimore featherweight beat Sailor Everham at Portsmouth, Va. Martin took the fight on a short notice and was forced to travel the entire day of the match in order to make it. Under the circumstances, Al accomplished quite a feat in turning back the Navy boy.

Lew Raymond, Baltimore lightweight, surprised the Philadelphia fans by handing the highly touted Ralph Lenny a pasting there. Lew has come along with a rush this past season and is just about ready for the big time boys. Raymond is handled by Heinie Blaustein, discoverer of the Dundee brothers, Vince and Joe.

Henry Irving, Washington middleweight, is progressing in local rings. Since turning pro Irving has engaged in eight fights winning by knockouts with the exception of one when he was turned back by Roy Pollock. Irving recently evened this one by knocking out Pollock in two heats.

One of the greatest fights seen in Washington in many a day was staged recently at Fort Washington in a six-round preliminary between Jack Cody of Fort Myer and Soldier Clark from Fort Washington. These soldier boys went at it like two wild cats and the verdict of draw was a good decision.

Billy Hooe, Washington lightweight is progressing. His last three bouts at Fort Washington have been wins over Heinie Welsh, Sailor Oden and Jack Cody. In the Oden and Cody bouts he had his man on the floor.

Slyvan Bass scored an easy win over Elmer Bezenah in an eight-rounder in Baltimore.

Vince Dundee made his initial start in Philadelphia since returning to the States by winning over Johnnie Peppe there, then he outclassed Solly Krieger in Madison Square Garden.

Many of the old timers may be pleased to know that George Chaney, the original Knockout King is fat, happy and wealthy in Baltimore, Md. George now scales over two hundred and thru safe investments has accumulated a small fortune. Another former Baltimore boxer doing good these days is Frankie Rice. Frankie sponsors a large gym for professional boxers in Baltimore and also handles Jackie Portney, German Weiner, Charlie Gomer, Clarence Sloat and Benny Toothman.

Boxing is about thru in the vicinity of Washington for the winter months. The final bout of the season will be staged before we go to press with Reds Barry and Marty Gallagher hooking up for the heavyweight supremacy in this vicinity.

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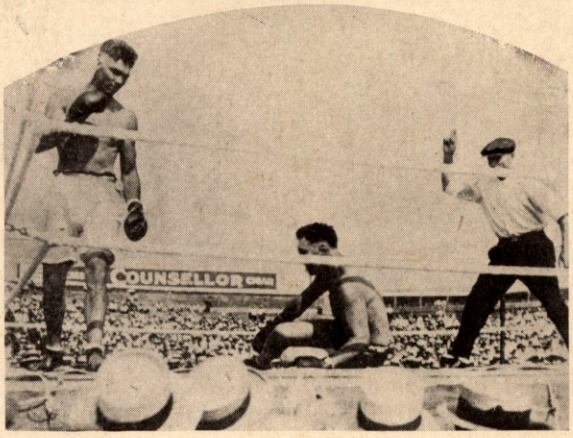

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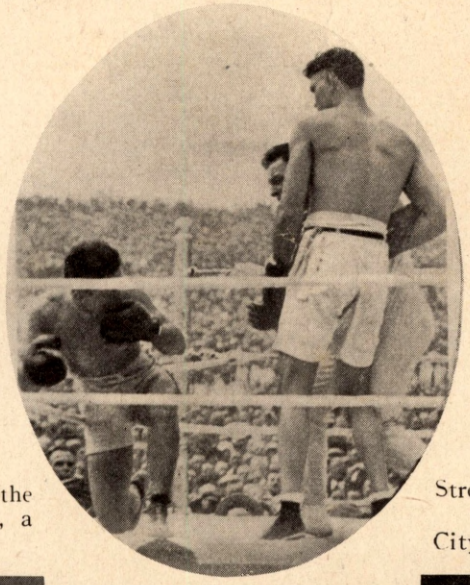

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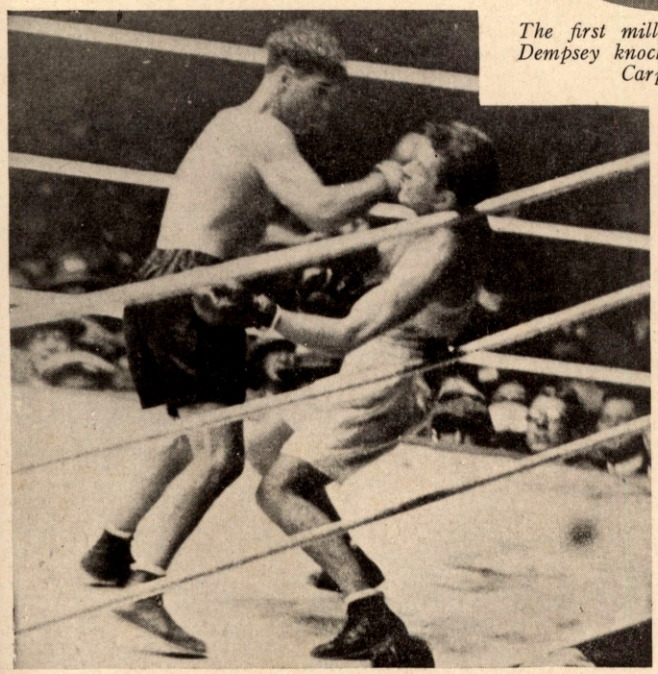
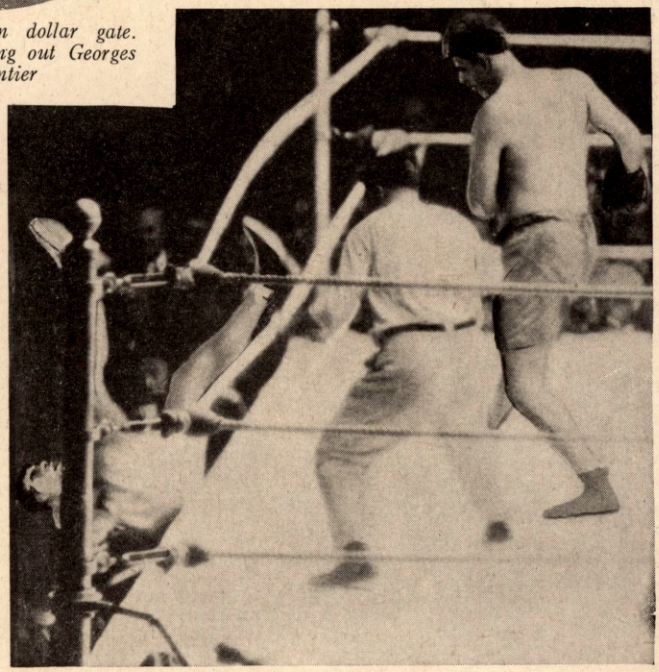


When Dempsey almost regained the title. The punch that sent Gene Tunney down for the famous "14 count"



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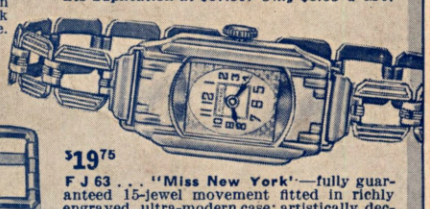

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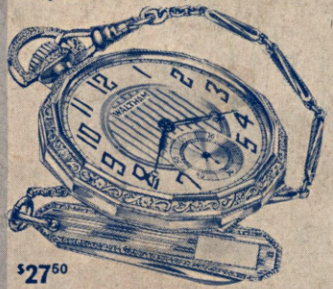

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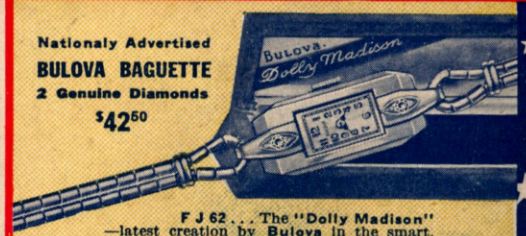

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